Jan.27,1951

# THE NEW YORKER

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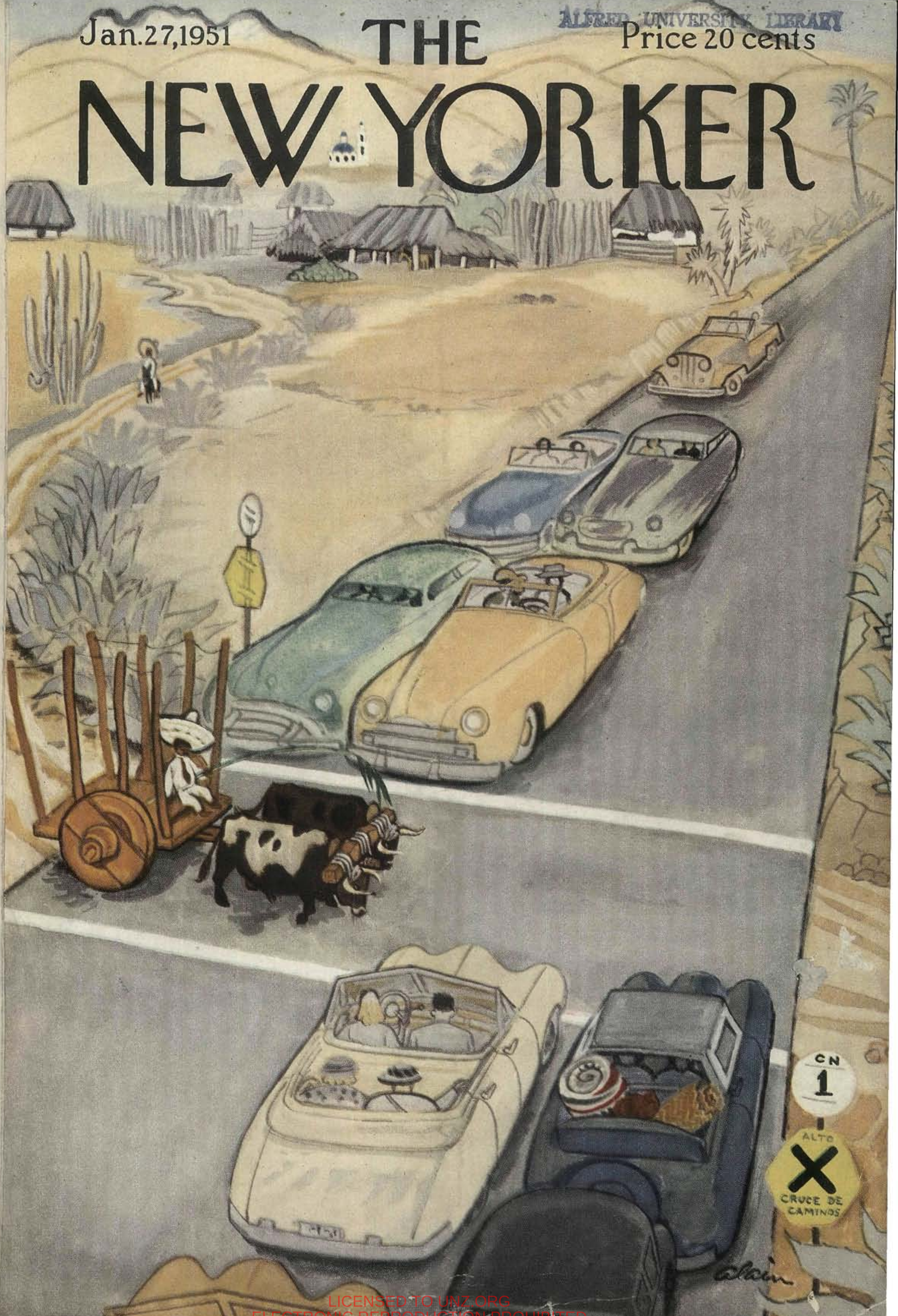
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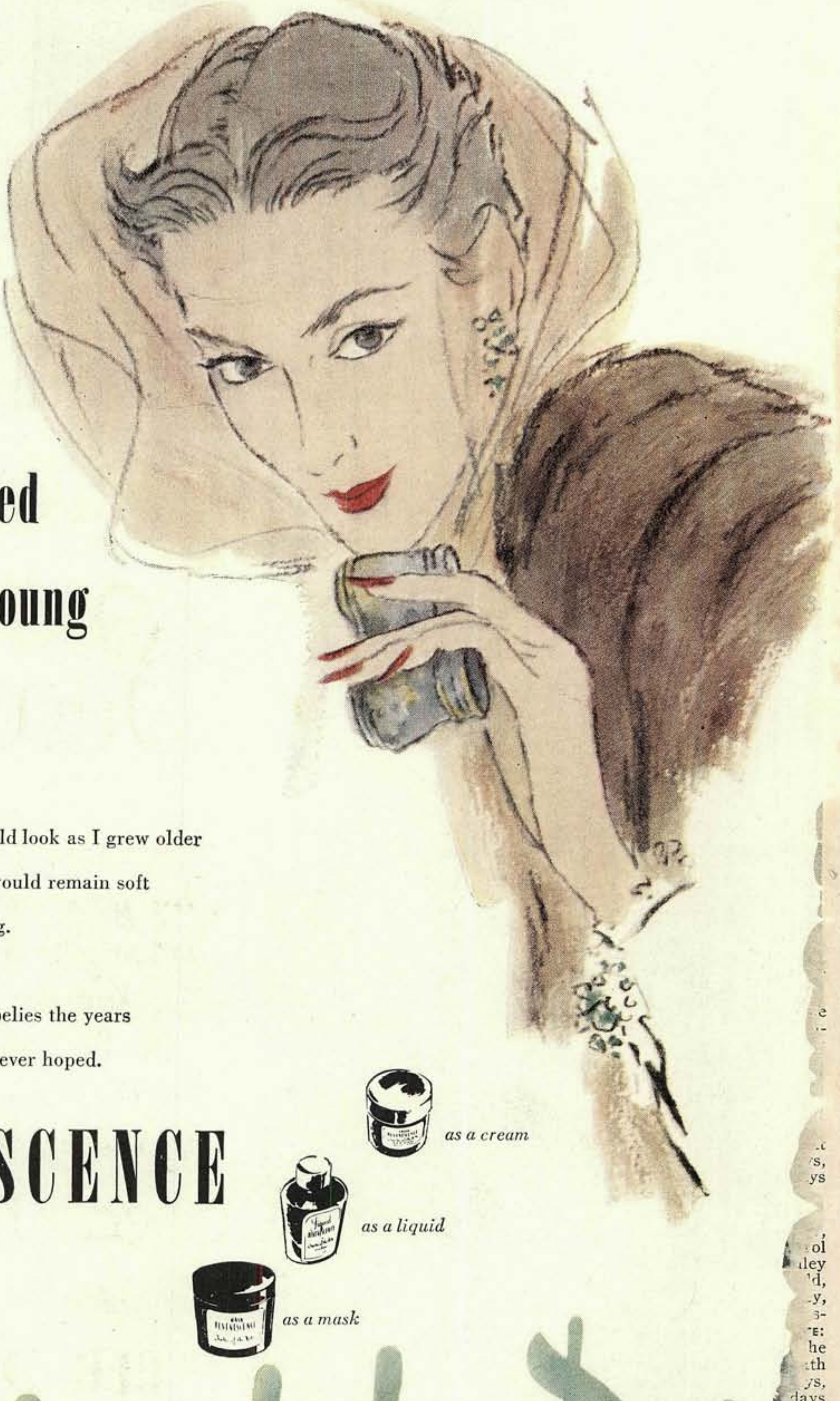
# I never dreamed I'd look this young at my age



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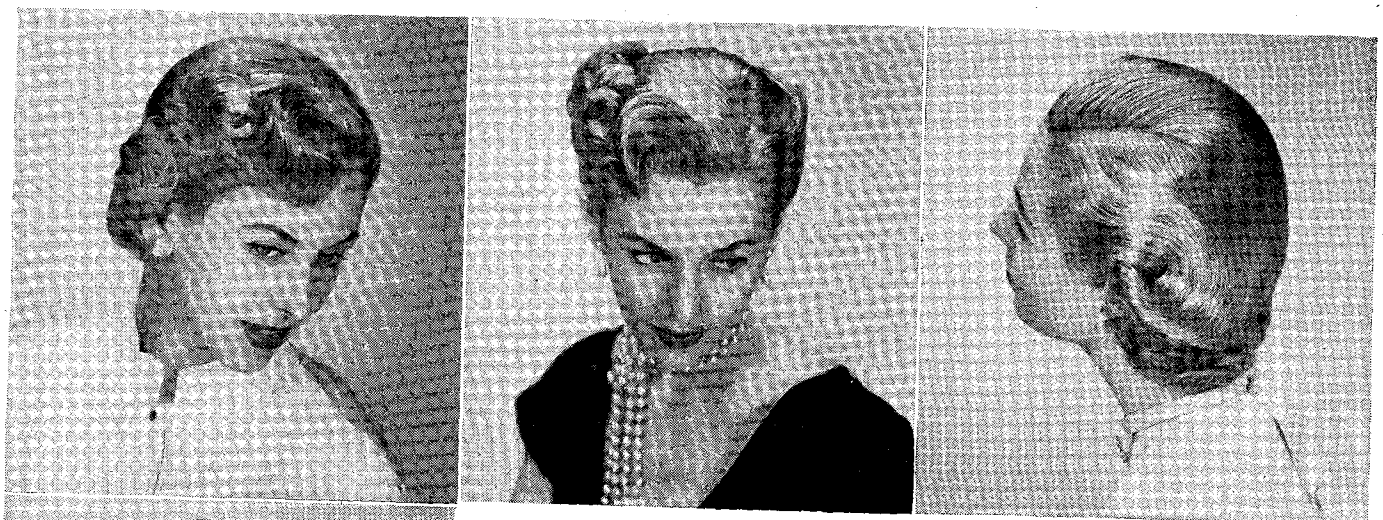

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Affairs of State**—Love in Washington, D.C., from the viewpoint of a Frenchman, Louis Verneuil, who, in his first play in English, manages to sound a good deal like American playwrights on the same subject. Celeste Holm, gay and handsome, heads a cast that includes Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Angel in the Pawnshop**—Eddie Dowling and Joan McCracken do their best, but this moral fantasy by A. B. Shiffrin remains one of the season's most wearing efforts. Willie Lewis and his clarinet are perhaps the evening's brightest spot. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Bell, Book and Candle**—Lilli Palmer makes a captivating amateur sorceress and Rex Harrison is excellent as her bewitched admirer in John van Druten's first-rate comedy about thaumaturgy in Manhattan. Scott McKay, Jean Adair, and Larry Gates are also mixed up in the magic. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Country Girl**—Uta Hagen gives a magnificent performance in Clifford Odets' rather uneven play concerning a drunken actor and his long-suffering wife. Paul Kelly is highly satisfactory in the other leading role, and Steven Hill, Louis Veda Quince, and Joseph Sullivan provide competent support. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Darkness at Noon**—Sidney Kingsley's adaptation of Arthur Koestler's novel about the life and death of a revolutionary may easily be the most distinguished play of the season. Claude Rains does a splendid job as the doomed hero, and there are fine supporting performances by Walter J. Palance, Kim Hunter, and Alexander Scourby. Mr. Kingsley's direction and Frederick Fox's setting are memorable, too. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**An Enemy of the People**—Robert Simon and Lulla Adler in a revival of Ibsen's dated play about a man who couldn't be corrupted. Arthur Miller did the adaptation, and the cast includes Morris Carnovsky, Art Smith, Martin Brooks, and Ralph Dunn. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Lady's Not for Burning**—Christopher Fry's comedy about a man who wants to be executed and a girl who doesn't offers some praiseworthy verse and some that is just soporific. John Gielgud and Pamela Brown are very fine in the leading roles. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**King Lear**—Louis Calhern plays the mad king in this elaborate revival of Shakespeare's tragedy. The company includes Arnold Moss, Norman Lloyd, Edith Atwater, Wesley Addy, Martin Gabel, and Nina Foch, and there is some incidental music by Marc Blitzstein. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 3.)

**New York City Theatre Company**—Shakespeare's "King Richard II," the last in a series of three plays to be presented by the company. With Maurice Evans, Kent Smith, and Betsy Blair. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 4.)

**Peter Pan**—Jean Arthur is the boy who wouldn't grow up in this spirited revival of Barrie's fantasy, which undoubtedly still has its enthusiasts. Boris Karloff is Captain Hook, and there is some appealing incidental music by Leonard Bernstein. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 27.)

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
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| | | | | 25 | 26 | 27 |
| 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 1 | 2 | 3 |

**Season in the Sun**—A comedy, and a good one, written by Wolcott Gibbs and based, loosely, on his stories about Fire Island in *The New Yorker.* With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Paula Laurence, Anthony Ross, and King Calder. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance, for the Equity Welfare Fund, Sunday evening, Jan. 28.)

**Second Threshold**—This posthumous work by Philip Barry, somewhat edited by Robert E. Sherwood, has to do with a man who has come to the end of his rope, and it exhibits most of Mr. Barry's qualities as a playwright, both good and bad. Clive Brook is superb as the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Twentieth Century**—José Ferrer and Gloria Swanson head the cast of this revival of Hecht and MacArthur's enormously funny comedy about some queer doings on a famous train. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Long Runs**—**THE HAPPY TIME:** A portrait of a breezy and irresponsible French-Canadian family. Roger Dann now has the lead. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING:** Carson McCullers' novel dealing with a lonely adolescent, turned into a play with Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon De Wilde. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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### MUSICALS

**Bless You All**—Arnold Auerbach wrote the sketches, Harold Rome did the music and lyrics, and Helen Tamiris handled the choreography for this revue, which is good about half the time. The cast includes Mary McCarty, Jules Munshin, and Pearl Bailey. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Call Me Madam**—Ethel Merman's strange, brassy charm has never been more effective than it is in this piece about a lady ambassador. The book is by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; Irving Berlin wrote the admirable songs; and in the cast are Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Guys and Dolls**—One of the fastest, toughest, and funniest musical comedies you ever saw has been assembled by Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling, who based their story on one by Damon Runyon. Frank Loesser wrote the delightful music and lyrics, and Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine are just right in the leading roles. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. *Matinées* Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund, Sunday evening, Jan. 28.)

**Michael Todd's Peep Show**—Six former burlesque comics provide the humor in this scuffle of Mr. Todd's with the theatre, and sex is attended to by a bevy of appetizing girls wearing as little as possible. Bobby Clark directed the sketches, and the music includes an offering from the King of Thailand. Only for those who like their entertainment rough and noisy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

**Out of This World**—Cole Porter wrote th music and lyrics for this musical about Jupiter and his amorous carryings on in modern Greece, but, except for Lemuel Ayers' stylish sets and costumes and a fine comic performance by Charlotte Greenwood, the evening is pretty much of a disappointment. With Davi Burns, William Eythe, Priscilla Gillette, an William Redfield. (Century, Seventh Ave. a 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sunday at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturda at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES:** Anit Loos's girls, Lorelei Lee and Dorothy Sha brought back to life and set to music. Car Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCar are prominent in the large cast. (Ziegfe Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightl except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wedne days and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **KISS ME, KA** Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott now have t leads in this Cole Porter show. (Shubert, 4 St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Monda at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sun at 2:30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Melodious life an island within small-boat distance of Ha'i. Ray Middleton is currently playing posite Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays 2:25.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in d and curtain times, so it is a good idea to ve them before starting out.)

**Peer Gynt**—An American version, by Green, of Ibsen's play, with John Garf

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Karl Malden, Mildred Dunnock, and Sono Osato. The fifth of a series of subscription productions offered by A.N.T.A. Opens Sunday, Jan. 28, and will run through Saturday, Feb. 24. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:45; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:45. For information about subscriptions and tickets, call LU 2-0880.)

**The Green Bay Tree**—A revival of Mordaunt Shairp's play, originally produced here in 1930. The cast of five includes Joseph Schildkraut, Denholm Elliott, and Anne Crawford. Produced and directed by Shepard Traube. Opens Thursday, Feb. 1. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Rose Tattoo**—Tennessee Williams' new play, with Maureen Stapleton at the head of a cast directed by Daniel Mann. Produced by Cheryl Crawford. Opens Saturday, Feb. 3. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### DANCE PROGRAMS

**Dudley-Maslow-Bales Trio**—Together with the New Dance Group. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 3.)

**Jean Erdman**—With her company and Merce Cunningham. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 8:40. For tickets, call CH 3-9880.)

**Pearl Primus**—Along with her group. A benefit for the New Lincoln School. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8:30. For tickets, call EN 9-5600, Ext. 2.)

### MISCELLANY

**Where's Charley?**—Ray Bolger and Allyn McLerie in a four-week revival, if that's the word, of a musical that closed only four months ago. Frank Loesser did the music and lyrics. Opens Monday, Jan. 29. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Sonja Henie**—Starring in her annual ice revue. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly, except Sundays and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 26-27, at 8:30. Matinée Sunday, Feb. 4, at 2:30. Closes Wednesday, Feb. 7.)

**D'Oyly Carte Opera Company**—A four-week engagement of Gilbert and Sullivan operas, starting with "The Mikado," which will open on Monday, Jan. 29, and run through Saturday, Feb. 3. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Ambassador**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Except on Sundays, dancing in the Trianon Room to the soothing ministrations of Jules Lande's and Nino de Moraes' orchestras at dinner and supper.

**Biltmore**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Mischa Raginsky's orchestra appears at dinnertime in the Madison Room, which is closed Sundays, and, except Sundays, at cocktail time "under the clock." No dancing anywhere.

**Gogi's Larue**, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—One of the hanging gardens of Babylon, now in the hands of Gogi, an expert at life-after-dark, and Ted Straeter, an expert at luxurious dance music. Gogi's faithful band of dreamy violinists is also on tap. Monday nights are recess; Friday nights are black tie, s.v.p.

**El Morocco**, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Just another lobby with a bunch of palm trees, but night owls seem to love it. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's Latin band keep up a continuous rumble.

**New Yorker**, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room, there's a mannerly and sedate ice show at dinner and supper. Alice Farrar, a fine figure of a skater, will arrest the average male attention. Carol Lynne's maneuvers are pretty agile, too. Dance music by Ray Robbins' orchestra, helped out now and then by Peter Kent's band. Closed Sundays.

**Pierre**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Denise Darcel, the French Faye Emerson, exhibiting some Grade A glamour. She sings, too, almost as an afterthought, at dinner and supper (except Sundays, when there is just a dinner show). The scene is the Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Every night, Stanley Worth's dance orchestra from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre, where Page Morton also plays piano and sings.

**Plaza**, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, during dinner and supper, Herb Shriner tosses around his collection of funny sayings. Dick La Salle's and Mark Monte's bands turn out jolly dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a worldly and sumptuous bower, is full of Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance music after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ The Palm Court has Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

**Ritz-Carlton**, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—At dinner, in the ancestral Oval Room, Emery Deutsch's soft-spoken music, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's orchestra does the honors. . . . ¶ Mr. Sandler's music is also audible in the Palm Court, from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

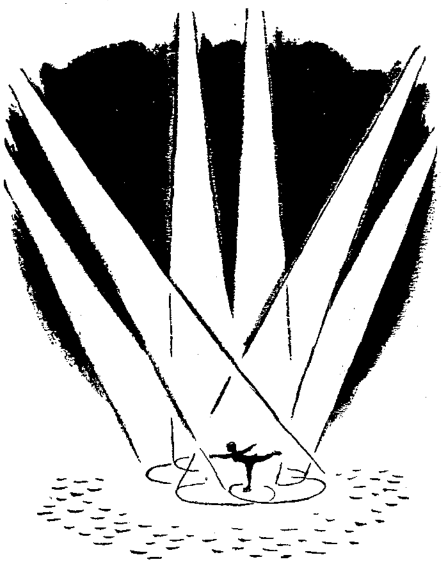
**Roosevelt**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Guy Lombardo, now its oldest inhabitant, holds court at dinner and supper every evening but Sunday.

**St. Regis**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Julie Wilson, a nice, big, healthy girl, romping through a cheery song recital. Les Crosley is her pianist. This happens in the Maisonette, which also has dinner and supper dancing to Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's bands. Closed Sundays.

**Savoy-Plaza**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

**Sherry-Netherland**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, a fairly fancy peacock alley, has dinner and supper dance music by Hugo Pedell's band and Jan Brunesco's gypsies. Closed Sundays.

**Statler**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Dancing to Frankie Carle's orchestra in the Café Rouge during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.



**Stork Club**, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A prominent prep school that does not make a specialty of athletics. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

**Versailles**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Florence Desmond, perhaps the most adept mockingbird of our time, does wonders with her parodies of such national figures as Bankhead but (like all of us) has a little trouble telling those Hollywood starlets apart. There is also Teresa Brewer, or Girl Singer Bites Microphone. Starting Wednesday, Jan. 31, Mindy Carson, a clear cool girl with a clear cool voice, will take over. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band dish up the dance music.

**Waldorf-Astoria**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Liberace, who would rather gab with the customers than just play piano, is in operation here. Emil Coleman's orchestra, with which Mischa Borr's band alternates, is the mainstay of the dance-music department. On Sundays, no show, and Mr. Borr's band plays by itself until midnight. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra functions for dancing in the Flamingo Room from six until two. Closed Sundays.

**Note**—The Rainbow Room, considerably more spacious than the Gobi Desert, is open for cocktails and listening music. The best seats are in the bleachers, up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone is CI 6-5800. Open from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday.

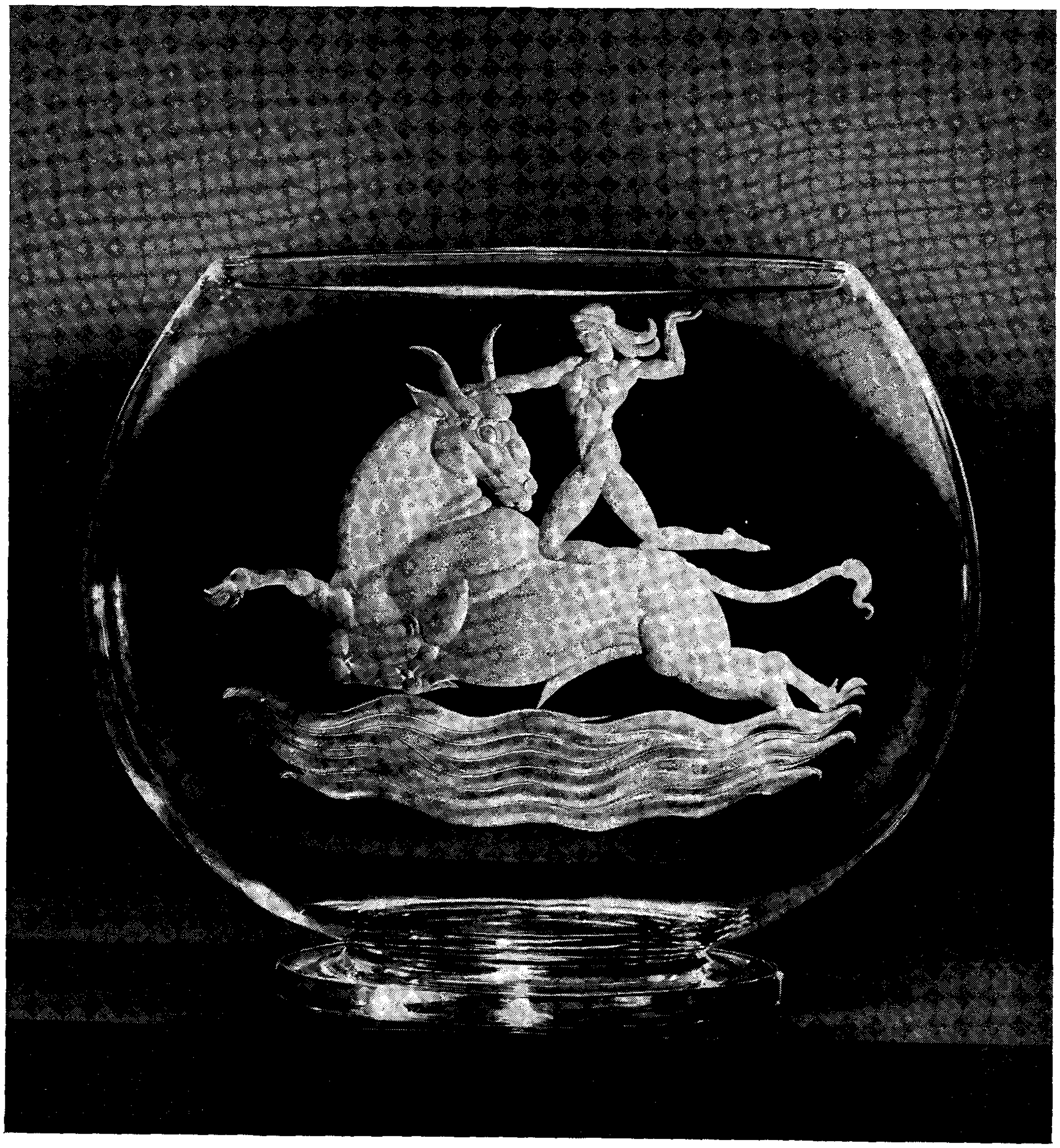
### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted)

**Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, dean of Manhattan's piano professors, is holding dinner and supper classes in modern offbeat piano every evening but Sunday. . . . **Le Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, whose face has launched a thousand débutantes, holds forth here with his band after eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio makes dance music, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **Little Club**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A jovial throwback to the social habits of the Noble Experiment. Except Sundays, Ernie Warren's trio after ten. Except Mondays, Nancy Reed is at the piano during dinner and supper. . . . **Armando's**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A clubby hideaway where everyone knows everyone else and seems delighted by the wonder of it all. Piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **Vieux Carré**, 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Except Mondays, Louis Hawkins, a persuasive and easygoing young blade, presides over this bit of Southern comfort, just above L'Aiglon Restaurant, sprinkling his piano music and his conversation pieces lightly upon his audience from cocktail time through supper. . . . **Celeste**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Portia Nelson sings some of the town's most appealing *Nachtmusik* after the theatre to Bart Howard's piano. Jim Mahoney's piano embellishes the dinner hour. Closed Mondays. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American fun, accompanied by impassioned singing and almost as fervent dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **Nino**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The bar, a sterling example of the jet-propelled school of interior decorating, has the perennial Rudy Timfield doing dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **La Zambra**, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez treats his dinner and supper guests to an absorbing session of guitar strumming and a fair supply of byplay. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **Café Madison**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's orchestra for dancing between the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

### BIG AND BRASSY

**Copacabana**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Frankie Laine, the Broadway mule-driver and sun-worshipper, belts out some songs, Betty and Jane Kean provide a little comedy, and Copsey and Ayres dance. . . . **Old Knick Music Hall**, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Period-piece melodrama of no great moment, plus (luckily) Paul Killiam's impish commentary on senile movies. Clara Cedrone and Bill Meigs, purveyors of bur-



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lesque ballads, help, too. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Josephine Premice, a lively trade wind from the West Indies, is chanting and prancing here. Arthur Blake, another of those mimics, has several clever impersonations up his sleeve. Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five are almost as noisy as the customers. Cliff Jackson is beginning his second century as the interlude pianist. Dancing.

### SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Pearl Bailey expounding her merrily rudimentary philosophy of life; Paula Drake's slick tricks with the words and music of Bud McCreery, her prankish pianist; Tony and Eddie's death-dealing parodies of show folk. The Page Cavanaugh Trio and Stuart Ross provide the music. Except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack play piano in the lounge after the theatre. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk's school of high comedy offers Ronny Graham, the noted brain surgeon, explaining why human beings act like people; Bibi Osterwald, musing out loud about a girl's problems; and the Three Riffs, barking their complex foolishnesses. Norman Paris, the boy genius, and his trio, a whole school of modern music in themselves, help out. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Richard Dyer-Bennet, a unique event in any season, does his strange folk ballads in his strange and elegant manner, and Royce Wallace turns her voice loose on some hipster ballads. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 30, Phil Leeds, a comedian, takes over from Mr. Dyer-Bennet. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays real gone dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Young things having their first fling before an audience under the wise old eyes of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, who also play double piano. Hazel Webster is the piano soloist. Sunday is old-movie night and Monday is amateur night. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Mabel Mercer, foremost interpreter of the songs of Alec Wilder and other modernist composers, is in her parlor upstairs over the convulsive Show Spot bar Mondays through Saturdays. Sam Hamilton, a good man in his own right, is her pianist. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A very casual bar, where Spivy, when she's in the mood, does a batch of her single-entendre ditties. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA**, 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): This two-story hearthstone has a couple of happy crickets—Laurie Brewis, who plays upstairs piano during cocktails, and downstairs piano from nine on, and Jo Hurt, who starts bouncing her wayward ballads off the downstairs walls after eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels, host of this Moorish palace, gets valiant support from Alice Ghostley, who sings the nonsensities of G. Wood, her accompanist; Norene Tate, who sings and plays double piano with Reggie Bean; and Joan Shaw, whose songs are mostly sombre. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, Hotel Meurice, 145 W. 58th St. (PL 7-0083): Except Mondays, Pat Rainey, a barely domesticated female panther, whispers some lush-life lyrics.

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**EDDIE CONDON'S**, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, swinging from the floor with his trumpet. He is urged on by Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton does the interlude solo work, a pretty demonstration of fifty-finger piano exercises. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in for target practice, are often sheer bedlam. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band is sounding off here. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood—all definitely from Dixie. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): The George Shearing Quintet, making some pretty ingenious music. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night rocking-the-boat parties are still going on. On Jan. 26, Wild Bill Davison, Rex Stewart, Max Kaminsky, Buster Bailey, and George Wettling will be among those present. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another Friday-night barbecue, serving up (on Jan. 26) Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Willie the Lion Smith, Munn Ware, and others. Dancing.

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## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**AUDUBON ARTISTS**—The ninth annual showing by this group, comprising about four hundred works in various mediums. Among the artists are Isabel Bishop, Sol Wilson, Martin Friedman, and Chaim Gross. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5; through Feb. 4.)

**RENATO BIROLLI**—Paintings of the Adriatic, done in flickering blues and in a style that makes good use of simplification, by a young Italian until now never shown in this country. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 3.)

**MARIO CARREÑO**—New oils by one of the more perceptive of the present-day Cuban artists. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Jan. 27.)

**CLIMAX, 1913**—Paintings and a few sculptures, all dated around 1913, by such early moderns as Mondrian, Braque, Picasso, Malevitch, and Archipenko. A generally enlightening study of the state of art in that era. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 3.)

**SALVADOR DALI**—A large Madonna, plus some smaller works, all technically impeccable, as always, but the products of an inspiration that is now a little jaded. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 27.)

**DRAWINGS**—A big and carefully selected exhibition, running from the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries and containing a number of rarities that are certain to delight amateurs in this field. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Feb. 10.)

**JEAN DUBUFFET**—New paintings, much richer and more restrained in treatment than formerly, though still a bit bad-boy in subject matter. (Pierre Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 3.)

**RAOUL DUFY**—At the **CARRÉ**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: New York and New England scenes in water colors, as well as stage designs and other works, all painted while the artist was an arthritis patient in this country, plus some earlier, European oils. For the benefit of the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation; through Feb. 3. . . . **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: A smaller display of European oils and gouaches, dated 1926-48; through Feb. 10.

**SIDNEY GEIST**—Sculptures, many in polychrome, that are strongly influenced by the Northwest Indians. A promising first New York showing. (Hacker, 24 W. 58th St.; through Jan. 27.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Dong Kingman, Paul Cadmus, Oronzio Maldarelli, and others, in an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through Feb. 3. . . . **NEW ART CIRCLE**, 41 E. 57th St.: A small and choice selection of paintings by Josef Albers, Karl Knaths, Marsden Hartley, and other Americans; through Feb. 3. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: New oils by Milton Avery, Karl Knaths, Abraham Rattner, and Max Weber; through Jan. 27.

**PAUL KLEE**—Sixty drawings not previously exhibited, dating from 1908 to 1940, the year of his death. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 3.)

**EDWARD LANING**—Drawings of Italy, most of them turned out in the past two years. (Hewitt, 18 E. 69th St.; through Jan. 27.)

**JOHN MARIN**—A new crop of oils and water colors, about equally divided between seascapes and landscapes, by the acknowledged dean of American artists. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Jan. 27.)

**MASTER PAINTINGS**—An exhibition spanning the past five centuries and including canvases by Lucas Cranach, Rubens, El Greco, Derain, and Feininger. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 3.)

**MODERN FRENCH**—An unusually handsome loan showing of Impressionist and post-Impressionist paintings, for the benefit of the New York Heart Association. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 27.)

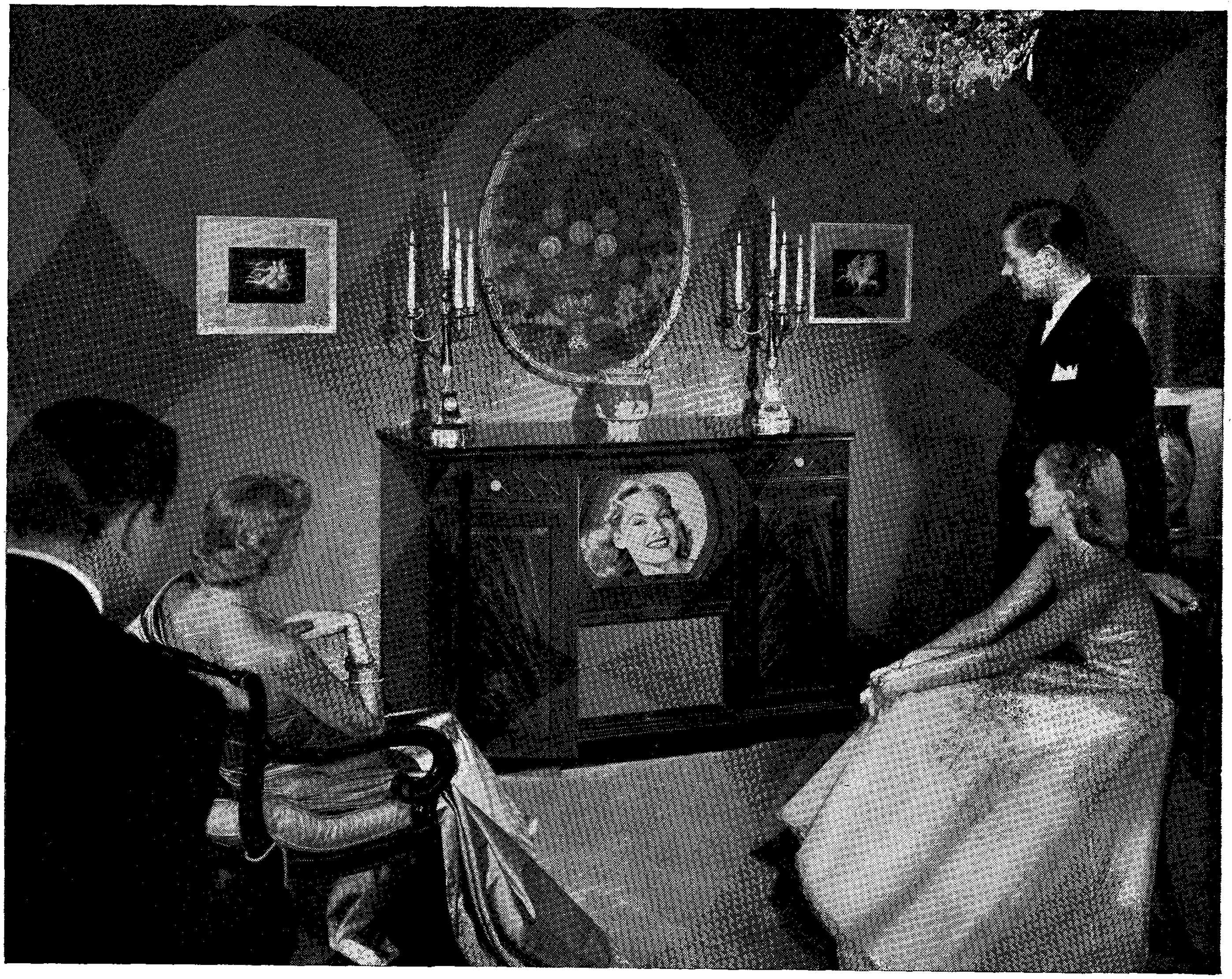
**RICHARD POUSETTE-DART**—Interestingly arranged abstractions in bright water colors, plus some collages. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 3.)

**SCULPTURE**—At the **MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**, Central Park W. at 79th St.: Work by members of the Sculptors Guild, among them Chaim Gross, Arline Wingate, Joseph Konzal, and Cleo Hartwig. Seven cubicles have been set up, in which some of the sculptors demonstrate the techniques involved in sculpturing wood, clay, stone, and so on. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Feb. 4.) . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: The opening exhibition in a new gallery, with pieces by José de Creeft, William Zorach, Hugo Robus, and others. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5 and 7 to 10; Saturdays, 2 to 5; through Feb. 17.)

**CHARLES SELIGER**—Abstractions that anatomize, with a kind of Japanese delicacy, the structure of leaves, flies, fish, flowers, and the like. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 27.)

**THEODOROS STAMOS**—New paintings, occasionally carrying a good deal of poetic feeling behind their hazily abstract approach. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 27.)

**ARY STILLMAN**—Abstract oils, gouaches, and drawings, more or less based on the human



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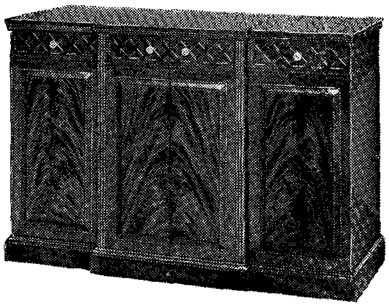

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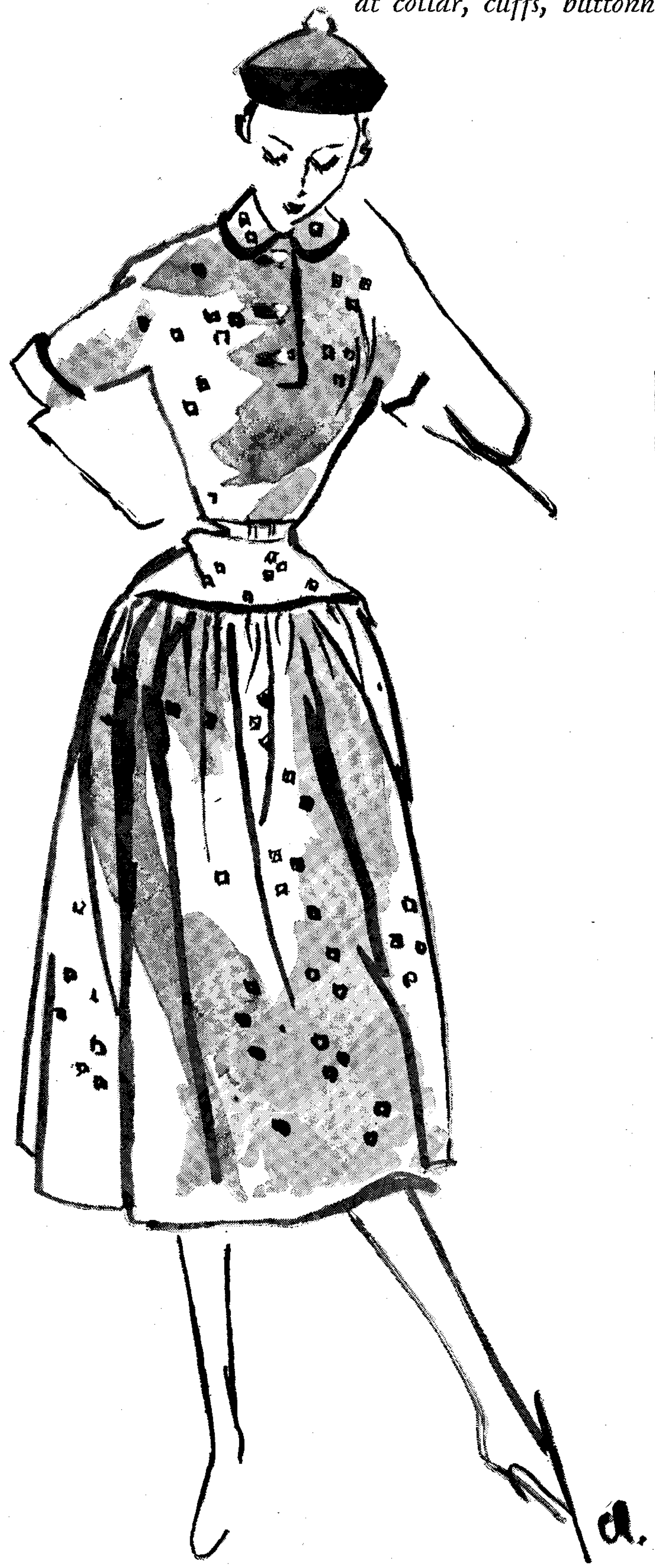

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

figure in motion. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 3.)

**Pavel Tchelitchew**—A set of abstract drawings of human heads, executed with geometric exactitude and almost unbelievable precision of line, in this artist's first showing in several years. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 27.)

**Marcel Vertès**—Imaginary portraits, frequently quite witty and penetrating, of contemporary notables as they might have appeared in childhood. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 31.)

**Some of This Week's Openings**—At AUDUBON HOUSE, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: Audubon Centennial Exhibition. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; through Feb. 28. . . . FRIED, 40 E. 68th St.: Fritz Glarner. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30; through Feb. 24. . . . GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS, 130 E. 56th St.: Byron Browne; through Feb. 7. . . . KOOTZ, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Arshile Gorky, drawings; through Feb. 10. . . . LEVITT, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.: Charles Umlauf; through Feb. 17. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57th St.: Hermann Gross; through Feb. 10. . . . WEYHE, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Edward John Stevens; through March 7.

## MUSEUMS

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—"Italy at Work," a large collection of furniture, metalwork, glass, machinery, jewelry, and ceramics, as well as model interiors for a theatre lobby, a chapel, and a dining room, all intended to illustrate the progress of contemporary Italian design. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Wednesday evenings, 6 to 9:30; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Jan. 31.) . . . ¶ The annual exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints by students in the Museum's Art School; through Feb. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show selected by a national jury and called "American Painting Today—1950," in which more than three hundred artists are represented; through Feb. 25. . . . ¶ An exhibition of fifteenth- through nineteenth-century European porcelains and pottery, recently given to the Museum by R. Thornton Wilson; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of the City of New York**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Sketches and pen-and-ink drawings by the late Charles Dana Gibson, including political cartoons, a couple of portraits, and many versions of the Gibson Girl. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through May 1.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of abstract painting and sculpture in America since 1912. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through March 25.)

**Museum of Non-Objective Painting**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A group show by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay and Josef Albers, as well as by some Germans as yet little known here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Feb. 24.)

**Whitney Museum**, 10 W. 8th St.—A memorial showing of around ninety-five paintings and drawings, ranging in date from 1922 through 1948, by Arshile Gorky. (Daily, 1 to 5; through Feb. 18.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Ljuba Welitch, Patrice Munsel, Charles Kullman, and Eugene Conley. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 26, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Delia Rigal, Lucielle Browning, Jan Peerce, and Giuseppe Valdengo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 27, at 2:15: "Das Rheingold," with Margaret Harshaw, Jarmila Novotna, Hans Hotter, and Set Svanholm. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore,"

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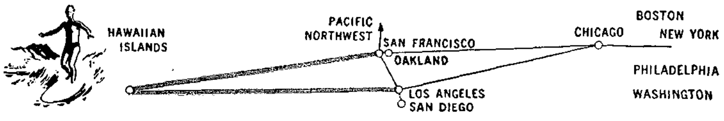
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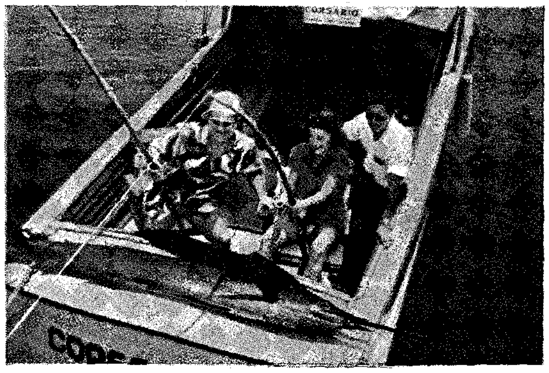
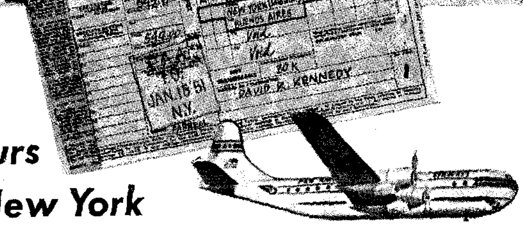


**Rio's Copacabana Beach** (*left*) is one of the finest in the world. Go now—it's summer south of the Equator! There's plenty of room, plenty of sun, and the people are interesting, cosmopolitan. Or you could go deep-sea fishing off Acapulco, Mexico (*above*). Some Acapulco catches have set world records.



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with Zinka Milanov, Fedora Barbieri, Kurt Baum, and Leonard Warren. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 29, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Martha Lipton, Kurt Baum, and Clifford Harvuot; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Ramon Vinay, Leonard Warren, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patrice Munsel, Giuseppe Valdengo, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Eleanor Steber, Jarmila Novotna, Erna Berger, and Fritz Krenn. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Die Walküre," with Helen Traubel, Astrid Varnay, Günther Treptow, and Ferdinand Frantz. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 2, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Ljuba Welitch, Patrice Munsel, Set Svanholm, and Brian Sullivan. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 3, at 2: "Die Walküre," with Kirsten Flagstad, Astrid Varnay, Günther Treptow, and Ferdinand Frantz. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Roberta Peters, Robert Merrill, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Cesare Siepi.

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY**—At Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting a Brahms cycle: Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8:45; Friday, Jan. 26, at 2:30; Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8:45; and Sunday, Jan. 28, at 2:45 (all with Clifford Curzon, piano); and Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 2, at 2:30 (both with John Corigliano, violin, and Leonard Rose, cello).

**N.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**—Arturo Toscanini conducting Verdi's "Te Deum" and "Requiem," with Herva Nelli, soprano; Fedora Barbieri, mezzo-soprano; Giuseppe Di Stefano, tenor; Cesare Siepi, bass; and the Robert Shaw Chorale. A benefit for Casa Verdi, a home that Verdi founded in Milan for aged musicians. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 5:30. For tickets, call SA 2-5392.)

**LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY**—Thomas Scherman conducting. (Town Hall. Monday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

**PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA**—Alexander Hilsberg conducting, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

**ST. OLAF CHOIR**—Olaf C. Christiansen directing. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 5:30.)

### RECITALS

**JOSH WHITE**—Folk singer. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

**GINA BACHAUER**—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

**BERL SENOFSKY**—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

**MARYLA JONAS**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 3.)

**LOTTE LEHMANN**—Soprano, in the first of two programs. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 3.)

**NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC**—The New Music String Quartet. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 5:30.)

**NIKITA MAGALOFF**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

**WILLIAM WARFIELD**—Baritone. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

**VRONSKY AND BABIN**—Duo piano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 8:40.)

**SIGI WEISSENBERG**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

**NEW MUSIC STRING QUARTET**—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Monday, Jan. 29, at 8:40.)

**FRANK SHERIDAN**—Piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

**WINIFRED CECIL**—Soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

**NATHAN MILSTEIN**—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

**BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET**—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexing-

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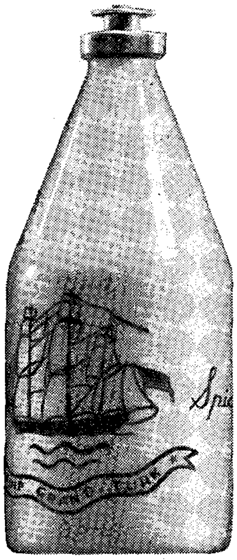

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ton Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8:40.)

**PASQUIER TRIO**—With Maxim Schapiro, piano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

**ALEXANDER BOROVSKY**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

**GRILLER STRING QUARTET**—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**LJUBA WELITCH**—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

**NOTE**—The Griller String Quartet will give a chamber-music recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 4, at 2:55. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 30, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

### MISCELLANY

**BENEFIT CONCERT**—The annual Franklin D. Roosevelt Birthday Memorial Concert, with Lily Pons, Claudio Arrau, Benno Rabinof, Robert Merrill, Deems Taylor, and the University Glee Club of New York, directed by Dr. Channing Lefebvre. A benefit for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. (Waldorf Astoria. Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

### SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other numbers are included in the listings.)

**BOXING**—Paddy Young vs. Kid Gavilan, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 26. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

**COLLEGE BASKETBALL**—St. John's vs. Manhattan College. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. MU 4-6170. Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 9. Advance tickets on sale at Madison Square Garden.)

**DARTMOUTH WINTER CARNIVAL**—The annual romp in the White Mountains. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9-10.)

**PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL**—Saturday, Jan. 27: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 31: Knicks vs. Baltimore. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. MU 4-6170. Advance tickets on sale at Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 9.)

**HOCKEY**—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

**INDOOR POLO**—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

**TRACK**—Millrose Athletic Association meet. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association meet. (102nd Regiment Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Friday, Feb. 2, at 7:30. For tickets, call MU 6-1456.)

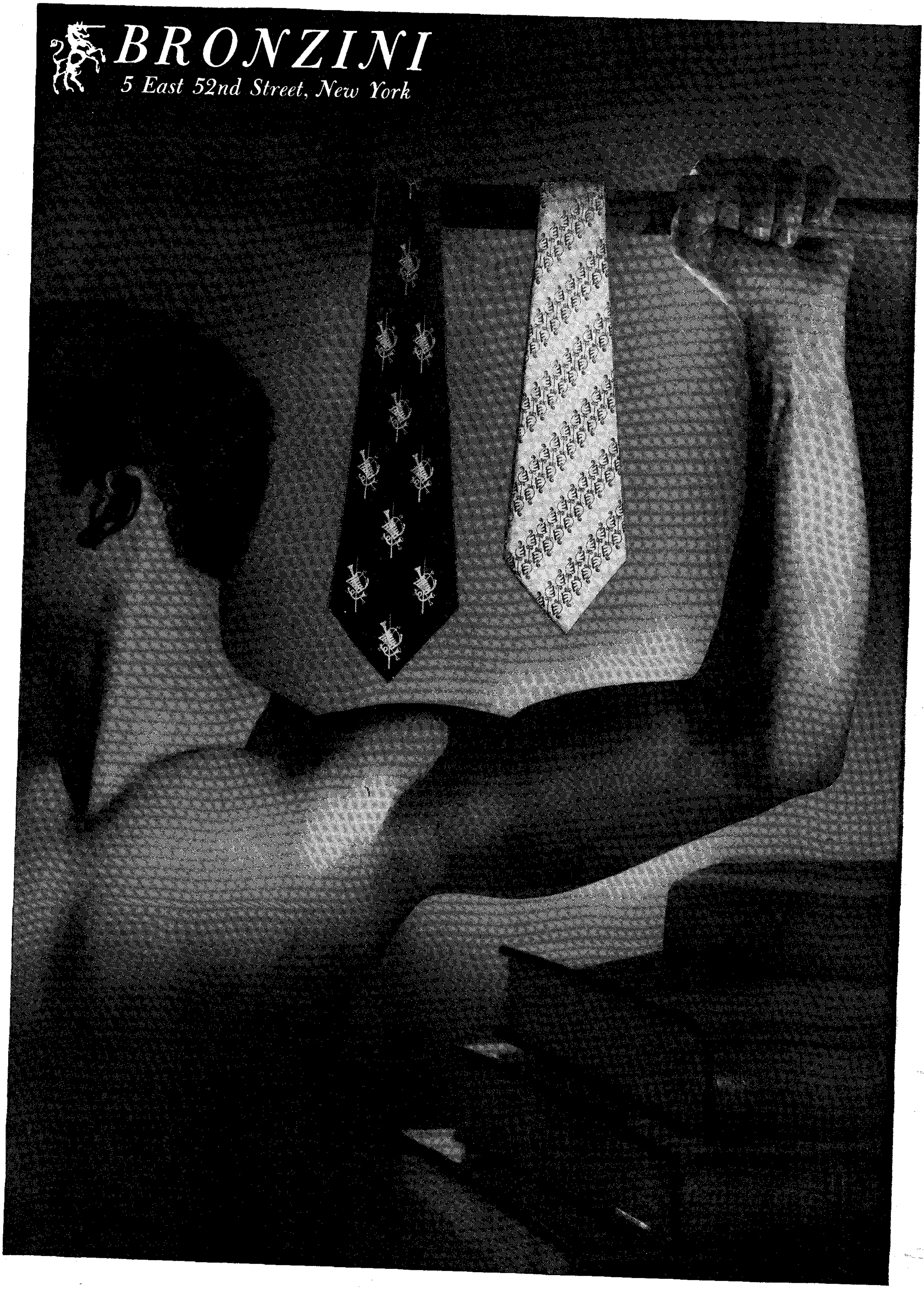
### FOR CHILDREN

**CONCERT**—The Philharmonic-Symphony, Igor Buketoff conducting, with the Sarah Lawrence College Dance Group. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 11.)

**PLAYS**—By the **JUNIOR THEATRE**: "Hänsel and Gretel." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **SALOME GAYNOR THEATRE**: "Tom Sawyer." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 3.) . . . **CHILDREN'S WORLD THEATRE**: "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." For the benefit of the United Parents Associations. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 2:30. For tickets, call OR 3-8755.)

**MARIONETTES**—Rufus Rose and his marionettes presenting a variety show. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. AT 9-3400. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 11.)

**MISCELLANY**—Oscar Brand in a program of songs, stories, and singing games. (Brooklyn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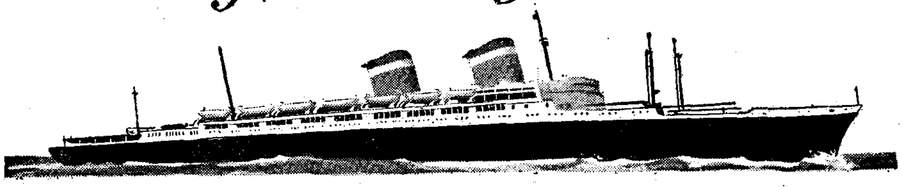


## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 3.)

**Movies**—"Breaking the Ice," with Charles Ruggles. For the benefit of the John Haynes Holmes House. (Community Church, 40 E. 35th St. MU 3-4780. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 3.) . . . ¶ Features and short subjects. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

### OTHER EVENTS

**United Nations**—Most committees and branches of the United Nations that admit the public to their deliberations are more or less marking time. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 30, visitors will be admitted, Mondays through Fridays, to meetings of the Trusteeship Council, at Lake Success. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2253, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

**Costumes**—Twenty-one eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century costumes and accessories, including a wedding dress and a wedding suit worn in 1766, a muff and tippet of 1810, and a feather cape, fans, and shoe buckles, plus some furniture and silver. All the items belonged to the family of the eighteenth-century New York shipbuilder and merchant William Walton. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Feb. 21.)

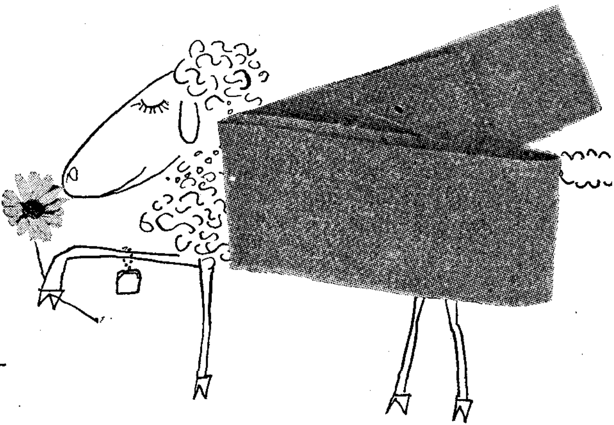
**Hayden Planetarium**—The show during January and February is called "Riddles in the Sky," and deals with flying saucers, stars that change color, and other celestial phenomena. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

**Auctions**—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Georgian and Regency furniture and decorations, from several anonymous sources. (Exhibition Thursday and Friday, Jan. 25-26, from 10 to 5. Auction Saturday, Jan. 27, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ English furniture of the eighteenth century, portraits and genre and other paintings, Georgian silver, and Chinese porcelains, the property of Mrs. Solomon R. Guggenheim and others. (Exhibition Saturday, Jan. 27; Monday, Jan. 29; and Wednesday, Jan. 31, from 10 to 5; and Tuesday, Jan. 30, from 10 to 8. Auction Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 1-3, at 1:45.) . . . **KENDE GALLERIES**, 119 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by Toulouse-Lautrec, Renoir, Utrillo, and others, from private collections in Paris and New York. (Exhibition Thursday, Jan. 25, from 10 to 5:30. Auction Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

•

**Note**—Volunteers are needed in every department of civil-defense work. Twenty categories of assignment have been set up; a few demand professional or technical skills, but most are open to anyone of stout heart, limb, and determination. Among the branches of service are the Auxiliary Police Corps, the Ground Observer Corps, the Fire Department Auxiliary Fire Corps, and the Auxiliary Communications Corps. Also, air wardens, hospital aids, radiation monitors, litter bearers, clerical workers, and messengers are required. In the near future, application centers will be functioning in every precinct police station and district firehouse, but at the moment the best idea is to apply, between 9 and 5, at one of the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-0916), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-4288), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar 7-1000, Ext. 32), in Richmond. . . . ¶ Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment, call the Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000.

Miron



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

**All About Eve**—How a young and despicable lady gets to be the equivalent of a Duse on the stage. Witty, entertaining, and, by and large, highly satisfactory, though perhaps overlong. Among the participants are Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Celeste Holm, and George Sanders. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

**The Asphalt Jungle**—John Huston's film about wicked doings in a Middle Western city. A powerful item featuring, among others, Louis Calhern, Sam Jaffe, Barry Kelley, and Sterling Hayden. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Jan. 30, tentative.)

**Bitter Rice**—A violent Italian account of the way the lady rice harvesters in the Po Valley conduct themselves in and out of the fields. Silvana Mangano is superb as the steamiest of the workers. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

**Born Yesterday**—An adaptation of Garson Kanin's play concerning a junkman's mistress who learns about democracy and throws the old man over because he's a Fascist. Judy Holliday repeats the hilarious performance she gave in this comedy when it was on Broadway. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

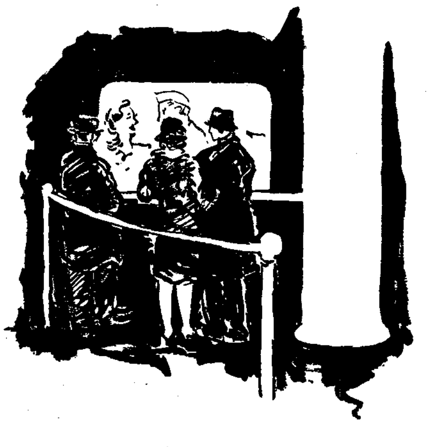
**Cyrano de Bergerac**—A wheezy adaptation of the old Rostand drama, enthusiastically, if footlessly, enacted by a large cast, headed by José Ferrer. The picture is faithful to all the hokum, from rakehell swordplay to poetic gags about the hero's nose, but by this time none of it seems very interesting. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Halls of Montezuma**—The Marines doing their celebrated stuff in the South Pacific. Pretty stimulating, except for some moments when the action is stopped to permit the sound track to give vent to some extravagant flag-waving rhetoric. Richard Widmark leads the leathernecks. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

**Harvey**—James Stewart is the pal of the invisible rabbit who stands six feet four. A movie that is almost as pleasant as the original stage play. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

**The Jackpot**—The perils, chiefly represented by the U.S. Treasury Department, of winning first prize in one of those monstrous radio give-away shows. A funny picture, with James Stewart, Alan Mowbray, James Gleason, Barbara Hale, and Fred Clark. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 27-29. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Jan. 27.)

**King Solomon's Mines**—Through Africa on a trail first blazed by H. Rider Haggard back in 1886, and as rousing a trip as you would want to make. Besides natives, birds, beasts, and scenery, the film features Deborah Kerr and Stewart Granger. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; Jan. 25. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Jan. 28.)



**Last Holiday**—Alec Guinness as a presumably doomed salesman having his last fling at a fancy watering place. An entertaining British picture based on a story by J. B. Priestley. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Jan. 31.)

**The Mudlark**—A picture having to do with a poverty-stricken lad who visits Windsor Castle and cures the Queen of the megrims that have afflicted her since noble Albert passed away. Irene Dunne makes a very stiff Victoria, but Andrew Ray is delightful as the boy. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

**Operation Disaster**—An English film that tells, without surplus flourishes, the story of a submarine sunk in fifteen fathoms not far from shore. A highly exciting business in which Richard Attenborough and John Mills stand out in a cast crowded with expert actors. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, LU 2-1796; through Jan. 26.)

**Orpheus**—A modern-dress version of what the Greek lyre man went through to get Eurydice out of Hades. As done by Jean Cocteau, this has its antic moments. A French film, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Perier. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

**Seven Days to Noon**—The mad-scientist theme. This time, the distracted expert is loose in London with a sort of minuscule atomic bomb and is planning to blow up most of the city if the government doesn't agree to stop making the weapon. A British picture, worth seeing if only because it shows how efficiently a modern metropolis could be reduced to deathly silence by one well-equipped man. With Barry Jones and Olive Sloane. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

**Trio**—Another batch of Somerset Maugham short stories on film, similar to "Quartet." The picture, an English one, has in its favor some top-notch acting by Jean Simmons, James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick, but one begins to wonder whether this device is sturdy enough to last until a possible "Solo" appears. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

**Ways of Love**—Three short films, two French and one Italian, demonstrating the individual cinematic knacks of Renoir, Pagnol, and Rossellini. Rossellini's contribution enjoys the powerful services of Anna Magnani, and all are worth seeing. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

### REVIVALS

**The Bicycle Thief** (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about the search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Jan. 28-30.)

**The Big Store** (1941)—The Marx Brothers take over a department store. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800; starting Jan. 27.)

**The Blue Angel** (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a school-master. A German film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Jan. 30, tentative.)

**Chaplin Comedies** (1917)—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," and "Easy Street." (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Jan. 26-31, tentative.)

**Fantasia** (1940)—The Disney mixture of Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Jan. 30.)

**The Last Gangster** (1937)—Edward G. Robinson, Alcatraz, racketeers, and the usual trimmings. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800; starting Jan. 27.)

**March of the Wooden Soldiers** (1934)—Laurel and Hardy, immersed in Victor Herbert music. Formerly called "Babes in Toyland." (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Jan. 28-29.)

**A Night at the Opera** (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting a caper in the musical world. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Jan. 30, tentative.)

**On the Town** (1949)—Gene Kelly, Vera-Ellen, and Frank Sinatra singing and dancing to some music by Leonard Bernstein. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Jan. 27.)

**Since You Went Away** (1944)—Tears and laughter on the home front during the Second World War. With Claudette Colbert, Joseph Cotten, and Shirley Temple. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Jan. 30.)

**Tabu** (1931)—The Flaherty film about life in the South Seas. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Jan. 28-30.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—Through Jan. 28: A group of animated cartoons made in the thirties, including five Disney films. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 29: "Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928), directed by Carl-Theodor Dreyer. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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## THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

**Astor**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
**HARVEY.**

**Bijou**, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
**CYRANO DE BERGERAC.**

**Capitol**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Enforcer," Humphrey Bogart.

**Criterion**, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Jan. 26: **OPERATION DISASTER.**
From Jan. 27: "The Company She Keeps," Lizabeth Scott, Jane Greer.

**Globe**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Mad Wednesday," Harold Lloyd.

**Little CinéMet**, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
Through Jan. 31 (tentative): "Manon" (in French), Cecile Aubry.

**Mayfair**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Jan. 26: "The Sun Sets at Dawn," Sally Parr, Philip Shawn.
From Jan. 27: **THE LAST GANGSTER**, revival; and **THE BIG STORE**, revival.

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Magnificent Yankee," Louis Calhern, Ann Harding.

**Paramount**, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"At War with the Army," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

**Rivoli**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
**THE MUDLARK.**

**Roxy**, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Jan. 30: **HALLS OF MONTEZUMA.**
From Jan. 31: "Call Me Mister," Betty Grable, Dan Dailey.

**State**, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"The Steel Helmet," Robert Hutton, James Edwards.

**Strand**, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Dallas," Gary Cooper, Ruth Roman.

**Victoria**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
**BORN YESTERDAY.**

**World**, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
**BITTER RICE** (in Italian).

# NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

## EAST SIDE

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 29: "Heart and Soul" (in Italian), Vittorio De Sica; and "Jacqueline Misbehaves," Hugh Williams, Carla Lehmann.
From Jan. 30 (tentative): **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 30: **FANTASIA,** revival.
From Jan. 31: "The Dark Corner," revival, Lucille Ball.

**Beverly,** 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Jan. 25: "Kind Hearts and Coronets," Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.
Jan. 26-31 (tentative): **CHAPLIN COMEDIES,** revivals; and "The Titan: Story of Michelangelo," revival, a documentary film.

**Lexington,** Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Jan. 30: "Harriet Craig," Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey; and "The Great Manhunt," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.
From Jan. 31: "The West Point Story," James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Doris Day; and "Between Midnight and Dawn," Mark Stevens, Edmond O'Brien.

**Trans-Lux 52nd St.,** Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
**SEVEN DAYS TO NOON.**

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
**TRIO.**

**R.K.O. 58th St.,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 27: "Rio Grande," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara; and "Hit Parade of 1951," John Carroll, Marie McDonald.
Jan. 28-30: "The Underworld Story," Dan Duryea, Gale Storm, Herbert Marshall; and "So Young, So Bad," Catherine McLeod, Paul Henried.
From Jan. 31: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine; and "Strange Bargain," revival, Martha Scott, Jeffrey Lynn.

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Jan. 25: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES.**
Jan. 26-28: "Destination Moon," John Archer, Warner Anderson.
Jan. 29-31: "Let's Dance," Betty Hutton, Fred Astaire.

**Park Avenue,** Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"The Blue Lamp," Jack Warner, Jimmy Hanley.

**Trans-Lux 60th St.,** Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"So Long at the Fair," Jean Simmons, Dirk Bogarde.

**York,** 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-9350)
Through Jan. 26: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES;** and "He's a Cockeyed Wonder," Mickey Rooney.
Jan. 27: **ON THE TOWN,** revival; and "Alcatraz Island," revival, John Litel, Ann Sheridan.
Jan. 28-29: **MARCH OF THE WOODEN SOLDIERS,** revival; and "Bells of Coronado," Roy Rogers.
Jan. 30-31: "For Heaven's Sake," Clifton Webb, Edmund Gwenn, Joan Bennett; and "Deported," Marta Toren, Jeff Chandler.

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
**ALL ABOUT EVE.**

**Loew's 72nd St.,** 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Jan. 30: "Harriet Craig," Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey; and "The Great Manhunt," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.
From Jan. 31: "The West Point Story," James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Doris Day; and "Between Midnight and Dawn," Mark Stevens, Edmond O'Brien.

**Trans-Lux 72nd St.,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 27: "The Paris Waltz" (in French), Pierre Fresnay, Yvonne Printemps.
From Jan. 28: To be announced.

**Trans-Lux Colony,** 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Jan. 27: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES;** and "He's a Cockeyed Wonder," Mickey Rooney.
Jan. 28-30: "For Heaven's Sake," Clifton Webb, Edmund Gwenn, Joan Bennett; and "Deported," Marta Toren, Jeff Chandler.
From Jan. 31: "Let's Dance," Betty Hutton, Fred Astaire; and "Dark City," Charlton Heston, Lizabeth Scott.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Jan. 25: "Kind Hearts and Coronets," Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.
Jan. 26-27: "For Heaven's Sake," Clifton Webb, Edmund Gwenn, Joan Bennett.
From Jan. 28: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES.**

**R.K.O. 86th St.,** Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 27: "Rio Grande," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara; and "Hit Parade of 1951," John Carroll, Marie McDonald.
Jan. 28-30: "The Underworld Story," Dan Duryea, Gale Storm, Herbert Marshall; and "So Young, So Bad," Catherine McLeod, Paul Henried.
From Jan. 31: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine; and "Strange Bargain," revival, Martha Scott, Jeffrey Lynn.

**Orpheum,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Jan. 28: "Harriet Craig," Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey; and "The Great Manhunt," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.
Jan. 29-30: "Surrender," Vera Ralston, John Carroll; and "The Showdown," William Elliott, Marie Windsor.
From Jan. 31: "The West Point Story," James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Doris Day; and "Between Midnight and Dawn," Mark Stevens, Edmond O'Brien.

**Gracie Square,** 1st Ave. at 89th. (SA 2-2478)
Through Jan. 26: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES;** and "He's a Cockeyed Wonder," Mickey Rooney.
Jan. 27: "House of Frankenstein," Boris Karloff, Lon Chaney; and "House of Dracula," Lon Chaney, Martha O'Driscoll.
Jan. 28-29: "For Heaven's Sake," Clifton Webb, Edmund Gwenn, Joan Bennett; and "Deported," Marta Toren, Jeff Chandler.
Jan. 30: **SINCE YOU WENT AWAY,** revival; and "David Harding, Counterspy," Willard Parker.
From Jan. 31: "Let's Dance," Betty Hutton, Fred Astaire; and "Dark City," Charlton Heston, Lizabeth Scott.

## WEST SIDE

**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Jan. 26: "Let's Dance," Betty Hutton, Fred Astaire; and "Dark City," Charlton Heston, Lizabeth Scott.
Jan. 27-29: **THE JACKPOT;** and "Two Flags West," Linda Darnell, Joseph Cotten.
Jan. 30-31: "Bride Without Love" (in Italian); and "Il Paraninfo" (in Italian), revival.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 26: "For Heaven's Sake," Clifton Webb, Edmund Gwenn, Joan Bennett.
From Jan. 27: "Kind Hearts and Coronets," Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

**5th Ave. Playhouse,** 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
Through Jan. 30 (tentative): **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE; A NIGHT AT THE OPERA,** revival.
From Jan. 31: To be announced.

**Sheridan,** 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 29: "Harriet Craig," Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey; and "The Great Manhunt," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.
Jan. 30: "Surrender," Vera Ralston, John Carroll; and "The Showdown," William Elliott, Marie Windsor.
From Jan. 31: "The West Point Story," James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Doris Day; and "Between Midnight and Dawn," Mark Stevens, Edmond O'Brien.

**Greenwich,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 27: **THE JACKPOT;** and "Two Flags West," Linda Darnell, Joseph Cotten.
Jan. 28-30: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival; and **TABU,** revival.
From Jan. 31: **LAST HOLIDAY;** and "For Them That Trespass," Richard Todd.

**R.K.O. 23rd St.,** 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Jan. 27: "Rio Grande," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara; and "Hit Parade of 1951," John Carroll, Marie McDonald.
Jan. 28-30: "The Underworld Story," Dan Duryea, Gale Storm, Herbert Marshall; and "So Young, So Bad," Catherine McLeod, Paul Henried.
From Jan. 31: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine; and "Strange Bargain," revival, Martha Scott, Jeffrey Lynn.

**Terrace,** 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Jan. 27: "Let's Dance," Betty Hutton, Fred Astaire; and "Dark City," Charlton Heston, Lizabeth Scott.
Jan. 28-29: "Fighting Caravans," revival, Gary Cooper; and "Fighting Westerner," revival, Randolph Scott, Ann Sheridan.
From Jan. 30: "Breakthrough," David Brian, Frank Lovejoy; and "Emergency Wedding," Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.

**55th St. Playhouse,** 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
**ORPHEUS** (in French).

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Through Jan. 26 (tentative): "Face to the Wind" (in French), Pierre Larquey.
From Jan. 27 (tentative): "The Dancing Years," Dennis Price.

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
**WAYS OF LOVE** (in French and Italian).

**Loew's 83rd St.,** B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Jan. 30: "Harriet Craig," Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey; and "The Great Manhunt," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.
From Jan. 31: "The West Point Story," James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Doris Day; and "Between Midnight and Dawn," Mark Stevens, Edmond O'Brien.

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"Film Without a Name" (in German); and "Hoboes in Paradise" (in French), Raimu, Fernandel.

**Riverside,** B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Jan. 27: "Rio Grande," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara; and "Hit Parade of 1951," John Carroll, Marie McDonald.
Jan. 28-30: "The Underworld Story," Dan Duryea, Gale Storm, Herbert Marshall; and "So Young, So Bad," Catherine McLeod, Paul Henried.
From Jan. 31: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine; and "Strange Bargain," revival, Martha Scott, Jeffrey Lynn.

**Olympia,** B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through Jan. 30: "Harriet Craig," Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey; and "The Great Manhunt," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.
From Jan. 31: "The West Point Story," James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Doris Day; and "Between Midnight and Dawn," Mark Stevens, Edmond O'Brien.

**Nemo,** B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Jan. 27: "Rio Grande," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara; and "Hit Parade of 1951," John Carroll, Marie McDonald.
Jan. 28-30: "The Underworld Story," Dan Duryea, Gale Storm, Herbert Marshall; and "So Young, So Bad," Catherine McLeod, Paul Henried.
From Jan. 31: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine; and "Strange Bargain," revival, Martha Scott, Jeffrey Lynn.

**Coliseum,** B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Jan. 27: "Rio Grande," John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara; and "Hit Parade of 1951," John Carroll, Marie McDonald.
Jan. 28-30: "The Underworld Story," Dan Duryea, Gale Storm, Herbert Marshall; and "So Young, So Bad," Catherine McLeod, Paul Henried.
From Jan. 31: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine; and "Strange Bargain," revival, Martha Scott, Jeffrey Lynn.

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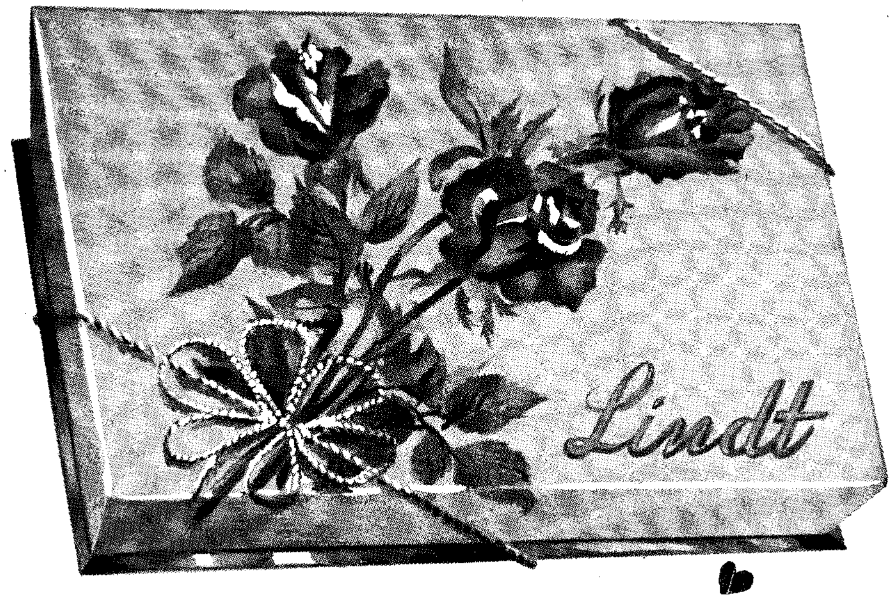

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other gift boxes: be-ribboned Pastel Box, 1 lb. 9 oz. **5.50**
2 lb. 4 oz. **6.95** 3 lb. 2 oz. **10.00** 4 lb. 8 oz. **14.50**
Bonbons Surfins, 9 oz. **2.00** 18 oz. **3.50**
and a special Altman gift box of six favorites, **5.00**

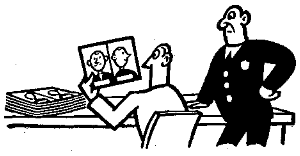
THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

A CONGRESSMAN has introduced a bill providing for the distribution of distinctive lapel buttons to 4-Fs. We imagine he has it in mind to spare men in that class of deferment from getting their feelings hurt, or their eyes blackened, by overzealous patriots who suspect them of dodging service. We are opposed to this piece of legislation, for a number of reasons. For one, there is a general disinclination on the part of Americans, despite the example set by President Truman, to wear lapel buttons of any kind, as the rapid disappearance of the Second World War's discharge insigne has attested. Thus, if the bill became law, many 4-Fs wouldn't wear their buttons, or would neglect to switch them from suit to suit, and the result would be even more badly hurt feelings and more blackened eyes than if the subject of buttons had never come up. For another, it would be a cinch for real draft-dodgers to equip themselves with fake insignia, just as it is a cinch for real Communists to take loyalty oaths. For still another, the proposal seems to us one more symptom of the current nationwide preoccupation with oversimplified identification tags. This country has already gone far enough in the direction of allowing men to be judged by what they superficially appear to be rather than by what they actually are.

THE 1-As in Korea have recently had some experience with a short-lived identification scheme worked out over there. The troops of an American infantry division were ordered by their commanding general to grow beards, his thought evidently being that, in view of the notorious smoothness of Oriental cheeks, it would simplify the problem of recognition if a line could be conspicuously drawn between hirsute ally and beardless foe. The order had been in effect only a couple of weeks when the general was replaced. His successor at once commanded all his troops to shave, presumably to the relief of those embarrassed young G.I.s whose chins were still merely flecked with down. Nobody will ever be able to figure out a surefire way of giving all law-abiding men one kind of mien and all transgressors another. Some of the nicest faces we ever saw were in a batch of rogues'-gallery photos we pored over once after a burglar had visited our home. Our burglar's portrait wasn't among them, but he was duly caught anyway, and he wasn't a bad-looking chap.



LAST week was a strange one in the aviation world. Not only did a formation of B-36s fly from Texas to England and back but en route, according to one newspaper account we read, they practiced dropping dummy hydrogen bombs—a remarkable feat, considering the nonexistence of honest-to-goodness hydrogen bombs. Ogden R. Reid, a *Herald Tribune* reporter travelling by private aircraft through Central America to gather material for a series of articles on Communist sabotage in that region, reported in a dispatch to his newspaper that during a stopover in Martinique his plane had been sabotaged; his story indicated that he was sore about the incident, whereas one would think that a correspondent couldn't ask for anything more than to have evidence in support of his premise dumped right in his lap. A reporter for the *World-Telegram & Sun*, travelling via T.W.A. to Europe to log the minute-by-minute activities of a commercial-airline pilot who flies a plane back and forth across the Atlantic, used up a good bit of his space telling how he, the reporter, got tickets to the London production of "Mister Roberts" and won the equivalent of seven dollars and a half in a casino at Bad Homburg. And it was reported that General Eisenhower, whose personal transport during the Second World War was named Sunflower, in honor of his native state of Kansas, intends to christen his personal transport during the present crisis Columbine, in honor of his wife's native state of Colorado.

## *Block Counts*

FROM January 10th to 13th, inclusive, the federal Fish and Wildlife Service conducted its seventeenth annual census of migratory waterfowl, an undertaking in which more than a thousand observers, proceeding on foot or by car, boat, plane, or blimp, surveyed all the bodies of water in the United States, down, theoretically, to the humblest pond that will float a duck. We got in on the end of this extraordinary operation by making contact with Samuel T. Miller, United States Game Management Agent for southeastern New York and Connecticut, which we did by calling at his house, at Blue Point, Long Island, and being directed by Mrs. Miller to a point half a mile away on the shore of Great South Bay. There, sure enough, we found Miller on the chilly beach, peering through binoculars mounted on a tripod. He greeted us warmly, told us there was a pair of American mergansers out on the bay, and offered us a look. We took one and saw two black-and-white ducks bouncing up and down briskly in rough water. "The inventory's done, matter of fact," Miller said. "I'm just waiting for my reports to filter in. Most of this area was covered this year by a state Department of Conservation plane. I'm double-checking here because it happens to be near my home. Way we do it is when we find a concentration of waterfowl—a raft, we call it—we block off part of the raft with the glasses, make an estimate of the number of birds in one block, and count the blocks."

Mr. Miller invited us to his home to talk further, and we rode there with him in his government-owned Ford and followed him into his study, which we found to be full of stuffed ducks and government pamphlets. He told us that the inventory is organized, by areas, by about a hundred federal men like himself; that it is carried out with assistance from state conservation departments, the Navy, and the Coast Guard; and that in Canada and Mexico, through international agreements, simultaneous inventories are taken. The count is always made in January, by which time all waterfowl-hunting seasons are over and the birds have mostly settled down at their wintering places, and it is always made quickly, so that the birds that are still moving won't be counted twice. A census determines the length of the following year's hunting seasons. We asked him how the local count came out this year, and he replied that he couldn't discuss figures until the government releases them. He checked Connecticut by automobile, he said, and had it double-checked by plane. Long Island and most of the Hudson Valley were checked by plane, except for the stretches around airports, which the counting planes had to shun. Miller checked these in his car, accompanied by the local state game protectors. "Game Protector Hauptman, the Brooklyn man, was with me at Idlewild and Floyd Bennett," he told us, "and Game Protector Grom, of Queens, at LaGuardia. Around LaGuardia, we found quite a few scaup, canvasbacks, blacks, goldeneyes, and ruddies. Those are all ducks. Ducks seem to congregate near the Whitestone Bridge. Nothing in the East River alongside Manhattan, to speak of—just a few stragglers. There are a small number of ducks along the edges of the Hudson. We count those on the New York side, and Jersey counts those on their side." Miller said that Long Island is a favorite wintering place for some of the hardier breeds of ducks, such as blacks and scaup. "There's a raft of divers on Moriches Bay right now," he remarked, and explained that divers are ducks that can feed in deep water, as opposed to tipups, which can't.

We inquired about the goose situation. "Honkers?" Miller said. "We're reporting some out around Southampton and Bridgehampton. They stay near the far end of the island. There will be more of them about the first of March, on their way up from Chesapeake Bay." These northbound geese always create a problem for him, he added. They leave the water and go wandering around farmers' fields, eating the winter cover crops. Some farmers are in favor of this—think the birds' droppings are good for the soil—and some aren't. Miller invariably gets complaints from the opposed farmers, so he drives out to the Hamptons and scatters the geese by firing off some skyrockets. That irks the farmers who want the geese around, so *they* complain. "One way and another, honkers give me a bad time," said Miller.

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WEEKLY count of illegal parking of automobiles on a couple of no-parking blocks:

Blocks inspected: Forty-eighth Street from Fifth to Seventh Avenues.

Time of inspection: 2:55 to 3:05 P.M., last Friday.

Number of cars illegally parked: 22.

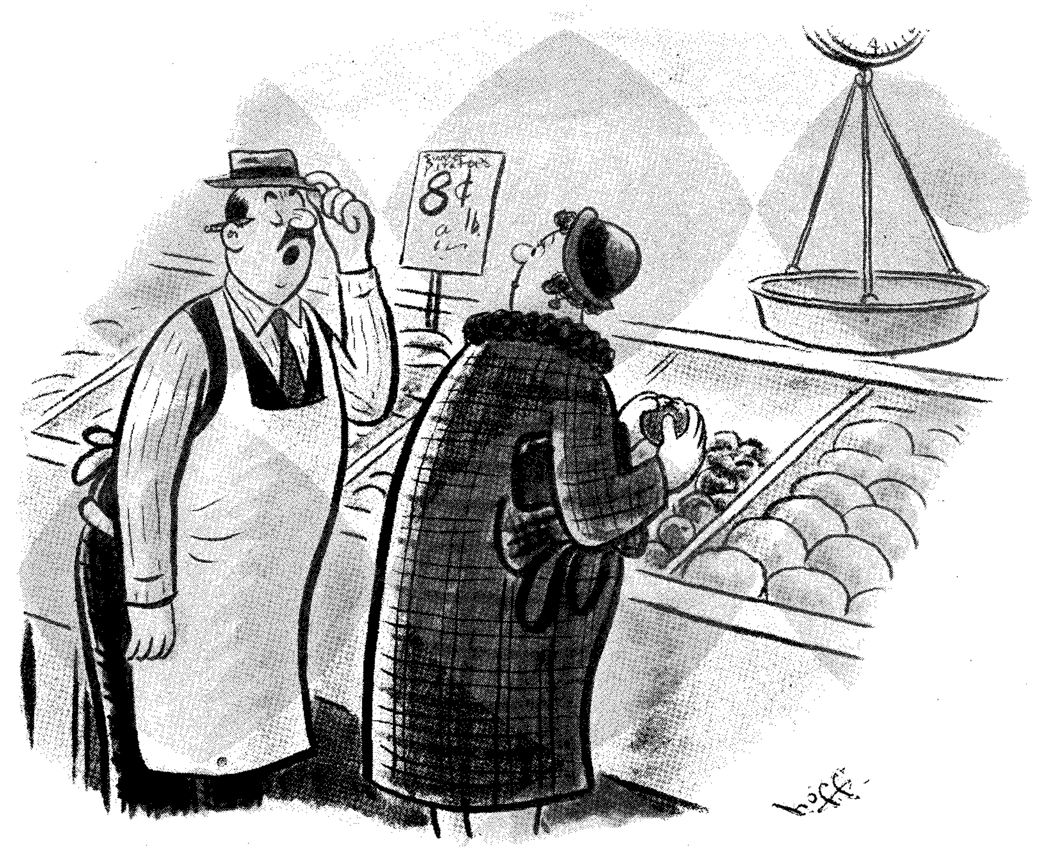
## *With It*

WE'VE been told seriously that, next to color, the biggest thing to hit television in 1950 was the professional pitchman, recruited from country fairs and city sidewalks. Demonstrating and exhorting, he effects sales with phenomenal success. Lester Morris, a round-faced, round-bodied gentleman with a great breadth of shoulder and large, expressive hands, is probably the busiest of the pitchmen who have taken to the air. In a husky, persuasive voice, he pitches household items like the Magic Towel, the Magic Doughnut Maker, an infrared-ray broiler, and the Morris Metric Slicer (invented by his father) four minutes at a stretch, fifteen times a week. He's been employed for six months by an advertising firm called the Mail Order Network, whose president is Harold Kaye, and in Mr. Kaye's office and presence we spent some time with him the other day, with the idea of learning something of this new application of his talents. Mr. Morris has been instructing Mr. Kaye in the terminology of pitchmen. "The gaff is the trick, or the gimmick," said Mr. Kaye, trying to whittle a gob of Silly Putty with a wooden knife. "If you're a Johnny-come-lately, you're not with it." Mr. Morris looked pleased. M.O.N. has eighteen pitchmen in its employ, Mr. Kaye told us, and of them Mr. Morris is the best at using his hands. "In Lester's fingers," he said, "a vegetable slicer takes on the appearance of a rare jewel." This facility may be hereditary. "Lester's uncle was the best

man with his hands of all time, I think," said Mr. Kaye. Mr. Morris nodded, and added, "You got to *punch*." He punched with his right.

Mr. Morris is twenty-eight, he told us, and has been pitching for fifteen years, but never as a carnival pitchman. He's a "class" pitchman. He pitched on boardwalks and at flower shows, sportsmen's shows, large fairs, and such before he got into television. "I never worked the pumpkins," he said, with a deprecatory gesture. "A pumpkin is a small fair," said Mr. Kaye, looking up from his Silly Putty. "At a fair," said Mr. Morris, "I expect a tip of—" "A tip is a crowd," Mr. Kaye quickly interpolated. "—of at least fifty thousand," Mr. Morris went on. "The principle is you make a small profit on a large number of articles sold—real articles, the McCoy. At a carny, you pitch phonies. Carnies are the end of the trail, the beginning of nothing." "A carny worker doesn't go over on TV," observed Mr. Kaye, squeezing the Silly Putty into an interesting globule. "That 'Hurry, hurry, hurry' stuff doesn't sound good in the living room—not *sincere*. People start looking for a gaff." Mr. Kaye told us that in two months M.O.N. rang up sales of half a million on the Magic Towel. "Better than the department stores could do in a year," he added. "Take the slicer," said Mr. Morris, driving through with his right. "All the while I'm slicing, I'm *punching*. Take the Magic Doughnut Maker." He simulated the dumping of flour into a doughnut maker, looked us in the eye, and recited part of his pitch: "Saves time, trouble, fuss, worry, and bother . . ." "The pitch is subtle, and it's friendly," said Mr. Kaye.

Mr. Morris, we learned, was born in Reading, Pennsylvania, and moved to Asbury Park when he was a youngster. There he played tackle on the best football team Asbury Park High has ever had. His father ran a stand on the boardwalk, selling kitchen utensils and the like. It was there that Lester got his start. Most of the Morris family is in pitching. When Mr. Kaye began hiring pitchmen, Lester's brother, Arnold, was the first one he took on. Arnold put him in touch with Lester, and Lester brought in the rest of the pitching force. This includes Arlene Morris, who is a cousin of Lester and Arnold, and, at nineteen, the youngest lady pitchman on TV. Mr. Kaye, a Johns Hopkins graduate, was the vice-president of the New York branch of a Chicago advertising agency when, eighteen months ago, he started M.O.N. The gaff is that he buys time for the advertisers from TV stations, in ninety-minute periods, and shows movies from a film-rental outfit. Every fifteen minutes, one of his staff delivers a pitch. The manufacturer of the product advertised pays M.O.N. for the package. He receives his orders by mail and telephone—about fifty-fifty.



*"Good morning, Mrs. Quinlan, and how are the tomatoes feeling today?"*

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Mr. Morris doesn't memorize a script, and usually doesn't practice manipulating an article ahead of time, relying on instinct. He went on cold when he demonstrated the Magic Towel the first time. "It's guaranteed not to stain permanently," he told us. "When I got it, it was full of dirt, ink, iodine, and soy sauce. I was supposed to dump it in a bucket of water and all those stains would wash out. Well, a pitchman always figures to be prepared, so I dug up a clean towel and stuck it in the bucket, just in case. As it happened, the towel came out fine." "We now use a transparent bucket," said Mr. Kaye.

### *False Scent*

A LADY on the way to her hairdresser's passed a building that was being sandblasted. When, a few minutes later, the hairdresser ran his fingers over her scalp, he said, "Ah, it is good to see Madame back from Florida!"

### *Tailor-Made*

THERE'S no Automobile Show this year, so we took a vehicular look backward, instead of forward, by spending a morning with the office records of Brewster & Co., the carriage makers, which we'd been advised were in the possession of the Public Library. Mr. Robert W. Hill, chief of the Manuscript Division, told us that there are a hundred and fifty-five Brewster volumes altogether—invoice books, order books, ledgers, etc.—and that we were the first person to ask to see them since their acquisition, in 1936. We contented ourself with scanning a dozen or so order books of the eighteen-eighties and nineties. All entries were made in longhand, and with black ink, except for an occasional "Countermanded," scrawled in red ink over an entry, and they contain a good many directions whose coziness time has not withered. On May 23, 1884, for instance, Miss Elisabeth Marbury, of 76 Irving Place, ordered a rebuilt spider phaeton, and it was specified, "This carriage, when finished, must look like a new one in every particular," and

Edward Reilly, of the Copper Queen Mining Company, ordered a cabriolet, of which the salesman, perhaps a Mr. Brewster, wrote, "Initial 'R' in some artistic design. . . . Take all overhang out of cushions. The seat is entirely too deep for the Ladies of Mr. R." The Ladies were much in the minds of the Brewster people. "Put on a pair of oval gridiron steps without covers and have the bars to same made quite close together, so that the French heel which the Ladies wear won't catch," reads an 1884 reference to a brougham bought by Alfred Young.

Richard K. Fox, late editor and publisher of the *Police Gazette,* bought a top-square box wagon in 1884, at a cost of $490; Buchanan Winthrop a vis-à-vis with canopy, for $1,375; Miss A. L. Roosevelt a Twombly phaeton, for $725; and the Siamese Legation in London a two-horse, no-top Winans phaeton, for $565. The record of the order Leonard Jacob placed for a jump-seat phaeton in the spring of 1885 is accompanied by a mysterious notation: "This sale is subject to approval by his sons." The following autumn, Jacob Schiff bought an eight-spring victoria for $1,700 and was allowed $550 on the trade-in of an old cabriolet. Later that year, Miss Ella Wendel, of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, and William Rockefeller bought a pony cart and a box wagon, respectively. Early in 1886, when, we have figured out, James Speyer was twenty-four, he ordered a brougham ($1,300) and a second-hand rumble sleigh ($350, plus $57 for extras—bells, chimes, and plumes). A couple of years later, a second-hand cabriolet went to Mrs. Isaac H. Walker, of 8 West Thirty-sixth Street ("There is a snapping sound when you jump in carriage. Overhaul ironwork to remove this"), and a second-hand coupé to Edmund A. Stedman, who inspired the following note: "He is tres. of Fidelity Co. Reference his brother Ernest G. Stedman, 120 Bway. He is O.K." This is the earliest "O.K." we ran across. "He is good" was the usual approval of financial reliability up to then, and it continued to be the most frequent.

Skipping through the nineties, we noted a number of purchases by gentlemen on behalf of Ladies to whom they were not married. Documentation of these must await a less discreet historian. In any event, Brewster continued to defer to the Ladies. "Paint blue," an entry decrees of H. R. Kunhardt, Jr.'s, Colonial phaeton in 1892. "Stripe blue, like his other carriages. Be sure to get the blue dark, which is Mrs. K.'s particular notion." Another customer with a particular notion was Jules S. Bache—"Heraldry his bee (the insect) in three places." In 1892, Edwin Booth paid a trifle over a dollar a pound for a sixteen-hundred-and-four-pound landau for his daughter (a Cadillac convertible today costs a trifle *less* than a dollar a pound) and Colonel J. N. Bonaparte, of Washington, D.C., acquired a second-hand brougham. The following year, Grover Cleveland, also of Washington, D.C., acquired a second-hand victoria. Mrs. William Astor got one a month later.

In making deliveries, Brewster occasionally took the weather into account: "Do not send [Mr. W. I. Walter's sleigh] home for a day or two *unless* it snows." "If unpleasant or streets are muddy, defer shipment [of J. N. Brown's light brougham] till first fair day thereafter." Bernard Baruch bought a second-hand golf gig in March, 1898. By the time we got through the following year, in April of which Miss Lillian Russell bought a miniature brougham with rubber tires, the names Hitchcock, Vanderbilt, Bostwick, Jennings, Ripley, Seligman, Lewisohn, Winthrop, Turnure, Iselin, Steinway, Stillman, Crocker, and Flood were dancing before our eyes, and we were bushed and covered with dust. The costliest items we unearthed were a four-horse mail coach, with imperial and lunchboxes, for which Stanley Mortimer paid twenty-six hundred dollars in 1892, and a twenty-four-hundred-and-eighty-dollar four-horse park drag, with imperial and wine coolers, which Cornelius Vanderbilt bought for his twenty-year-old son, Alfred, in 1898. "Measure two horses at stable in rear of house 229 Madison Ave. and see the cart is proper height," reads a note in connection with a dogcart ordered by Anson Phelps Stokes. And, reads a note in connection with a three-spring, standing-top wagonette for Morris K. Jesup, "Make high driving cushion and high under cushion. They are tall people." In those days, they tailored vehicles to fit the customers.

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SIGN on the front of the New England Telephone & Telegraph Co.'s building in Lincolnville Center, Maine: "24 Hour Service. 8 A.M.-8 P.M."

### *Hard to Fool*

THE Museum of Modern Art makes a practice of taking public-school pupils on free guided tours of the exhibits, and one afternoon last week we tagged along with a small, select group of them, aged six to nine. We attached ourself as they were being gathered into a clump in the lobby by a teacher from their school and Victor D'Amico, director of the Department of Education of the Museum. D'Amico told us that the policy of the Museum is to allow the children to sample only a little modern art at a time. "We'll show them a single work of sculpture and a few paintings today," he said. "That will be plenty for them to digest. Furthermore, we never try to *tell* them what to think. We just try to steer them a bit. Children aren't as astonished by modern art as adults are, and they don't resist it so hard. Actually, though, it must seem a good deal more extreme to them than it does to us, because they get a foreshortened view of the exhibits; the bottoms of pedestals and picture frames appear bigger than the tops. The main thing to remember with children is that they're hard to fool. They sense at once any patronizing by us, or, for that matter, by the artists."

At that moment, the young man who was to act as the guide for the tour approached the group and was introduced to the teacher, the moppets, and us as Abraham Chanin, a member of the Museum staff. Chanin wore a game but rather apprehensive smile. "Who's the square?" a small boy asked of no one in particular, jerking his head toward Chanin. "Now, George, I don't want any trouble out of you," the teacher said grimly. "Remember what I told you on the bus." Then, instantly shedding her grimness, she beamed on Chanin and said, "I want you to meet Albert, Franklin, Tony, Mimi, Pam, Michael, Stefani, Rosemary, and Claudia—and, of course, George." "I'm sure we're very glad to have you all," Chanin said, keeping his distance from George. "Now if you'll please come this way . . ." Leaving the teacher and D'Amico in the lobby, we followed Chanin and his charges into the elevator. "What racket *you* in?" George asked us, between floors. "None of your business, Georgie," we replied quickly and coldly, and detected a glimmer of respect on his wicked little face.

On the third floor, the group gathered around an abstract bronze sculpture, Brancusi's celebrated "Bird in Space." "That's no bird. That's a Buck Rogers rocket ship," Michael said, obviously playing it for laughs. Nobody laughed. "No, it's a seal balancing a ball on its nose," Pam said, and added, "Only there isn't any ball." "I think it's passionate," Stefani said. Chanin asked, "Don't you get the feeling when you look at it that you want to soar in the air?" "No," said George. "I think it's *passionate*," Stefani said.

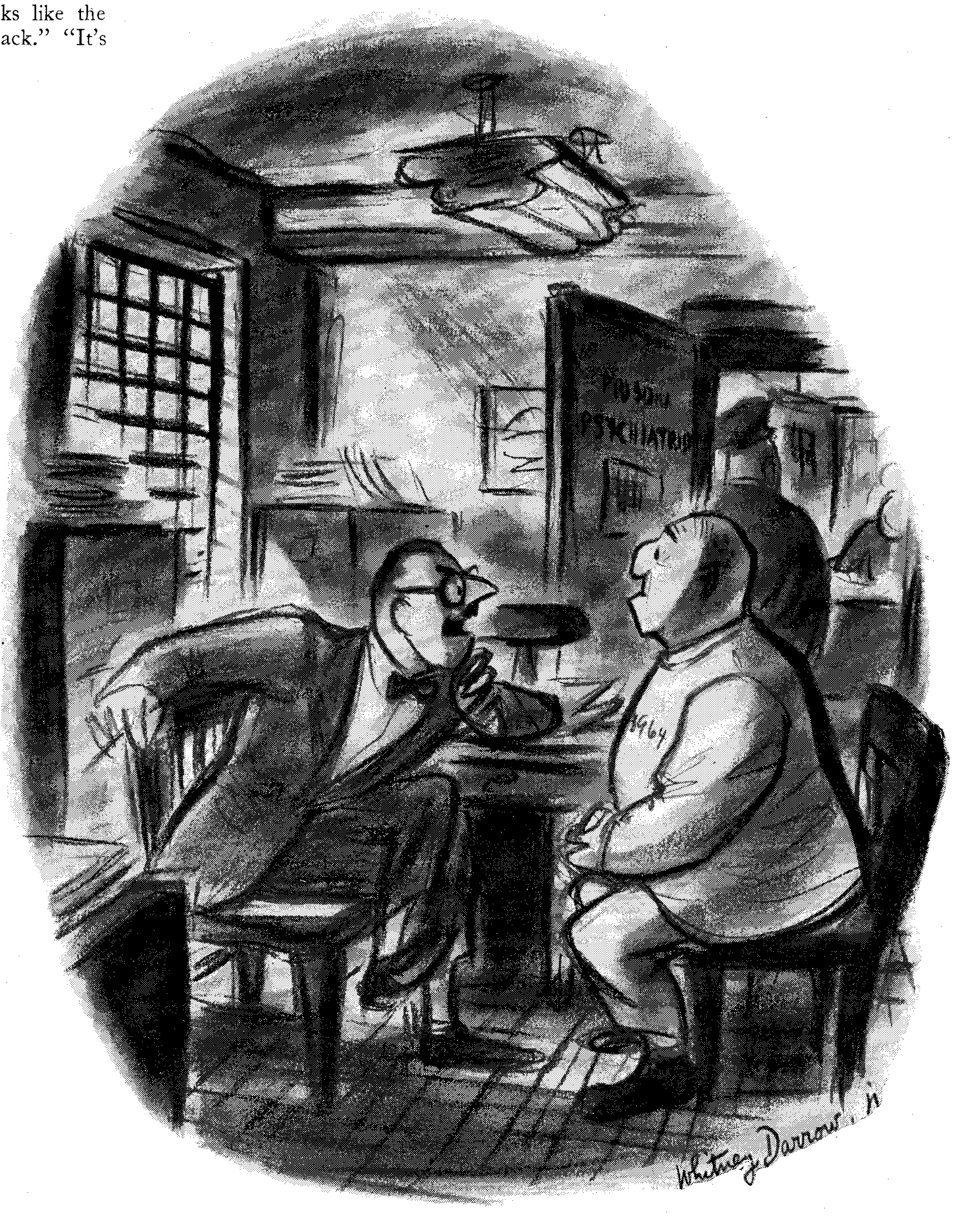
Following a few more minutes of such discussion, Chanin led the group downstairs, halting it before Tchelitchew's painting "Hide and Seek," which is well known for, among other things, its enigmatic symbols. "Here you are intended to feel spring, summer, and autumn," Chanin said. "The artist wishes to convey the impression of a brooding world." "Look!" said Rosemary, pointing. "That looks like the birthmark on my brother's back." "It's just a butterfly," Chanin said. Mimi remarked that *her* brother doesn't have a birthmark. "Well, but what idea do you get from this painting?" Chanin inquired. "It looks like an airplane that has crashed and burned," Franklin said. "It looks to me like kitchen linoleum," Stefani said. "Which of you would like to have this painting hanging in his bedroom at home, and why?" Chanin asked. "Are you kidding?" said George.

Chanin led the group to a painting by Chagall, entitled "I and My Village." Chanin asked the group what it thought the artist was attempting to picture. "Do you know what I see?" Rosemary asked, drawing a deep breath. "I see a horse sitting on a park bench eating flowers and I see a cow and a girl milking the cow and I see a lady upside down walking uphill and I see a person with a green face that has a green face because he sees the horse and is afraid of horses. I like green for a color—" "She's dumb," George observed to Chanin. "She's in my class, and our teacher says we're all dumb. She says we're the dumbest class she ever had."

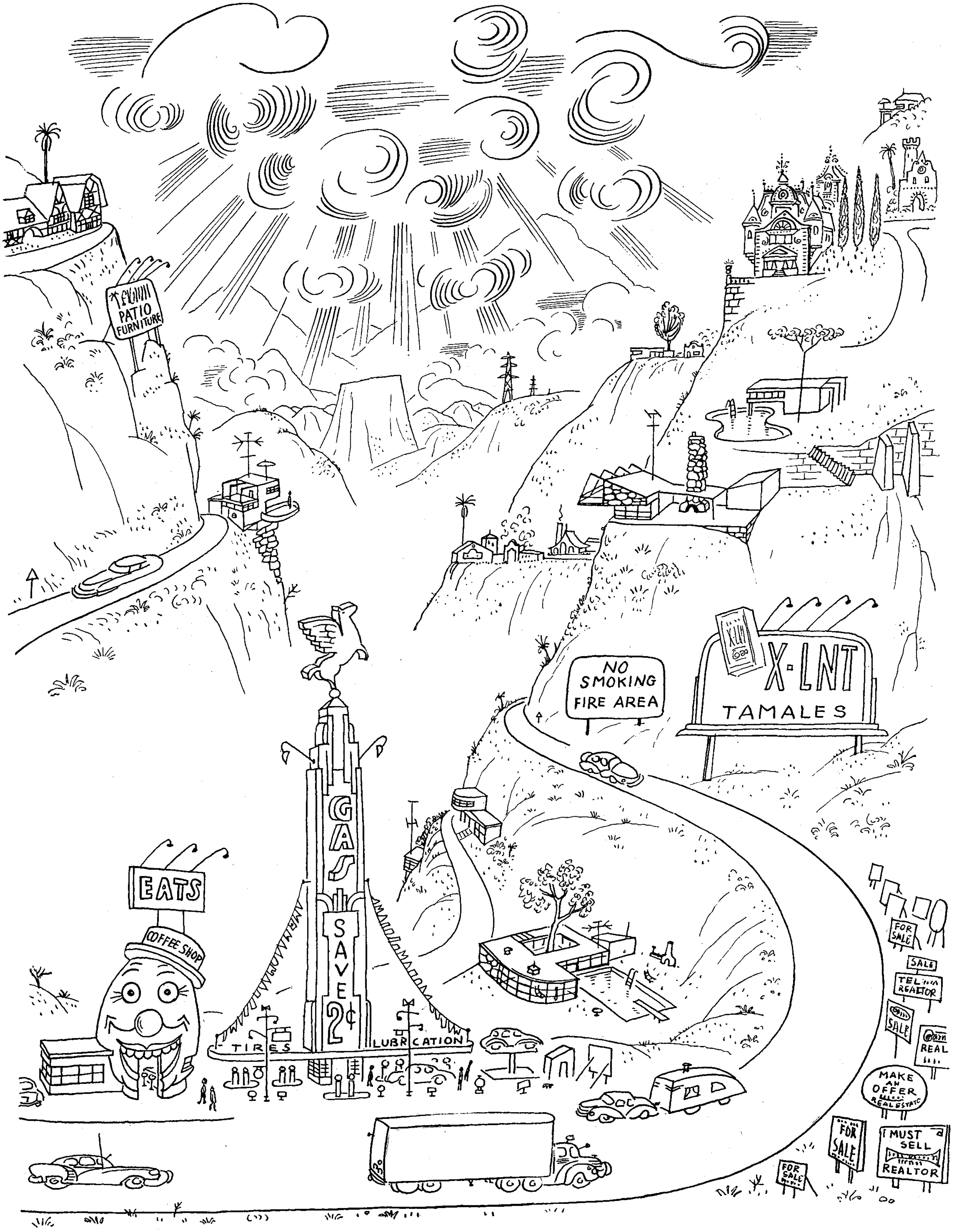
Chanin smiled wanly and moved on to a painting by Rousseau, "The Sleeping Gypsy." "Rousseau is considered the king of the primitives," Chanin said. "What does this picture make you feel?" "It makes me feel happy," Pam said, "because I don't think the lion is eating the lady." "Maybe he's getting ready to eat her," Mimi said. "Anyhow, he scares me." "He doesn't scare *me*," Rosemary said, drawing an even deeper breath than she had earlier. "It isn't a real lion. I make things with clay—things I see, like in summer at camp—and I always change things to make them more real. I like to make lions. I like to make people, too. I make my father all the time and I make his hair curly, but he hasn't got any hair really, and—" "Aw, shut up," said George. "Come along, children," said Chanin.

## *Hands Across the Sea*

BRITISH visitor, first day here, ordered a cup of coffee and two toasted English muffins at a drugstore, heard the counter boy call out "One coffee, and burn the British twice!," and arranged to take the next boat home.



*"As far as I can see, your failure to make a satisfactory readjustment to your present environment has its roots in something quite simple—you have a rather deep-seated guilt complex."*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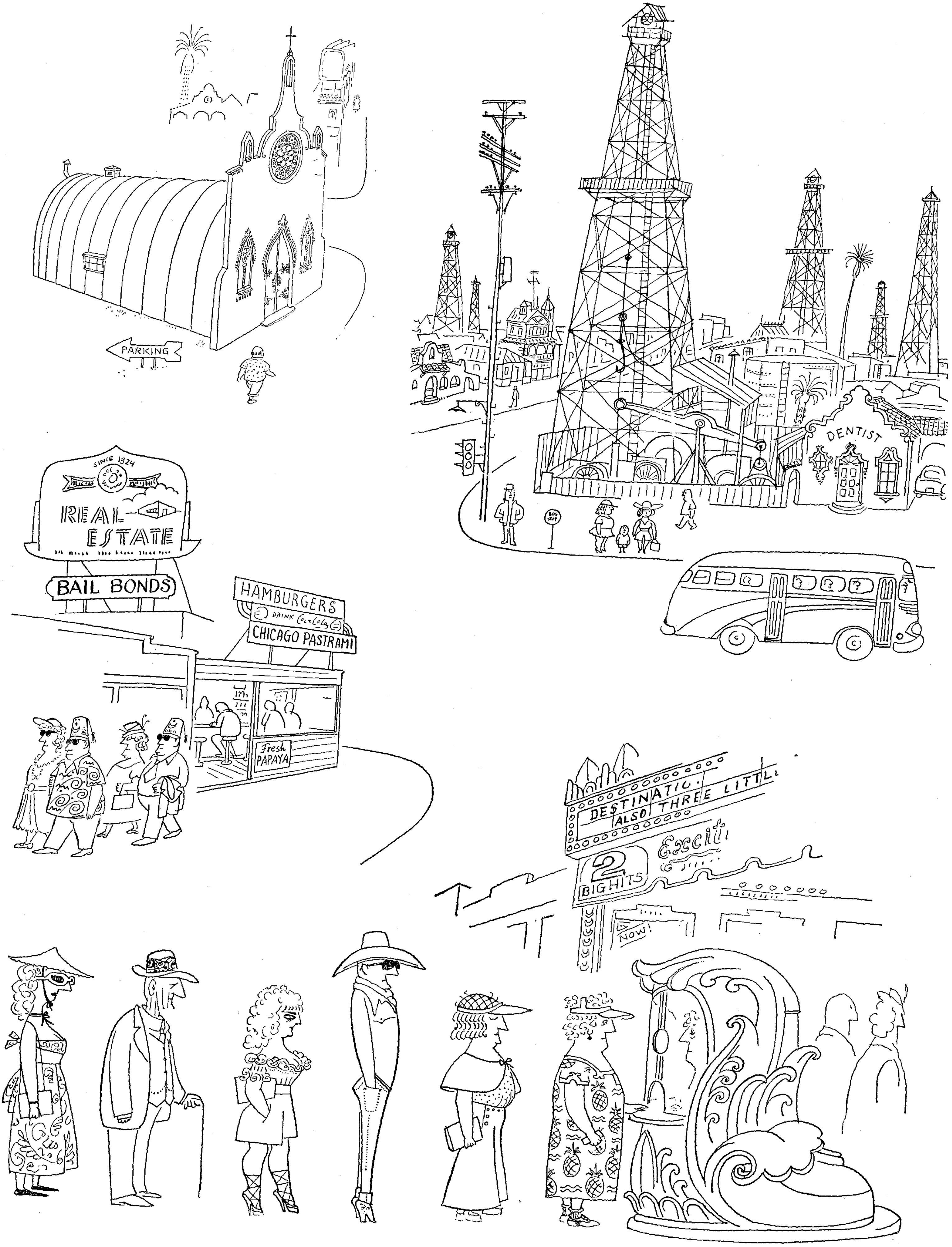
# "THE COAST"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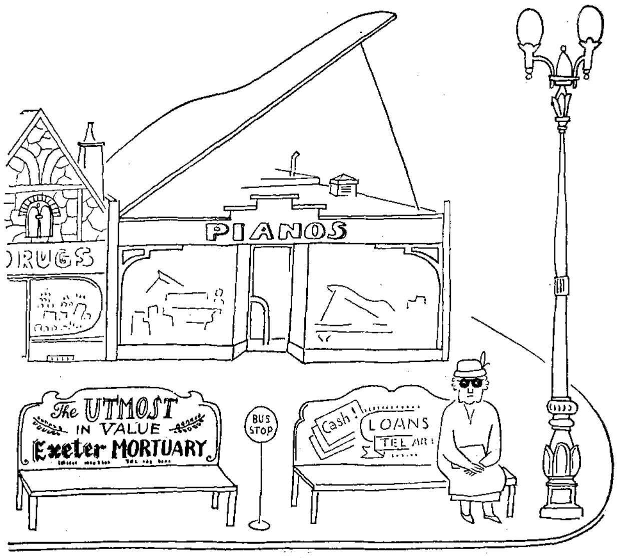
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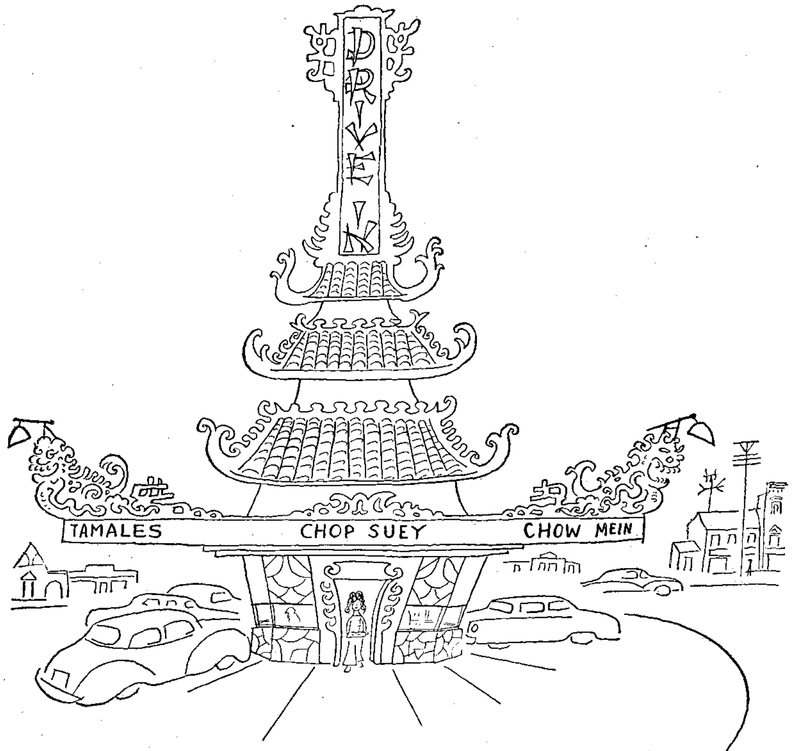
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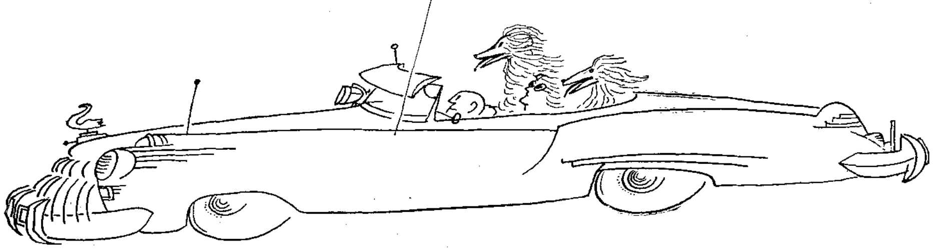

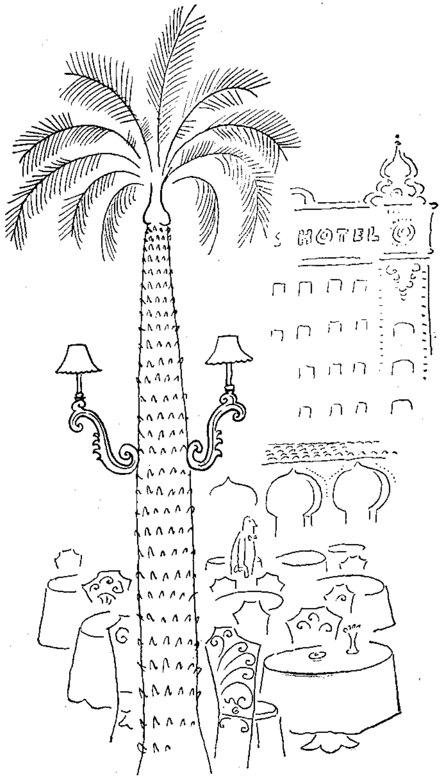
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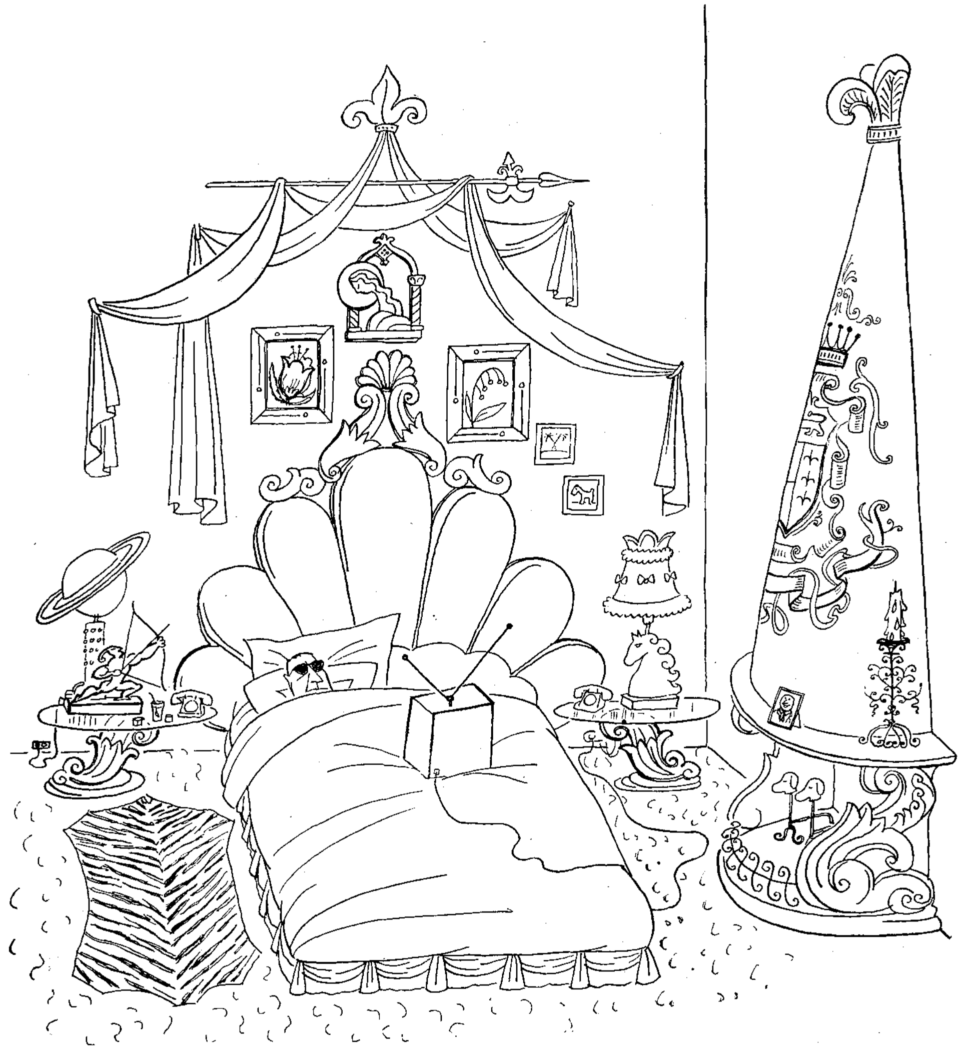

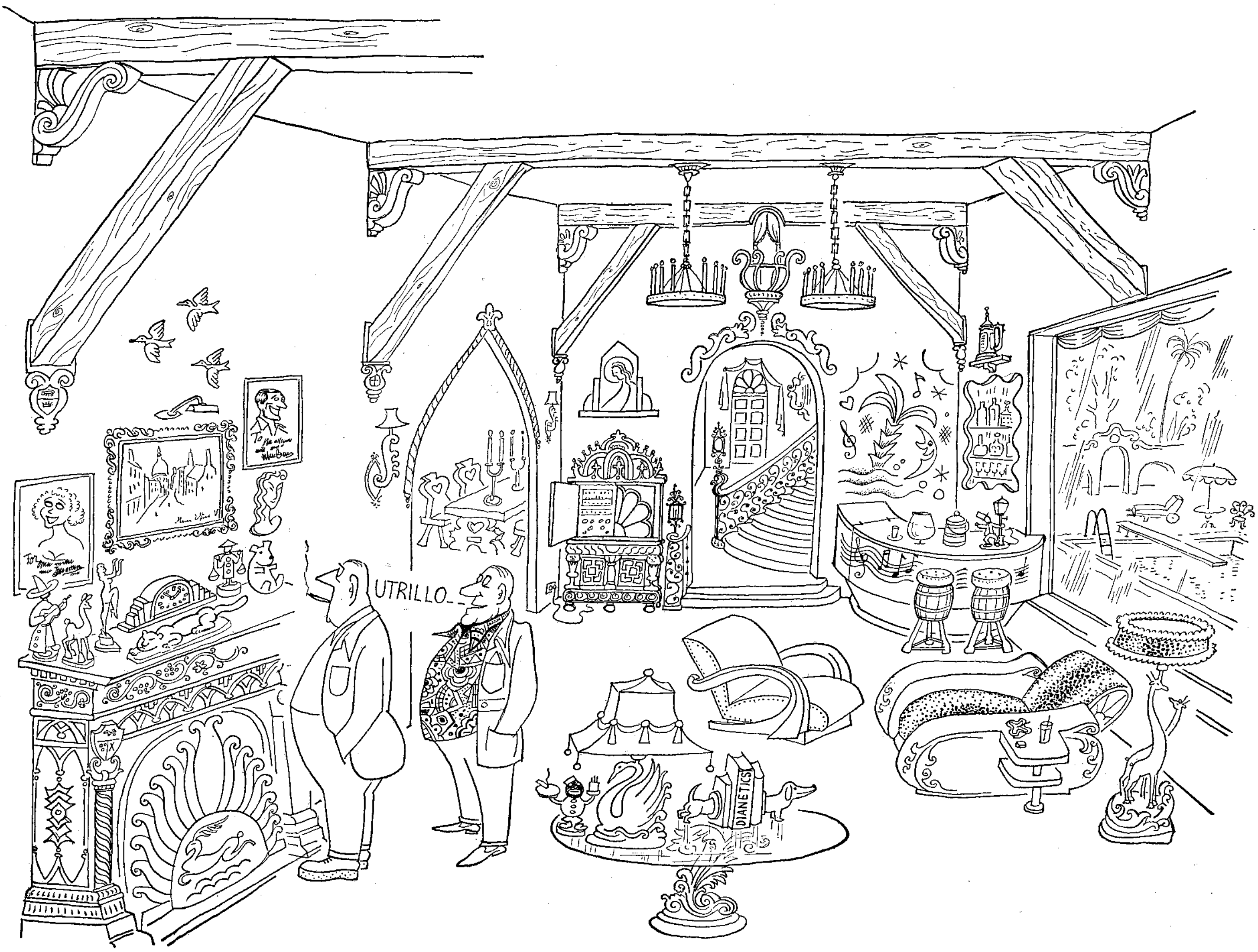
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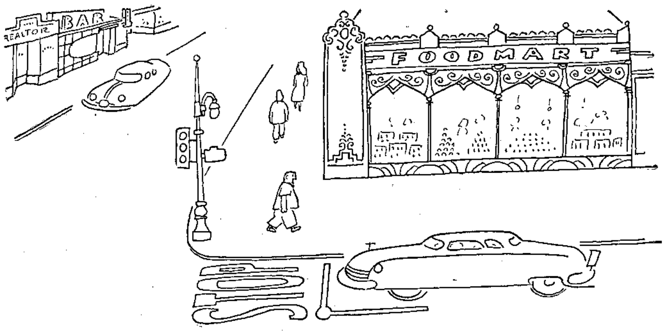
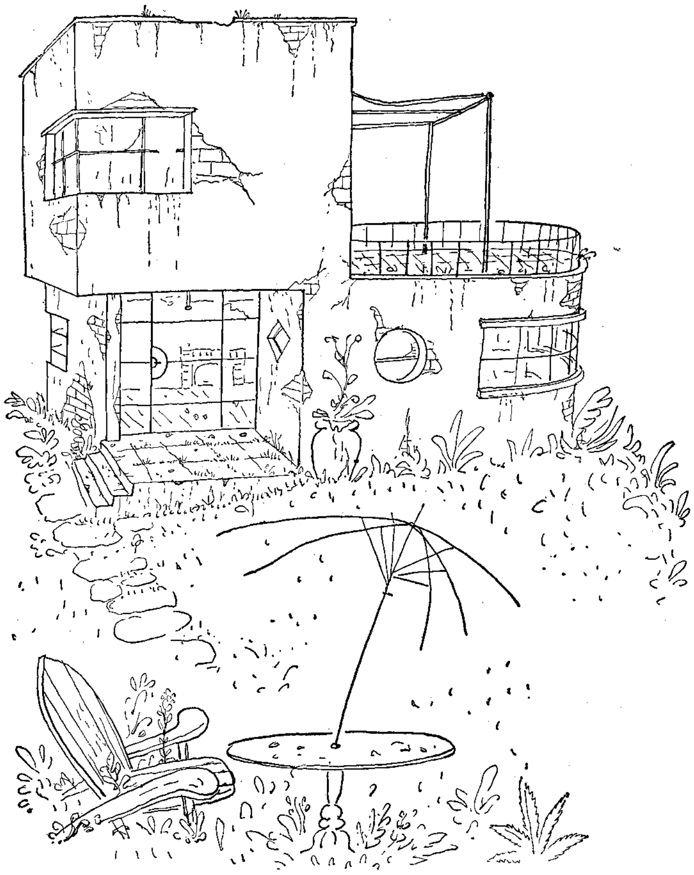
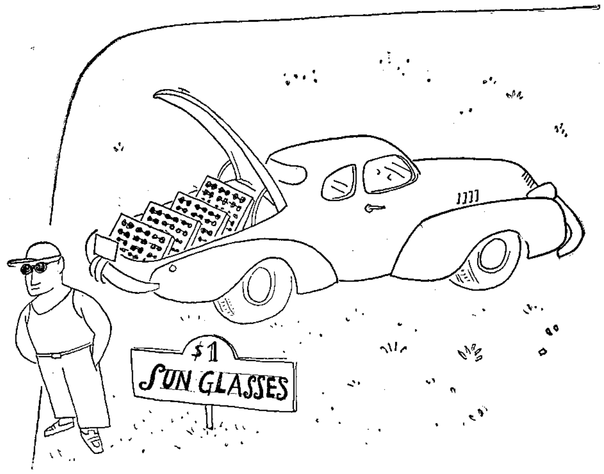

REALTOR
BAR
FOODMART

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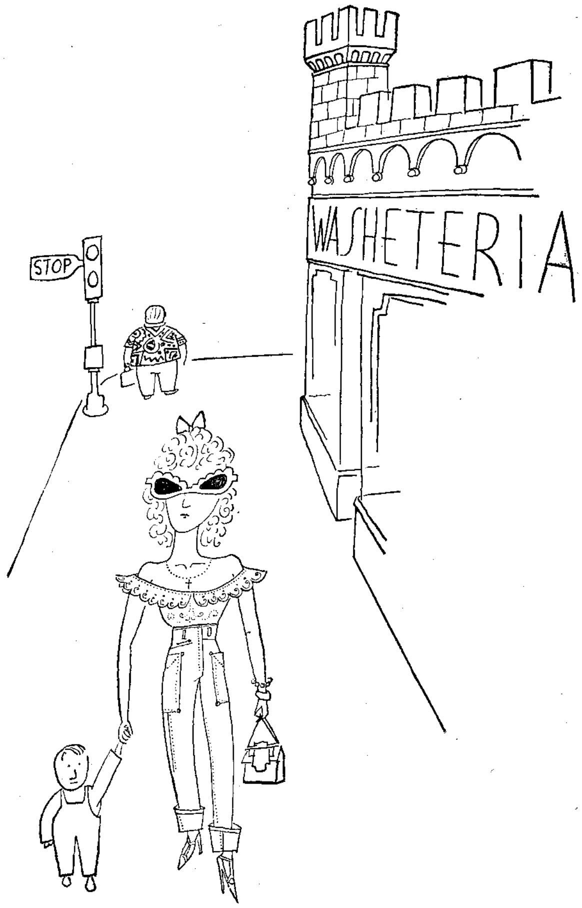
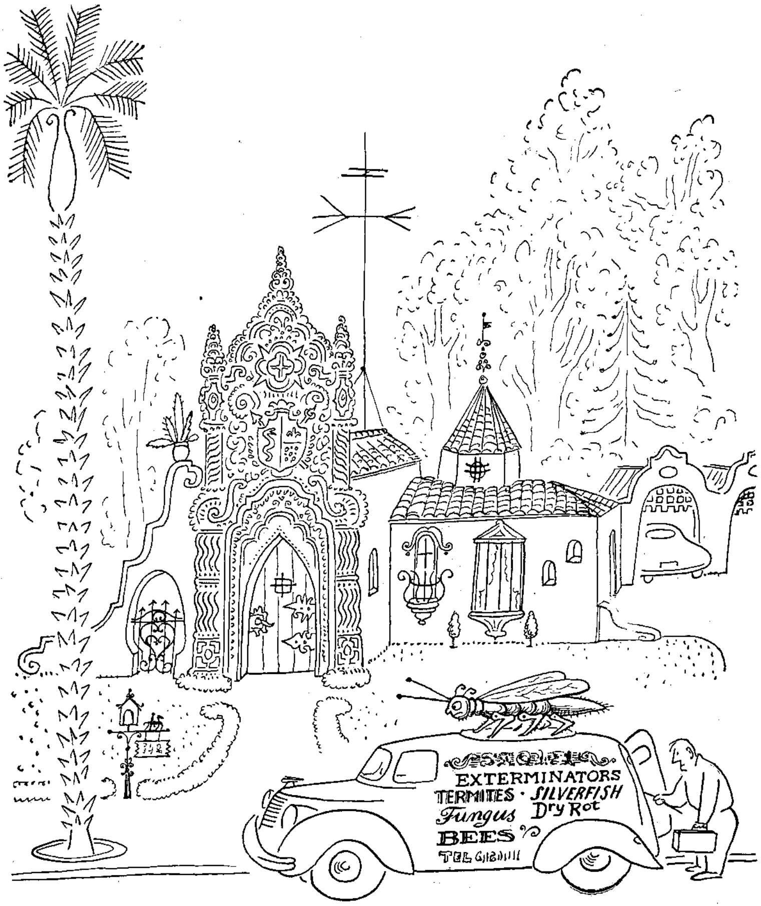

STOP
WASHETERIA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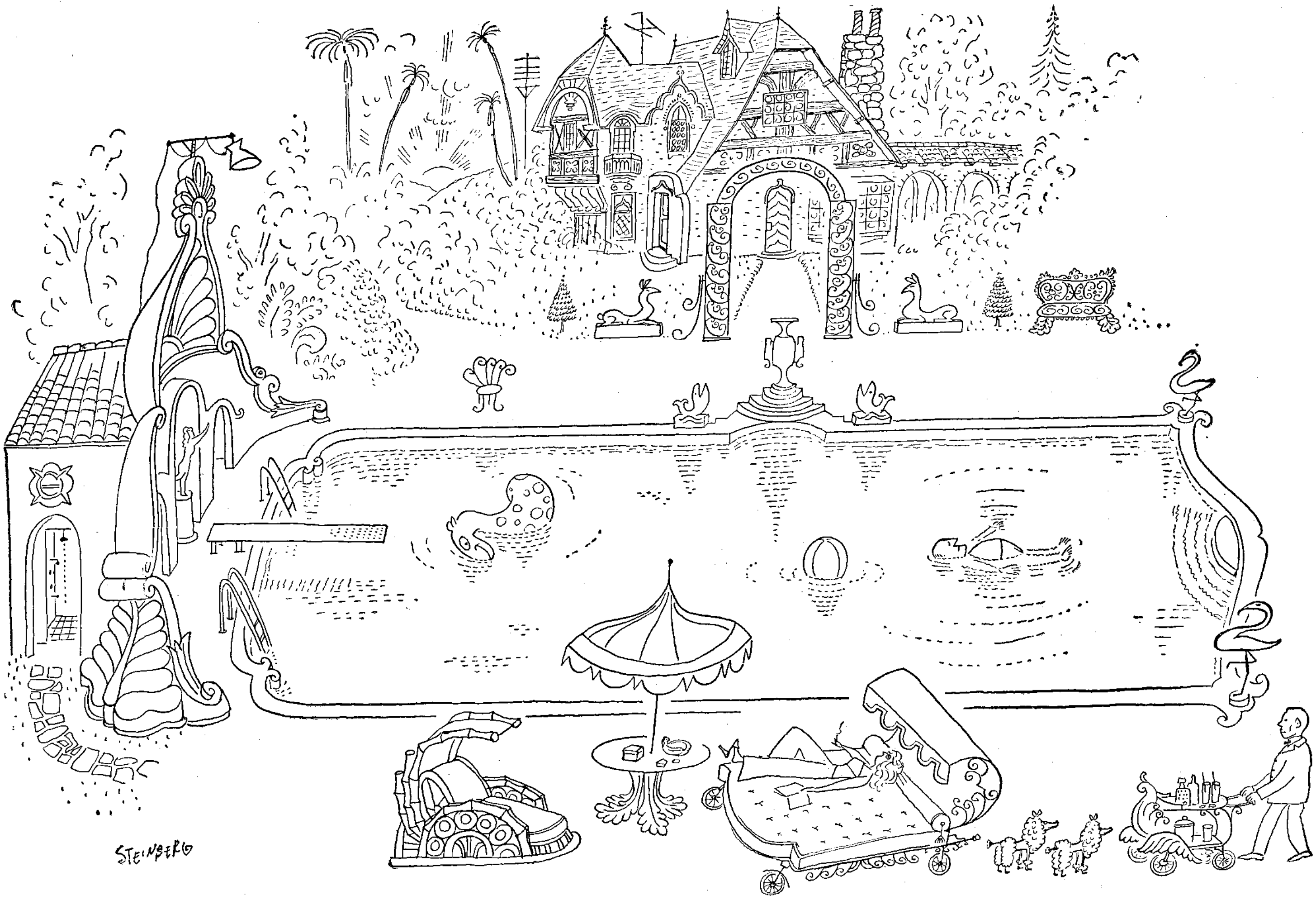

STEINBERG

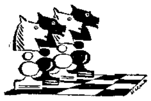
# ON THE BANKS OF THE OLD HOGWASH

I CAN'T remember exactly what my emotions were early last summer when I first grew conscious, in the telepathic way these things happen, that the Chase National Bank was making goo-goo eyes at me. One minute, it was a Hydra-headed, billion-dollar fiscal organization full of impregnable vaults and flinty executives whose basilisk stare probed my wallet and found it picayune; the next, it was twined around me as seductively as a dance-hall hostess in Skid Row, all patchouli, silken ankles, and butterfly kisses, until a red mist swam before me. What made the change of heart so thoroughly inexplicable was the fact that I was just a small, submarginal depositor, and not even a Chase depositor, at that. With the blind, quenchless persistency of a mole, I had hoarded my trifling cache of greenbacks at a branch of the Bobbery & Duplicity Trust Co., drawing out a fiver here, salting a sawbuck there, and never materially bettering my status of financial beachcomber. No scapegrace Australian uncle had ever emerged from Queensland to proclaim me his sole heir, and the one sporting flutter I took on the Irish Hospital Sweepstakes netted me a bogus ticket. Yet here was the Chase National, in a couple of exigent newspaper advertisements, tousling my hair and demonstrating its yen for me in the most unbridled fashion. I was flummoxed.

The technique employed to soften me up was based on the principle of contagious enthusiasm; in both cases the advertisements showed photographs of humble Chase depositors garnished with their ringing testimonials to the bank's liberality and altruism. Under the heading "Young Father Learns Facts," a customer named Kevin Kennedy declared as follows: "When our son arrived, we were kind of stuck for space. So Clara and I decided we had to add on another room, and I went down to the bank for a loan. One thing surprised me quite a bit. All my life I had a notion bankers were kind of close-fisted and cold. Well, I found out that's not true. Fact is, they like to lend money." The interview presumably ended with a giggling, dishevelled patron being pursued to the sidewalk by a swarm of importunate officials who, amid tearful reproaches, fought to stuff moola into his pockets. Even more fulsome was the testimony of John F. Snodgrass, a Brooklyn architect, whose engaging simper and letter of homage to Chase formed the nub of the second advertisement. "I'm writing this note rather hastily," said Snodgrass, "so forgive all lack of formality, please. I merely want to say thanks for the way you people at Chase Bank have handled my Special Checking Account. I know you don't have to go out of your way to be nice to me, but that courtesy from a 'big fellow' to a 'little fellow'—well, thanks. The way you've treated me has made me very happy, and just in the past week or so, I've told four persons about it. Three were surprised that you bothered about the 'little fellow,' the fourth happened to be an old customer of Chase. He just smiled and said, 'That's how they got that way. They ain't too big to listen or help if and when they can.' I'll drop by one of these days and say thanks." The bank people then took over, and, naturally, they were so happy about Snodgrass's being happy that they blubbered fit to kill. They invited him to come in any old time and help himself to the green stuff lying around the cages, and they implied that if I came in, too, I wouldn't go away empty-handed. At least, that was the way I construed the text, although my glasses were pretty well misted over by then and there may have been some hidden catch to the offer.

AT the time I spotted the foregoing, it occurred to me that Chase's competitors would never stand by supinely and let their clientele be shanghaied without a whimper, but I had other fish to fry, and it wasn't until recently that I learned what retaliatory measures had been forced on them. (On Chase's competitors, that is, not on the fish.) The branch of the Bobbery & Duplicity Trust I patronized is situated on lower University Place, under a paper-box factory, and the district, teeming with auction rooms, laundries, invisible-mending shops, and bootblack parlors, can hardly be termed an exotic one. Hence I was altogether unprepared, on arriving at the bank a few mornings ago, for the new, Alhambra-like façade that confronted me. Its cerulean surface was broken by a series of Moorish pillars in low relief, the massive plate-glass windows I remembered had shrunk to two heavily barred grates, and a bull's head spurted water through ceramic nostrils into a wall fountain. Several mischievous beggar boys, straight out of a canvas by Murillo, were gambolling on the pavement and nibbling bunches of grapes.

"Say, *amigos*," I began uncertainly, "didn't there used to be a bank hereabouts?" Their reply was smothered in a burst of Oriental rhythm, and, wheeling toward the entrance, I discovered its source. On a low dais, surrounded by curious passersby, three voluptuous coryphees in the costume of Ouled Naïl dancers were executing a sinuous *danse de ventre* to the strains of "Hindustan," issuing from the brass horn of an old Victor talking machine. A scarlet-faced barker in fancy sleeve garters, whom I distantly recognized as the assistant manager, was exhorting the audience, gesturing toward the interior with his whangee cane.



"Step right up, folks," he invited hoarsely. "Plenty of action going on inside. Need a little transfusion to meet those extra bills? Bailiffs hounding you for back alimony? Pep up your financial glands—we'll put the roses back in that bank account! Hurry, hurry, hurry!"

Hypnotized by his chant, I let myself be drawn inside, where another metamorphosis awaited me. The sprawling maze of partitions that housed the cashiers, tabulating equipment, and fluoroscopes for detecting overdrafts was still intact, but the vestibule had been converted into a torchlit cavern resembling a bodega or an Alice Foote MacDougall restaurant, circa 1927. Strings of peppers and onions swung from the ceilings, rustic pottery and gourds decked the walls, and a score of depositors, dotted around hogsheads serving as tables, were drinking sherry and applauding a receiving teller treading a fandango. Suddenly a pair of palms blindfolded me from behind.

"Guess who!" a genial voice boomed in my ear. I turned and beheld Radziwill, the branch manager, his tiny stoat's eyes twinkling. "Well, stranger, it's about time! I thought you'd been run over or switched to Chase or something. Here," he said, masterfully pulling me through a set of bead curtains, "come into the den, where we can talk. How do you like my Turkish corner, eh?"

I gazed around at the welter of Bokhara rugs, taborets, scimitars, and narghiles, and, coughing to clear the incense from my lungs, stammered some inane compliment. Radziwill measured out a thimbleful of arak into a thimble, passed it to me, and ensconced himself on a pouf. "Now, let's have a real heart-to-heart," he coaxed. "Listen, I'm going to lay my cards on the table. Deep down, you've always thought bankers were—well, skinflints, haven't you?"

"Why, of course not," I said loyally. "Look at Haym Salomon, the chap who financed the American Revolution. And Stephen Girard. And Russell Sage."

"Don't try to pull the wool over my eyes," he growled. "You're like all the rest. You think we're ruthless bastards who batten on widows and orphans. Well," he said triumphantly, "this'll show you how wrong you are. How much would it take to make you independent?"

"I've got enough to get by—"

"Huh," he scoffed. "Eating chuck roast instead of porterhouse, wearing rayon underpants instead of silk. You call that living? A man of your stature's entitled to champagne and woodcock, and I intend to see you get it." He fumbled momentarily in his vest and produced two shiny keys.

"Hey, these are real gold!" I exclaimed, testing them with my thumbnail.

"That's right," he confirmed. "This one fits your new eighteen-room triplex coöperative at Hamster House, Manhattan's most exclusive residential hotel, the deed to which you will find snugly reposing in your safe-deposit box. Its décor is modified Biedermeier, skillfully designed by William Pahlmann to absorb whatever paltry possessions you may wish to remove there. The premises, *ça va sans dire*, are fully staffed, and a world-renowned chef is poised on the ball of his foot ready to tickle your palate with Lucullan viands. To obviate your being plagued by petty distractions, tradespeople will present their accounts directly to me for settlement."

"Gee whillikers," I murmured, overcome.

"Should you tire of urban pursuits and succumb to the lure of the horizon," continued Radziwill, "the other key may come in handy. It unlocks the ignition of a private twin-diesel yacht, the Wanderola, which is about a block long and lies moored near Sardi's, prepared on your whim to set sail for Samarkand and Ind. She is a veritable floating palace, containing fresh- and salt-water baths, a pianola equipped with ten thousand rolls, and a selection of the latest magazines."

"Radziwill," I said, steadying my voice with an effort, "I'm a plain, homespun sort of cuss, and I want a plain answer. Are you banker or genie?"

"Whatever I am, I'm no skinflint," he replied. "My motto is a square shake for the small depositor. Who knows but tomorrow he may be a real asset to our bank?" I was pocketing the keys with trembling hands when Radziwill, in a movement swift as an adder's, reached over and snatched them from me. "Hold on there, bud," he said incisively. "Don't get any romantic ideas. We're not *giving* you that stuff I mentioned; I was merely dramatizing what our credit facilities could do for you. Now, how small a loan do you need to make your dream come true?"

"Oh," I said. "You mean I'd have to borrow the money from you to pay for it?"

"Sure, if you could cough up the collateral," said Radziwill, his mouth unexpectedly taking on the semblance of a steel trap.

"Maybe I better go home and look over my collateral first," I said uncertainly.

"Do that," he agreed. "And remember, no matter what headaches you've got, you'll always find a smile awaiting you at B. & D. That's why they call us the Friendlier Bank. *Hasta luego.*" He was escorting me to the curtains when they parted and a pursy gentleman, his mien as imperious as that of the late Collis P. Huntington, strode in. The gleaming silk hat, the checked suit covered with dollar signs, and the unlit Corona between his teeth proclaimed a financial titan not given to brooking interference.

"Confound it, Radziwill," he sputtered. "I've been trying to get you on the wire all morning in regards to that nine-million-dollar loan, as sure as my name is J. Pierpont Midas, but you seem impervious to entreaties. For the last time, will you accept a rate of forty-percent interest on said deal?"

"No," said Radziwill boldly, "and for the last time, this exchequer is not tooled up to play lackey to traction magnates, howsoever potent they may be. Get out!"

As the discomfited plutocrat slunk off promising revenge, the manager dusted his hands. "That's how we treat these *soi-disant* 'big fellows' at B. & D.," he grunted. "It's obscure clucks like you who've nourished our banking system, and if there's any possible way we can repay you—"

"Well, I tell you," I said, opening my billfold. "There might just be. I— I wonder whether you could cash a little check from the gas company. It's a refund for three dollars and ten cents."

"I don't think I understand." A look of almost arctic hauteur invaded Radziwill's features. "What assurance do we have it's any good, except your word?"

"Their name's lettered on top," I pointed out urgently. "Look, it says 'Consolidated Edison Company—Official Refund Voucher.' "

"Which makes it gilt-edged, of course," Radziwill sneered. "How do I know you didn't run it off at a job printer's? That's a phony if I ever saw one."

"But I've been doing business here fifteen years!" I wailed. "Both my youngsters belong to your Christmas Club. You *must* remember my face!"

"Never saw it before in my life," he said crisply. "Hustle along, now. I've better things to do than quibble with amateur grifters." Ere my mouth had opened to correct his misconception, I was being propelled through an archway into the street. The Ouled Naïls were still doing their grind, but the attention of the crowd wavered automatically as I caromed out and broke my fall on a hydrant. Walking pensively past the houses of Washington Square immortalized by Henry James, I reflected how profoundly banking has altered since his day. Perhaps, I thought, I, too, should adapt to a changing world, and when I got home, I did. I pried out a brick from the fireplace, stowed my anemic savings behind it, and built a pungent blaze out of some institutional ads for a bank. Surprising what fragrance they shed, once you prod them with a match.

—S. J. Perelman

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# VOLUPTATES TACTIONUM

Some inevitable day
On the editorial page of your paper
It will say, "Tactio has come of age."

When you turn a knob,
Your set will obligingly exhale forms,
Invisible and yet tangible—
A world in Braille.

Think of all the things
That will really be within your reach!
Phantom bottle,
Dummy pill,
Limpid limbs upon a beach.

Grouped before a Magnotact,
Clubs and families
Will clutch everywhere
The same compact paradise
(In terms of touch).

Palpitating fingertips
Will caress the flossy hair
And investigate the lips
Simulated in mid-air.

See the schoolboy, like a blind lover,
Frantically grope for the shape of love—
And find nothing but the shape of soap.

—Vladimir Nabokov

# THE OYSTER

"TO travel is to broaden the mind," Gopal's sister-in-law, Tooni, had told him, but, thought Gopal, the mind can become so broad that it suddenly becomes a wild prairie in which you cannot find your way.

"When in Rome, do as the Romans do." "To thine own self be true . . ." Tooni had taught him these maxims, too, before he left home; she had "instilled" them, he reflected, remembering Tooni's word for it. Gopal earnestly wanted to believe everything he was told—he knew that Tooni was sensible and wise—but now, suddenly, in this restaurant in Paris, his mind had become a howling wilderness. He was not old enough to see that by his travels and experiences he was taking the only possible first step to reconcile such contradictory axioms; he was beginning to find out what he himself was.

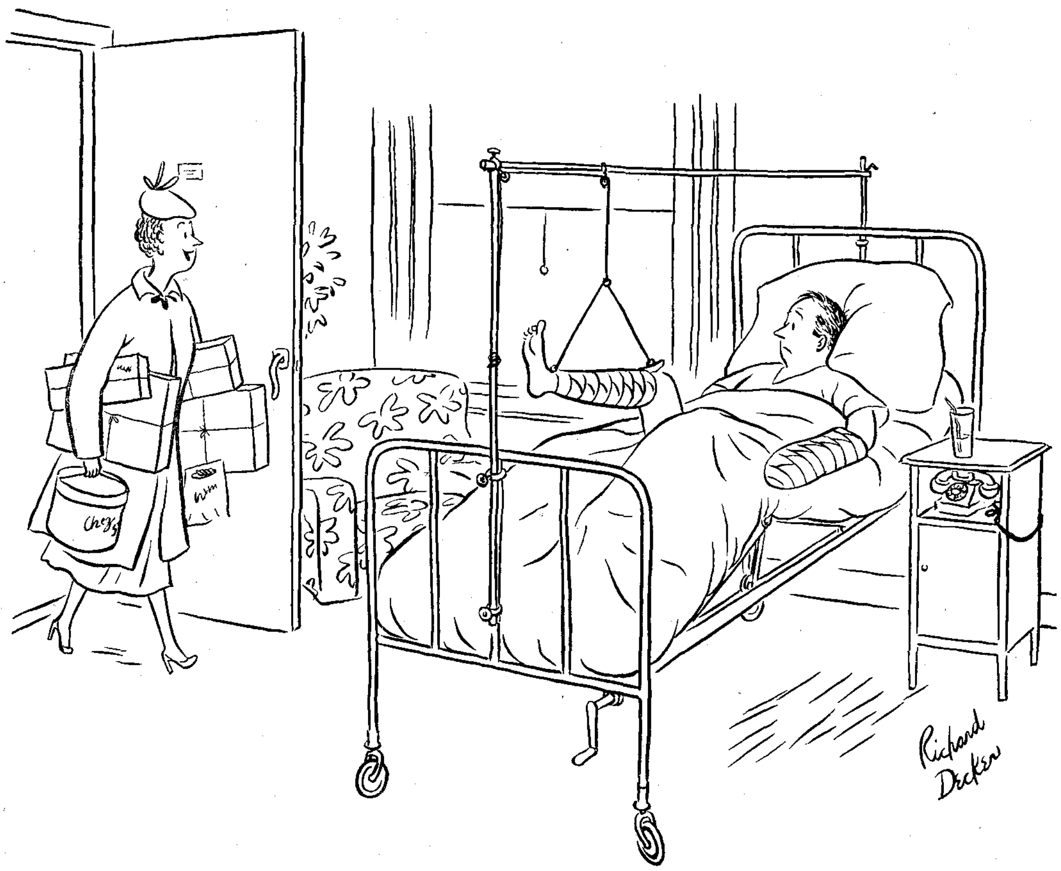
Gopal was a sweet, naïve young Indian student, almost breathless with good will, yet he was dignified. René Desmoulins, a witty, dark French senior-year student at the University of London, had seen the dignity and specially marked him out, although René was twenty-three to Gopal's nineteen. For that matter, everyone at the university had been kind to the young Indian. Gopal was charming to look at; his body was tall, slim, and balanced, his teeth and eyes were beautiful, and his face was so quick and ingenuous that it showed every shade of feeling. They had teased him about that, but now, on his holiday in Paris, he knew he was not as ingenuous as they, or he, had thought. He had come across something in himself that was stronger than his will. Aaugh, shuddered Gopal silently.

Up to this evening, which should have been the most delightful of all, everything *had* been delightful. "Delightful" was Gopal's word. "London is delightful," he had written home. "The College is delightful. . . . Professor William Morgan is delightful and so is Mrs. Morgan and the little Morgans, but perhaps," he had added, with pain, for he had to admit that the Morgan children were rough and spoiled, "perhaps not *as* delightful if you see them for a very long time. . . . The Hostel is delightful. . . . I find my work delightful." He had planned to write home that Paris was also delightful. "We went to a famous French restaurant in the Rue Perpignan," he had meant to write. "It is called the Chez Perpignan. It was de—" Now tears made his dark eyes bright. He could never write that; it was not delightful at all.

Through his tears, Gopal seemed to see beyond the white starched tablecloth marked "Perpignan" in red cotton-thread letters, beyond the plates and glasses, the single dark carnation in the vase, the exciting bottle of wine, whose label he had asked to inspect after the waiter showed it to René; he saw beyond everything in the restaurant that had thrilled him as he and René came in—the dark-brown walls, with their famous old theatre posters, and the serving table, where a flame burned under a silver dish and a smell rose into the air mingling with other strange and, to him, piquant smells, of hot china plates, starch, coffee, toast, old wine spills, food, and clothes; beyond them all he saw the low tables spread for dinner at home, one of the dinners prepared by his mother and Tooni that he had always thought most ordinary, old-fashioned, and dull. Gopal's family lived in Bengal; they were Brahman Hindus, and his mother kept the household to orthodox ways, in spite of all he and his elder brother could do to persuade her to change. Now Gopal saw her food: the flat brass platters of rice, the pile of *luchis* (flaky, puffed pale-gold biscuits), the vegetable fritters fried crisp, the great bowl of lentil purée, and the small accompanying bowls of relishes—shredded coconut, fried onion, spinach, chilis in tomato sauce, that were put on the rice; he saw fruit piled on banana leaves, the bowl of fresh curd, the orange or bel-fruit juice or milk in the silver drinking tumblers. No meat or fish or even eggs were eaten in that house. "We shall not take life," said his mother. Gopal looked down at his plate in the Perpignan and shuddered.

He had come to Europe with shining intentions, eager, anxious to do as the Romans did, as the English, the French—as Romans everywhere. "There will be things you can't stomach," he had been warned; so far,

*"If I'm stupid, what about you? You married me, didn't you?"*



*"Well, the settlement check finally came!"*

he had stomached everything. His elder brother, Jai, had been to France and to England before him and had come back utterly accustomed to everything Western. After he had married Tooni and brought her to live in his mother's house, he and Tooni, when they went out to dinner, had Western dishes; they ate meat, even beef. But not in their own home. "Not while I live," said his mother, and she had told Gopal, "You— you are not the same as Jai. You are not as coarse."

"Oh, I am, Mother," Gopal had pleaded. "I am just as coarse." But perhaps she was right, for now another shudder shook him.

"Are you cold, Gopalji?" asked René.

Gopal had taught René the endearment, he had thrilled to hear him use it, and even now he managed to smile, though, in truth, even his lips were cold. "I am not at all cold," lied Gopal. "This is—delightful."

If it had been the cold that upset him, it would have been nothing; all Indians were supposed to feel the cold. He did not mind the lack of sun, the grey rain; they were strange to him. Several things were very strange to him—the perpetual wearing of shoes, for instance, made his feet ache, but he had liked his feet to ache; he had been proud of them when they ached; he had felt they were growing wise.

NOW, though, Gopal wriggled his toes in his shoes under the table and would have given anything to be sitting with bare, sun-warmed feet, and suddenly a feeling that he had not had in all his time abroad welled up in him; he felt sick, sick for home.

He saw his own family front door, with the family shoes dropped in a row at the entrance; he saw the hall, empty of everything but a rickety hatrack that never had a hat hung on it. How could it? They wore no hats. He thought how he would come in, drop his shoes on the step, and go to the tap to wash, taking off his shirt and calling out to his mother and Tooni in a lordly way, "Isn't there anything to eat in this house?" His mother, who never knew a joke when she heard one, would begin to shoo the maidservant and Tooni about and hurry them up, and presently Tooni would bring him a few sweets in a saucer to keep him quiet.

" 'O soul, be patient: thou shalt find/A little matter mend all this,' " Tooni had once told him with a laugh, and she had added, "That is by Robert Bridges. Bridges was Poet Laureate of England." Tooni was always anxious to improve her little brother-in-law.

In London, Gopal had eaten everything—roast lamb, kidneys on toast, bacon and sausage—and when René, who, being a Frenchman, had a proper feeling for food, had talked of the food they would eat in Paris, Gopal had not flinched, although some of it sounded rather startling to him—"rather *bare*," he had said in a letter to Tooni. "Imagine, Tooni," he had written, "sucking pig, and René says it is laid out whole on the dish; *tête de veau*, and that is calf's head with its eyes and its brain all there; he says we shall have steak, rare—I don't know what that means but I shall find out—and oysters. I shall eat oysters. What are oysters? I shall find out. I shall come back more Parisian than Paris!"

René, the dazzling, elderly René, had asked Gopal home with him to Paris for the Christmas vacation. "It is a delightful *compliment*," Gopal had written Tooni, "and, let me tell you, there are not many he would ask—but he asked me!" René, with his brilliance, his terse, quick wit, his good looks, his ruthlessness, was venerated by the students and a little feared by the masters, which made him all the more popular. When René was kind to Gopal, Gopal was completely dazzled. "You are too good to me," he had once gasped out, and, shyly, "You must love me very much." René had had the grace not to laugh at him. "You do not know *how* delightful he is!" Gopal had written to his mother, and to Tooni he wrote, "René is like Hamlet, only humorous; like Byron, only good." He had looked at these two comparisons and their qualifications; they seemed to come out null and void, and he had tried again. "He is like Jesus Christ," he wrote reverently, "only very, very sophisticated." For René, Gopal would have made one of those pilgrimages sometimes made by the devout in India, in which, at every step, you measure your length in the dust.

Now, in the Perpignan, he wriggled his toes uncomfortably in his shoes and realized how much he missed walking barefoot through the dust. What a funny thing to miss, he thought, but he missed the dust. He thought now he could smell the dust of his own great

## VIEW SOUTH FROM 50TH ST

The Rockefellers,
Whom I have never met,
I shall not quite forget,
For they put up these buildings where a million windows
Facing south
Toward Liberty—minuscule, far—
And the harbor mouth,
Face another million windows, lighting at dusk,
Lighting the husk
Of a horrible gray city, making it forever
A city of dream,
A city of never-ever,
A city beyond Aladdin's lamp,
Beyond Merlin's gleam.
This would not have been possible
Without the Rockefellers,
And their oil and their ranks of banks and their tellers,
And the guinea's stamp.
And I give you my word even the evening star
Looks better with those buildings
Transiently lighted
Where they are.

—MAXWELL ANDERSON

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Bengal town; it rose in his nostrils as he looked out of the restaurant window, across the Paris night and the multitudinous lights, and he seemed to see the small oil flares of the orange-sellers' booths on a certain narrow pavement near his home; he heard the car horns—not Paris horns but the continuous horns of the Sikh taxi-drivers; he heard bicycle-rickshaw bells, shuffling feet, and the pattering noise as a flock of goats was driven by; he wanted to go home, past the white oleander bushes by the gate, past the rows of shoes, and up to his own small room, where on moonlight nights the shadows of the fig tree and the bars of his barred window were thrown together on the whitewashed wall; how many nights had he lain on his bed and watched the shadow leaves move, stirring gently in the heat, as he had wondered about going away, far over the sea, to travel in Europe, in France? Now, in France, he thought, as he had never thought he would think, of that small room, and tears stung his eyes.

René saw the tears; under his terseness and sophistication, René was also simple and young and kind, and he was concerned. "Gopalji?" he said questioningly.

"I—swallowed—something hot," said Gopal.

"But you haven't eaten a mouthful yet. And besides you are used to hot things."

"Yes—chilis," said Gopal and laughed, but it was not safe to think of such homely things as chilis; they made him see a string of them, scarlet, in his mother's kitchen; and his mother's housekeeping, which had often seemed to him old-fashioned and superstitious, now seemed as simple and pure as a prayer, as—as uncruel, he thought. His mother rose at five and woke the children, so that they could make their morning ritual to the sun; many and many a time had she gently pulled him, sleepy and warm and lazy, from his bed. She saw the house cleaned and did the accounts, and then, still early, sent his brother to market with the list of things to buy and the careful allowance of money; few Indian women shopped in the market. When his brother came back, with a coolie boy carrying a basket on his head, the basket had a load of vegetables—pale-green lettuce, glossy purple aubergines, beans, or pearly-pale Indian corn, still in its sheaf, and lady-fingers, perhaps; the basket also held coconut, ghee (butter), and the inevitable pot of curd, made fresh that day. No one was allowed in the kitchen in shoes or in street clothes; before you ate, you washed and changed or took off your shirt; the women ate apart, even the go-ahead Tooni; all was modesty, cleanliness, quiet, and it did no hurt; all of it had an inner meaning, so that it was not— not just of earth, thought Gopal. Once a month was Household Day, when the pots and pans and sweeping brushes were worshipped; first they were cleaned—the brass scoured with wood ash until it shone pale gold, the silver made bright, the brushes and dusting cloths washed, cupboards turned out, everything washed again in running water and dried in the sun; then prayers were said for the household tools, and marigolds and jasmine were put on the shelves. I used to think it was stupid, thought Gopal. I teased my mother and called her ignorant to believe in such things, but they made it all different, quite different.

"Gopal, what is the matter?" asked René, and he laid his hand on Gopal's.

In India, it is usual for young men who are friends to hold hands; for René to take his hand would have filled Gopal with pride half an hour before. Now he flinched, and the intelligent René felt him flinch, and took his hand away and looked at him closely. "Explain what it is," suggested René gently, but Gopal shook his head. He could not explain; how could he tell René that, for the first time, he saw not what the world did to him but what he, Gopal, did to the world.

The night before, he had found out what rare steak was; he had cut the meat red and eaten it, thinking only of the redness going into him and wondering if he could get it down, could stomach it. Now, suddenly, everything was in reverse. René had ordered the famous oysters Gopal had heard so much about, and now the waiter had brought them, and Gopal was looking so doubtfully at the plate of grey-brown shells and the strange, glutinous greenish object in each shell that René laughed. "Pepper one, salt it, squeeze a little lemon on it, and let it slide down your throat," said René. He showed Gopal, and Gopal started to copy him, but when he squeezed the lemon juice on his oyster, he saw the oyster shrink.

"But— But it's *alive!*" he exclaimed.

"Of course it's not really quite alive, but it was a few moments ago—at least up to the moment it was opened. It would be dangerous to eat it otherwise. If they served you a cold-dead oyster," said René gravely, "I should have to take it out and show it to a policeman." Seeing Gopal's face, he said, "Don't worry. It will die completely as soon as you swallow it."

"Aaugh!" said Gopal, this time aloud.

René laughed. Gopal seethed with rage; his ears were burning, and his cheeks and his heart; the plate with the oysters seemed to swim in front of him. Centuries of civilization, of learning, of culture, to culminate in this!

"You are a barbarian," said Gopal in a low, burning voice. He trembled to speak like this to René, but he spoke. "Your ancestors were running about in bare blue skins when mine had religion, a way of life!" cried Gopal. For a moment, he stopped; René in a blue skin would look like Krishna. Krishna, the Hindu god, often had a blue skin; he played the flute and was the god of love and had many amiable peccadilloes. But Gopal hardened his heart against René, even in his most lovable aspects. It was *this* learning, *this* culture, *this* barbarism that he had come all this way to share. I want to go home, thought Gopal. I want to go home.

"You all think we should study your customs! Why don't you study ours?" he cried to René. "We could teach you a thing or two! Why should we have to Westernize? Why don't you Easternize? It would do you a lot of good, let me tell you that. You are cruel!" cried Gopal. "You are not even honest. In England, they teach children 'Little lamb, who made thee?' and give them the lamb with mint sauce for their lunch. You eat lamb and little pigs and birds. You are cruel. Cruel and barbarous and greedy and—" He broke off, trying to think of the word he wanted; it meant something that was too much. Ah, yes, thought Gopal, a dozen dozen, and hurled the word at René. "You are *gross!*" he cried, and stopped. Now even his legs were trembling. The effort had left him weak.

"You are perfectly right," said René. He put another oyster down his throat, but there was something so mild, so tempered in his reply that Gopal was checked.

"These are things that you have to arrange for yourself," said René, when he had finished another oyster.

IT was not only a small rebuke, it was a suggestion, made as Tooni would have made it, but, of course, Tooni was not subtle and delicate like René, the same René who was now preparing to eat the last oyster on his plate. And he had asked for a dozen, thought Gopal, when I ordered only six! Subtle, delicate René, who was gross and greedy, gentle and mild. Gopal shook his head in despair.

"Travel broadens the mind." Then, if it is broad, thought Gopal, it has to include all sorts of things; he looked at René's hand, shaking on the pepper and salt and squeezing the lemon—that clever, cruel hand. The world, when you have opened it out, isn't delightful. No, not delightful at all, thought Gopal now. It has a bitter taste.

"When in Rome, do as the Romans do." René was a Roman of Romans; now, with grace and elegance, he slid the oyster down his throat and smiled at Gopal gently. René seemed to agree that he was not delightful; he was content not to be. No, not content, thought Gopal, looking at René; he knows that he cannot hope to be, all of him, delightful, and if René can't, thought Gopal in desperation, who can? Excepting— Well, it is easy if you stay in one place, like your mother's kitchen. But if you go to Rome? Even if Gopal did not eat oysters, there were many other difficult things.

He thought of the steak, rare; he had eaten it, and now in his mind there was a vision of the sacred bull that came every day to their house to be fed. He saw its soft, confident nose, its noble face, and the eyes, lustrous, with thick, soft eyelashes; its cream dewlap swung like a fold of heavy velvet, and on its hump it wore a cap worked in blue and white beads that Gopal had saved up his own money to buy.

"To thine own self . . ." Tooni seemed very far away. Gopal turned away his head.

At that moment, René having beckoned, the waiter came and took away Gopal's untouched plate of oysters.

"Now what shall we eat?" asked René. "Have you ever tasted *vol-au-vent?*"

"How strange! It sounds like hitting balls at tennis," said Gopal, beginning to revive.

"It isn't tennis, it's chicken," said René. "Would you like to try it?"

"*Vol-au-vent?*" The word seemed to hang in the balance; then he asked, "Is it exciting?"

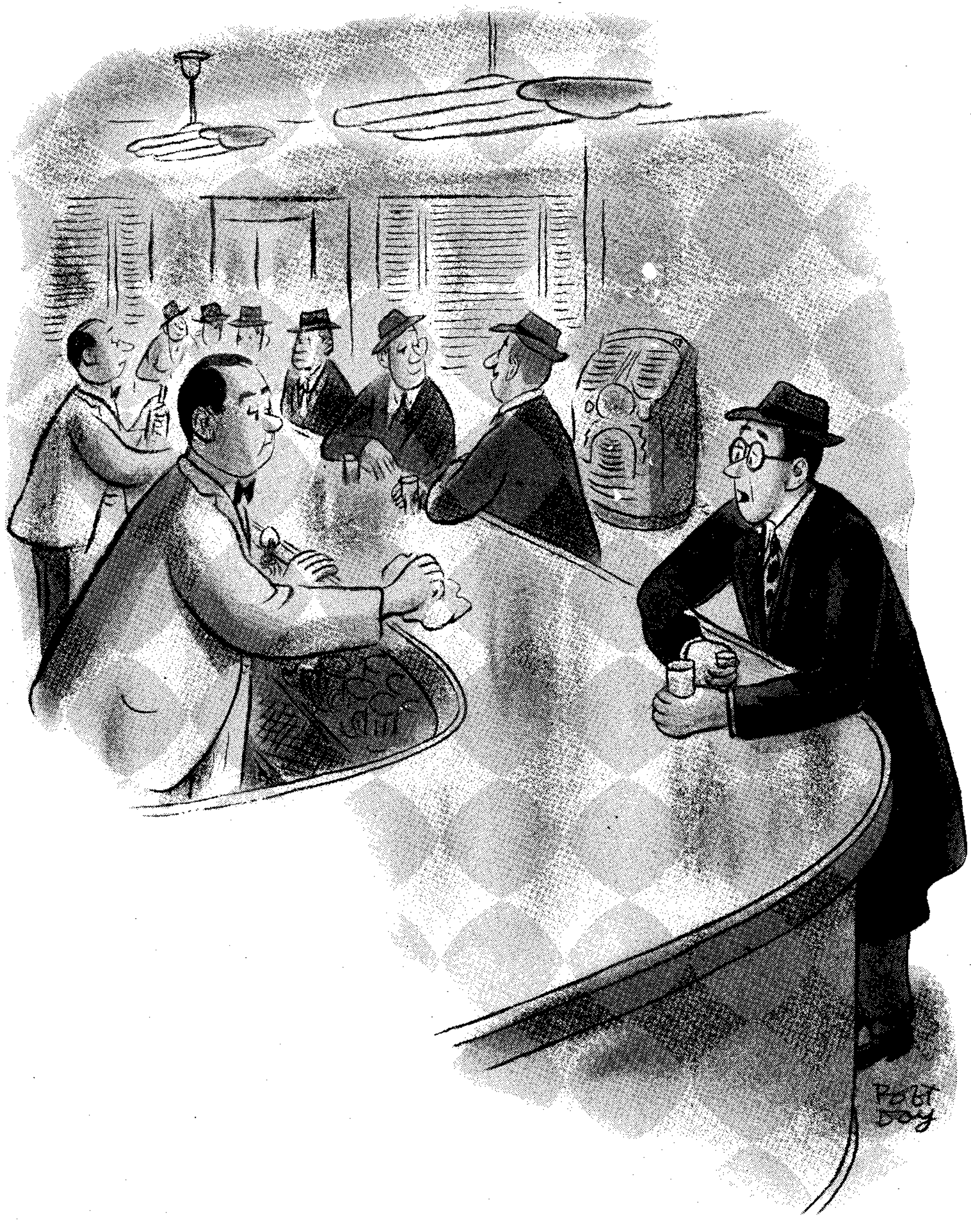
"Well—" René could not say *vol-au-vent* was exciting. "But you may like it," he added.

"Nothing venture, nothing have," said Gopal.

René gave the order to the waiter.

"This is delightful," said Gopal.

—RUMER GODDEN

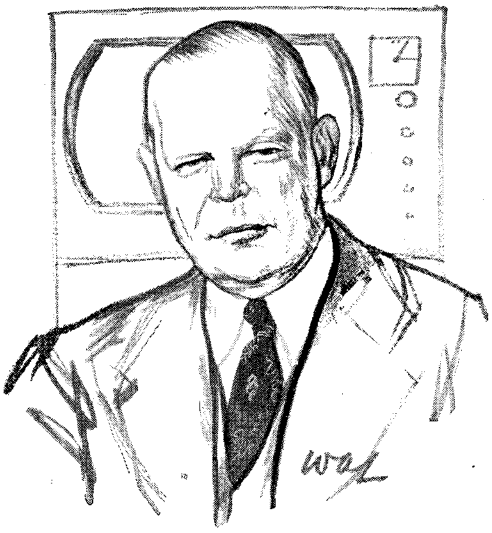


*"At my first mention of Nietzsche, stop serving me."*

# ❋ PROFILES ❋

## THE PRUDENT PIONEER

IN 1931, when economic conditions were at their most depressed and depressing, Allen Balcom Du Mont, an obstinate, round-faced, short-necked, thirty-year-old electrical engineer with a wife and a two-year-old son to support, left a fifteen-thousand-dollar-a-year job and, though he had neither capital nor a market, went on his own into the television business, a nonexistent industry. By temperament and conviction Du Mont was then, and is now, an absolute prodigy of circumspection; he even wears both a belt and suspenders, a habit that is popularly, and in his case rightly, regarded as an infallible index to character. His behavior, therefore, astonished all who knew him; a few years later, his friends were relieved to discover that he had acted with his usual sagacity. The company Du Mont quit collapsed a few months after his departure, whereas Du Mont not only stayed in business but became history's first television millionaire, the original representative of a genus that has already proved prolific and will very likely prove hardy. As the founder and president of Allen B. Du Mont Laboratories, Inc., he is the head of a concern that was devoted to "the new art," as people in television often describe their means of livelihood, long before it either became an art or provided a living. His company was the first to market a home receiver (in 1939), and at the moment is the largest concern in the country engaged exclusively, or nearly so, in the television business. It owns four factories that manufacture television sending and receiving equipment, three television broadcasting stations (WABD, New York; WTTG, Washington; and WDTV, Pittsburgh), and one of the four national television networks. It is currently doing a gross business of about $75,000,000 a year, which is $74,999,930 more than it grossed in 1931, when Du Mont and three assistants constructed two cathode-ray tubes in Du Mont's garage and sold them for thirty-five dollars each. Du Mont's rapid ascent to the economic stratosphere has made him a paragon in the eyes of economic philosophers of two contradictory schools. Rugged individualists cite him as one of the glories of American free enterprise, while champions of economic reform make much of the fact that his company passed its formative years under the New Deal. Du Mont is unimpressed with philosophers of either school. He suspects that his financial eminence is more the result of technological developments that have brought commercial television into being than of any Deal, new or old.



*Allen Balcom Du Mont*

It is perhaps Du Mont as much as any man who is responsible for the fact that there *is* commercial television. The most important part of a television receiving set is the cathode-ray tube, a large vacuum bulb whose big end is the screen; it is an electronic device that must be designed and built with hairbreadth precision if the picture on the end of it is not to quiver or slither or stagger or bounce in a manner ruinous to the customer's eyesight and the manufacturer's solvency. Du Mont has put in almost twenty years on the cathode-ray tube, and he has probably done more for it than anyone except a trio of forerunners: Sir William Crookes, an English physicist and chemist, who discovered, some seventy-five years ago, that if an electric current is fed through a vacuum tube, the end of the tube opposite the negative pole, or cathode, will glow; Julius Plücker, a German physicist, who attributed this fluorescent effect to the activity of what he called "cathode rays;" and Karl Ferdinand Braun, another German physicist, who in 1897 devised an effective way of controlling the direction, size, and intensity of these rays, thus being the first man to build a real cathode-ray tube. (Plücker's phrase-making, though catchy, was undescriptive from a scientific point of view; post-Plücker physicists have discovered that the "cathode ray" is a stream of electrons.) Until Du Mont took the tube in hand, it was a crude and costly laboratory oddment that, although valuable in electronic research, had never earned anybody a nickel. Du Mont was already renowned as an exceptionally talented maker of radio tubes. His last job had been that of vice-president in charge of production for the De Forest Radio Company, of Passaic. While there, he had thought a good deal about television and had decided that the manufacture of receiving equipment for it not only would provide an engrossing engineering problem but would eventually be lucrative. So, with a capital of a thousand dollars, half of it his own and half a friend's (who retrieved his five hundred dollars at the first opportunity and thereby lost out on a fortune); a plant consisting of the one-car garage in the basement of his eight-room house, on First Mountain, in Upper Montclair, New Jersey; and a staff composed of a full-time apprentice machinist (ten dollars a week), a spare-time glass blower (a dollar an hour), and a spare-time chemist (a dollar an hour), he undertook to put the cathode-ray tube on a practical basis.

Du Mont succeeded in this project beyond anyone's most unrestrained hopes, except, perhaps, his own, and in so doing had the chance to display most of the traits that are generally associated with success: perseverance, equanimity, intelligence, physical energy, loyalty to his associates, devotion to his family, and the strength of mind to be able to refrain from taking more than one cocktail at lunch. Indeed, in 1949 he was chosen to receive the Horatio Alger Award, a yearly prize bestowed by the American Schools and Colleges Association on the man whose rise to fortune most nearly parallels the virtuous careers of Ben the Luggage Boy and Tattered Tom. Du Mont looks right for the part. His light-blue eyes are piercing, his chest is powerful, his shoulders are heavy, he uses his hands with the confidence of a man who has been accustomed for many years to dealing with thousandths of an inch rather than to writing letters to his broker, and he walks with a pronounced limp, the result of an attack of poliomyelitis when he was a boy. In fact, his only conspicuous deviations from the prototype are that he managed to reach riches without starting in rags, that he enjoys vacations, and that he has never, after working non-stop for seventeen hours, been completely refreshed by a ten-minute nap.

The quality that has been most valuable to Du Mont, though, is one for which industrial pioneers are seldom celebrated and Alger heroes never were: his extraordinary caution. His discretion kept him in business during his company's first few unprofitable years, prevented him from being devoured by the giants of the radio industry when he began to make money, and enabled him during the war to avoid the overexpansion that proved fatal to so many small businesses. Extreme conservatism governs almost everything he does. He has owned automobiles of the same manufacture (Chrysler) for twenty-five years, and has seldom driven any one of them more than fifty miles an hour. He looks upon airplanes with deep misgiving and has boarded one only once in his life, in an emergency. He regards any dish outside the steak-and-French-fries, ham-and-eggs, apple-pie-and-cheese orbit as adventurous. He would be unhappy living in a house with a roof made of any material less durable than slate. He carries a slide rule in the breast pocket of his jacket and hesitates to commit himself on so much as the answer to six times four without consulting it. As the president of a seventy-five-million-dollar-a-year outfit, he signs every company check for more than three hundred dollars. For the last couple of years, his wife has been urging him to redecorate his office, which contains the same battered furniture that he has used for years. The last time she raised the question, he looked at her wide-eyed and said, "You know, ever since we got successful, all the young fellas in the plant want big, fancy offices. I figure leaving mine this way saves me a lot of arguments." Not long ago, a sculptor friend of his said, "I've sometimes thought of making him the central figure in a heroic group. He'd be sitting at the helm of a prairie schooner, wearing a coonskin cap, snow glasses, fringed leather leggings, and galoshes. Over one shoulder would be a muzzle-loading rifle, over the other a first-aid kit. He would be studying a compass, a look of serene confidence on his face. On the seat beside him there would be a hot-water bottle. I'd do it in granite and call it 'The Prudent Pioneer.' "

Du Mont has spent several hours of almost every day of the twenty years he has been in the television business looking at televised images, and he has enjoyed nearly every minute of them. This happy faculty of being edified by practically anything that appears on the end of a cathode-ray tube does not stem from any numbness of his sensibilities but from his paternal and solicitous understanding of the tube's most perplexing problems. He is always stimulated by Milton Berle's horizontal resolution, if not by his jokes. He has four television sets in his new home, a big semi-château on First Mountain; one in his office in the company's tube factory, in the Allwood section of Clifton, New Jersey; one on his fifty-four-foot motorboat, the Hurricane III, whose home port is City Island; and a couple of dozen in his laboratory, a two-story-and-basement red brick structure a few hundred yards from his house. In this building, erected during the war, with the aid of the Navy, as a radar-testing center—a cathode-ray tube is, of course, the key part of a radar set—Du Mont spends almost every Saturday during the season when boating is out of the question, and a good many weekday evenings all year round. The laboratory, which is seven hundred feet above sea level, commands an unobstructed view over an arc of a hundred and eighty degrees, at the center of which happens to be the Empire State Building, where the transmitters of all but one of the New York City television stations are situated. Du Mont enjoys this eyrie enormously, perhaps because the growth of his company has converted him during office hours from an engineer to an executive. He does not complain about the conversion. He has observed that in most industrial enterprises bankers, promoters, jobbers, and other such non-technological parties, rather than engineers, acquire most of the profits, and he is quite satisfied to be one of the very few inventors in the annals of American industry who have made more money from their inventions than anyone else has. Nevertheless, after a long, rewarding week of examining sales reports, ordering machinery, wrestling with tax problems, formulating labor policies, and signing checks, he looks forward to spending Saturday in the bosom of his microwaves and electron guns.

Few things give Du Mont greater pleasure than exhibiting his laboratory's resources to a visitor. As he limps about the premises, here glaring at a "ghost," or double image, on a screen, there admiring a fine picture from Philadelphia, eighty miles away, he arouses in even the most non-electronic mind the conviction that television is manageable. His clothes, which, except for his highly visible neckties, have a haphazard, physics-lab look about them, contribute to this conviction, and so does his conversation, which is densely sprinkled with such reassuring locutions as "those fellas" and "Jeez!"

One Saturday late last fall, Du Mont spent the afternoon showing an acquaintance around the lab. The tour started on the grounds surrounding the building, which are thickly planted with rhododendron bushes and television antennas. A small grove of antennas also

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sprouts from the laboratory's flat roof. Each antenna is of a different type, and each can be connected to any receiver in the place. After explaining these matters, Du Mont led his guest through the building's front door into a corridor and rapidly past a waiting room, a conference room, and a private office, all elegantly done up under Mrs. Du Mont's supervision, and entered a large, undone-up room at the rear. In it were ten or twelve console receivers of various makes, and half a dozen folding chairs were set up in front of them. "Got to keep tabs on what the other fellas put out," Du Mont said. "Besides, we use these sets to experiment with different antennas." He switched one of the sets on. The picture that presently emerged on the screen might have been of two prizefighters in a clinch; it was too erratic for the visitor to be sure. "Jeez!" Du Mont said, and fiddled with the controls. Nothing happened. "Oscar!" he called. The laboratory's chargé d'affaires, a stony-faced mechanic, appeared and said, "Yes, Doc?" In recognition of his having been awarded an honorary Doctorate of Engineering in 1944 by Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, his alma mater, all his associates conscientiously call him Doc.

"You got the Philco hooked up with the Cosgrove?" Du Mont asked.

"Yes, Doc."

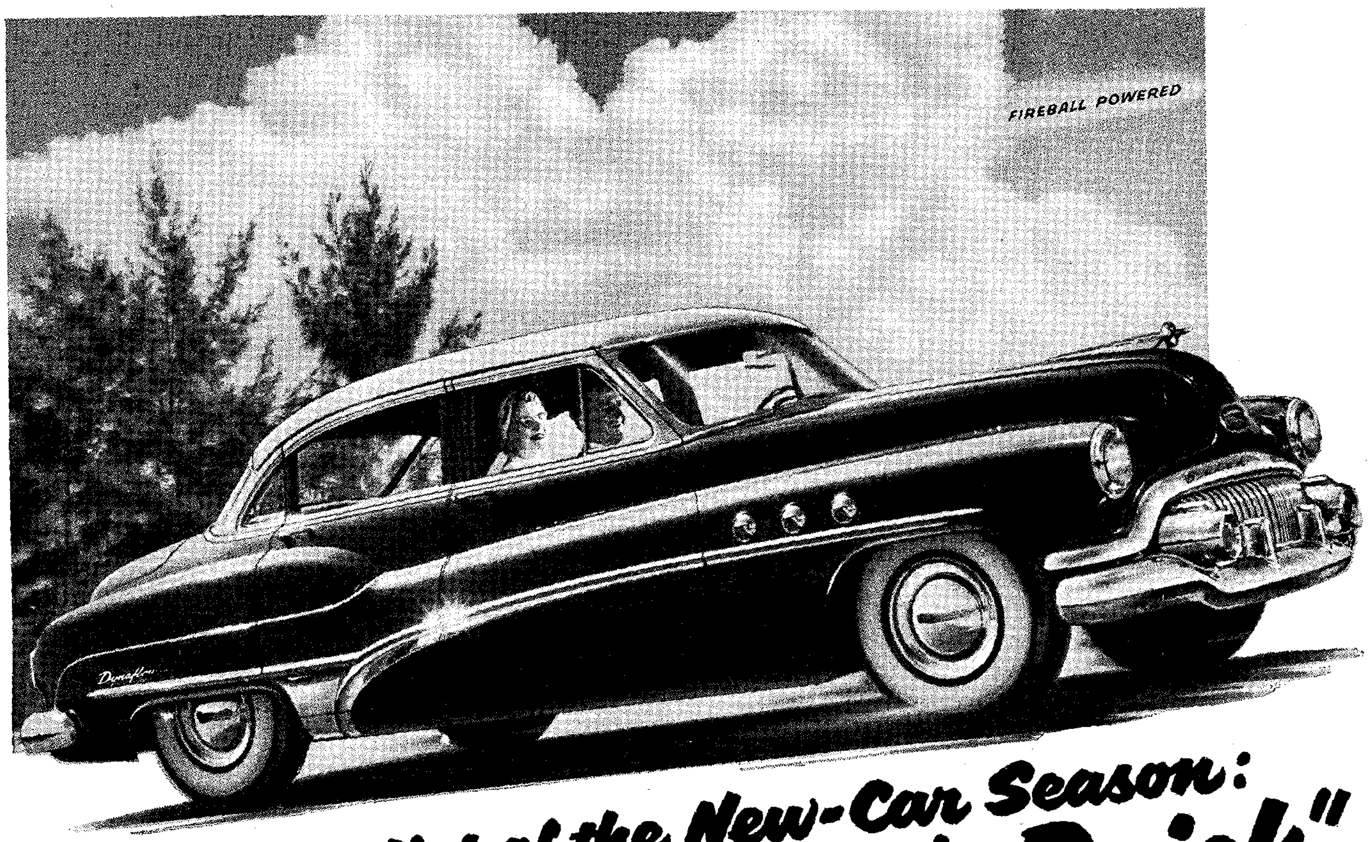
"It's a hell of a noisy picture," Du Mont said. (The same sort of interference that causes static in radio distorts the picture in television; in television, noise is visible.) "Try the Yegi."

"O.K., Doc," Oscar said, and went off into a corner, where he performed a number of recondite maneuvers with switches and plugs. The picture sputtered fitfully for a few moments and then leaped into sharp focus. It turned out to be of an announcer interviewing a Bedouin, a resident of Brooklyn, about a scale model of Mohammed's tomb the Bedouin had made out of toothpicks.

"Now I want to show you something," Du Mont said. He stood a few feet from the set, closed one eye, put his right arm stiffly out in front of him, raised his hand with the fingers tight together, and blanked out the screen. With his arm and hand in this position, he backed up a few feet and stopped. "Never crowd television," he said didactically. "Your four fingers should just cover the screen. Closer than that you get a flicker; farther away the image is too small." He moved two of the chairs to the strategic spot, sat down in one, motioned the visitor into the other, and studied the Bedouin thoughtfully for fifteen seconds or so. He remained a normal, healthy, unflickering Bedouin. Du Mont yawned, rose, and switched off the set. "Now for the basement," he said.

The major display in the basement was a long bench on which stood a row of fourteen table models, each of a different make. "We set this bunch up to compare different receivers under identical receiving conditions," Du Mont said. He turned a master switch, and the sets went on in unison, all tuned to the same channel. Du Mont went slowly down the row, making minute adjustments in the controls. Then he stood back. "See?" he said. It took the visitor, unaccustomed to watching fourteen Bob Zastrows simultaneously throw fourteen forward passes into fourteen Army end zones, a minute to notice that some of the Zastrows moved gracefully, while others seemed to have palsy; that the weather conditions under which the Zastrows were performing ranged from various degrees of mist to a midwinter blizzard; and that an occasional Zastrow had apparently been disintegrated into his geometric components by a resolute Cubist. Du Mont switched off the sets. "We got still more on the second floor," he said.

The principal exhibit on the second floor, the visitor found, was, if possible, more unsettling than the one in the basement. It was a bank of seven identical Du Mont table models, each one tuned to a different local channel. The visitor was able to see, at one and the same time, two football games, one cowboy movie, one cooking demonstration, one lady singing, one gentleman singing, and one gigantic glass of beer slopping over. Du Mont regarded this spectacle with interest. One of the games looked as if it were being played under water. He manipulated a knob or two. The picture kept right on rippling. He gave the matter some thought. "Wind is blowing the transmitting antenna out there," he said, and turned his attention to the female singer, whose face, which filled the screen, was faintly misty. "Betcha they haven't got the closeup camera focussed just right," he said. The view switched from a closeup to a long shot, and the singer looked fine. "Yup, that's what it was," he said. "We use this setup to compare the quality of the transmission from the various stations. We have a New York station ourselves, and naturally we want to keep track. We also use it to see whether



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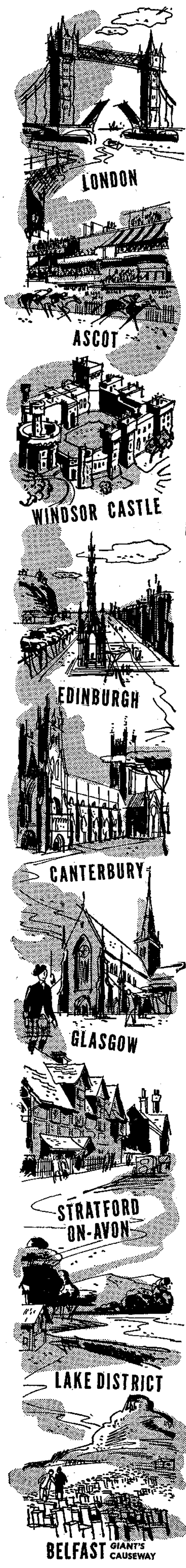
our sets are doing as well as they should with all the stations." He returned his attention to the game that had been rippling. A defensive safety man was straining every muscle in an attempt to catch a ballcarrier streaking for the goal, and the cheerleaders on the sidelines were almost prostrate with excitement. Du Mont was not; the picture had stopped rippling. "Must have been just a short gust," he said, and switched the sets off. The safety man died without a sound.

Du Mont was born in Brooklyn on January 29, 1901, into a family that has been in this country at least long enough to qualify him for membership in the Sons of the American Revolution. By some accounts, the first Du Mont to cross the Atlantic was a Huguenot who sailed up the Hudson River *with a party of Dutch traders in the middle* of the seventeenth century and settled in Esopus, New York. Du Mont's paternal grandfather was the proprietor of a fleet of Hoboken-to-Albany tugboats, and his father, William Henry Beaman Du Mont, was secretary and treasurer of the Waterbury Clock Company, with an office in New York. This concern's most celebrated achievement was the manufacture, under contract, of the dollar Ingersoll watch, one of the first items in industrial history to be assembled, piece by piece, by workmen strung out along a moving belt, and the one that, according to some chroniclers, inspired Henry Ford to apply the same principle to making cars. Du Mont is the eldest of four children. Until he was eleven, none of the circumstances of his boyhood foreshadowed his adult activities. Then a polio epidemic swept New York; he got the disease and was immobilized for almost a year. He had always been an energetic youth, and he made up for his enforced confinement by embarking on a study of radio, which at the time was new. Before he was ready to return to school, he had built a workable receiving-and-transmitting set; back on his feet, he continued to spend much of his spare time tinkering with microphones and crystals. When he was thirteen, his family moved to Montclair. In the summer of 1916, at the age of fifteen, he got a license as a ship's wireless operator and a year later he took a vacation job on a passenger boat running between New York and Providence. Every summer thereafter until 1924, when he graduated from Rensselaer, he shipped out in his professional capacity on various lines, a routine that enabled him to become ac-



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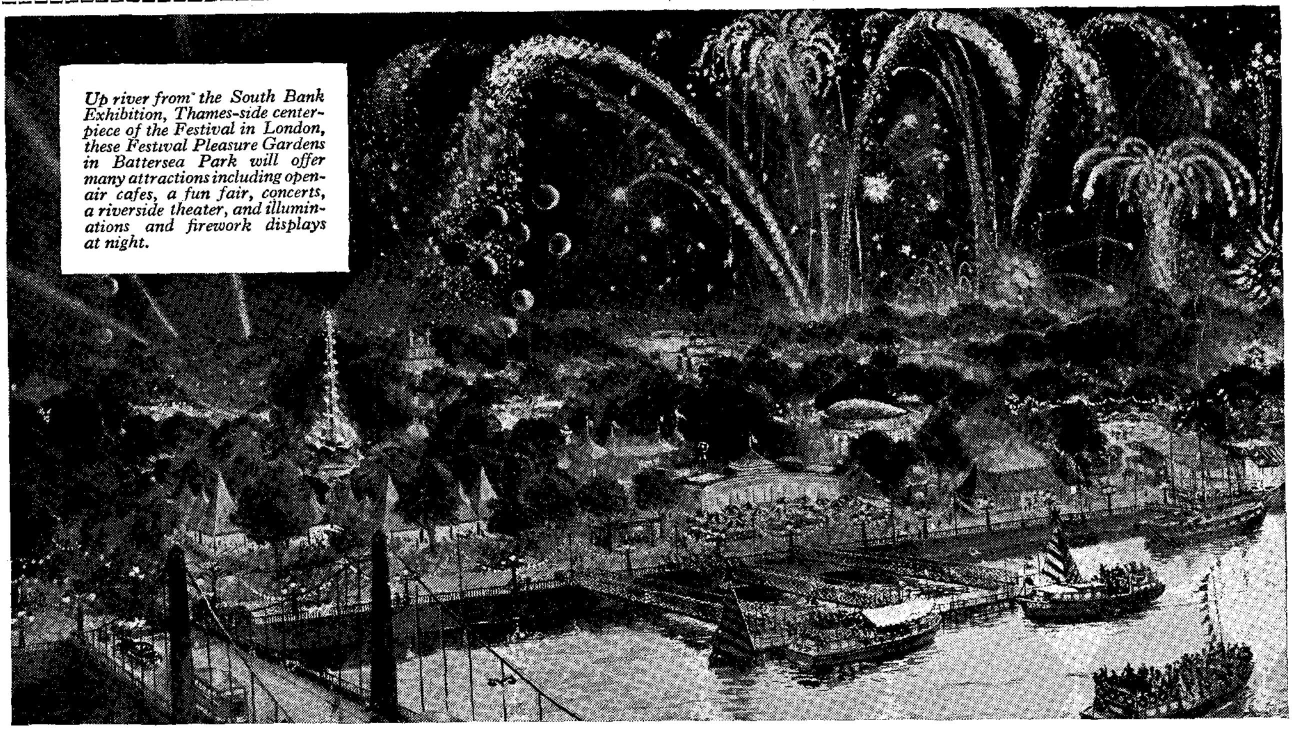

*Up river from the South Bank Exhibition, Thames-side centerpiece of the Festival in London, these Festival Pleasure Gardens in Battersea Park will offer many attractions including open-air cafes, a fun fair, concerts, a riverside theater, and illuminations and firework displays at night.*

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### *EXHIBITIONS*

**LONDON** *May 4—September 30*
South Bank Exhibition
*May 3—October 31*
Festival Pleasure Gardens, Battersea Park
*May 3—September 30*
Exhibition of Science, South Kensington
Exhibition of Architecture
Lansbury, Poplar, Exhibition of Books
Victoria and Albert Museum

**GLASGOW**—*May 28—August*
Exhibition of Industrial Power, Kelvin Hall

**BELFAST** *June 1—August 31*
Ulster Farm and Factory Exhibition

### *FESTIVALS OF THE ARTS*

There will be a Special Festival Season of the Arts in LONDON *May 3—June 30*
Aberdeen Festival . *July 30—August 13*
Aldeburgh Festival of Music and the Arts . . . . *June 8–17*
Bath Assembly . . *May 20—June 2*
Belfast Festival of the Arts *May 7—June 30*
Bournemouth and Wessex Festival *June 3–17*
Brighton Regency Festival *July 16—August 25*
Cambridge Festival *July 30—August 18*
Canterbury Festival *July 18—August 10*
Cheltenham Festival of British Contemporary Music . . *July 2–14*
Dumfries Festival of the Arts *June 24–30*
Edinburgh International Festival of Music & Drama *August 19—September 8*
Inverness 1951 Highland Festival *June 17–30*
Liverpool Festival . *July 22—August 12*
Llangollen (International Musical Eisteddfod) . . . . *July 3–8*
Llanrwst (Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales) . . . *August 6–11*
Norwich Festival . . . *June 18–30*
Oxford Festival . . . *July 2–16*
Perth Arts Festival. *May 27—June 16*
St. David's Festival (Music and Worship) . . . *July 10–13*
Stratford-upon-Avon (Shakespeare Festival) . . *March 24—October 27*
Swansea Festival of Music *September 16–29*
Worcester (Three Choirs Festival) *September 2–7*
York Festival . . . *June 3–17*

*Included in the program are special events in :*

### SCOTLAND

Edinburgh: Gathering of the Clans *August 16–19*
Exhibition of 18th Century Books *August 3—September 15*
Exhibition of Scottish Architecture & Traditional Crafts . *July—September*
Glasgow: Exhibition of Contemporary Books . *June 1—July 28*

### WALES

Cardiff: Pageant of Wales *July 25—August 6*
Exhibition of Contemporary Painting
St. Fagan's Folk Festival . *July 16–28*
Dolhendre, Merioneth: Welsh Hillside Farm Scheme *May—September*

### NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast: Royal Ulster Agricultural Show . . . *May 23–26*
Combined Services Tattoo *August 29—September 1*

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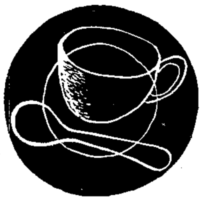
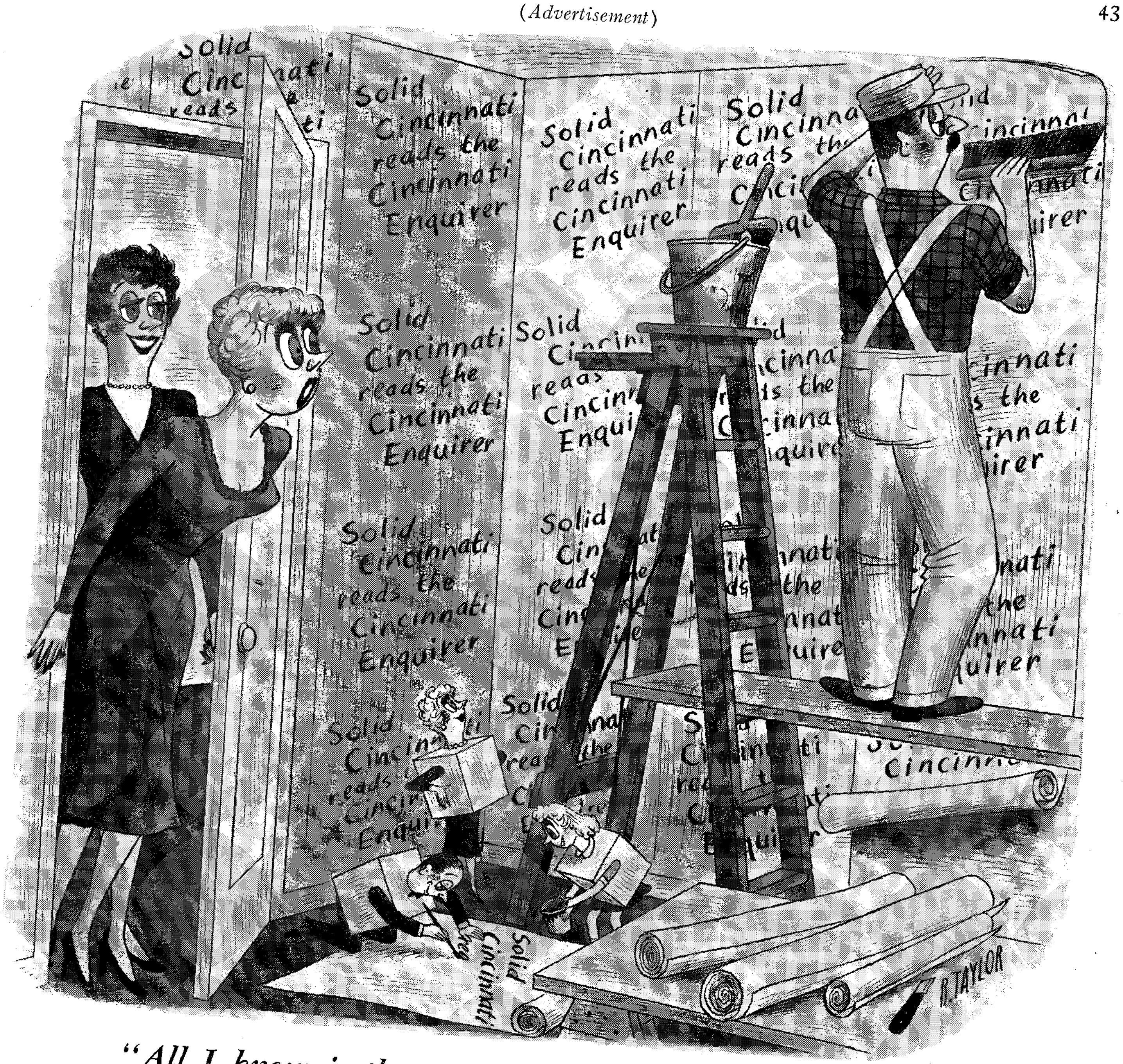
quainted with most of the Eastern seaboard of the United States, a good deal of Central America and the West Indies, and some of Europe. One year, he missed almost a whole college semester because he was stranded on a freighter in Copenhagen by a longshoremen's strike; as a result, he graduated a year behind his original classmates. The last time Du Mont made use of his license was in 1931, when the De Forest company got the job of installing the radio equipment in the Nautilus, the submarine in which Sir Hubert Wilkins intended to sail under the ice to the North Pole. (He didn't make it.) Du Mont was in charge of the job and went out on the sub's trial runs.

Even before Du Mont graduated from R.P.I., he had started work on the first of his inventions, which was subsequently registered at the Patent Office as a Sound-Operated Circuit Controller. This is a small electrical device that throws a switch on or off whenever it picks up a sharp sound. Du Mont attached it to his radio; by simply clapping his hands at tactical moments, he could elude all commercials. Since then, Du Mont has taken out more than forty patents. The majority have been for abstruse contributions to the design of cathode-ray tubes and of the machinery for making them, and a few have been for gadgets like the Circuit Controller, and most of these, like the Circuit Controller, which cost too much for its limited accomplishments, have been of dubious commercial value. A cathode-ray-tube device of similar inutility that Du Mont has invented is the Cathautograph, a tube with a "persistent" screen that can hold for three or four minutes a message written by someone at the other end of town. The only trouble is that apparently nobody cares to write such perishable messages. None of Du Mont's technical patents is really basic. The fundamental work on cathode-ray tubes was done long before his time; he has simply contributed improvements and devised manufacturing techniques.



By the time Du Mont received his engineering degree, radio had progressed from crystal sets to vacuum-tube receivers and was becoming a major industry. Having been in that field for more than a decade, he had no trouble getting a job in the development laboratory of the Westinghouse Lamp Company (later a division of the Westinghouse Electric Corporation), in Bloomfield. The biggest problem confronting the company in 1924 was how to turn out enough tubes to meet the demand for them. As Du Mont recalls it, he passed a good deal of his first year on the job muttering about the inefficiency of the production system then used, which was turning out only a thousand tubes a day. His mutterings had some result; he was asked to show what *he* could do, and his next two years were spent inventing tube-making machinery as fast as he could. When he left Westinghouse for De Forest at the end of four years, the company was manufacturing fifty thousand tubes a day. By then, Du Mont was in charge of tube production, had taken out ten patents on tubes and tube-making machinery, and had won the annual award (five hundred dollars in cash) for the man who had done most for Westinghouse. He went to De Forest as chief engineer. For a young man of twenty-seven, he was doing fairly well. He had married Ethel Steadman, a Montclair girl, in 1926, was the father of an infant son, and was about to buy a house, for cash, on First Mountain. He continued to do well at De Forest. The company had just been reorganized after being out of business for a year, and its plant was largely obsolete. Du Mont modernized the plant, designed a couple of new machines, and in a little more than a year had the company turning out almost as many tubes as Westinghouse. He was promoted to vice-president in charge of production. Then, with no more conventional tubes left to conquer, he examined De Forest's resources to see if there was anything among them that he could occupy himself with. He came upon the patents and equipment of C. Francis Jenkins, who set up the first experimental television station in the country, outside Washington, in the early twenties.

Television had been a preoccupation of inventors ever since Guglielmo Marconi demonstrated, in 1896, that it is possible to attach electrical impulses to a certain kind of electromagnetic wave and distribute them through the atmosphere to anyone who takes the trouble to detach them. However, finding a method of converting a moving image into electrical impulses that could be reconverted at the receiving end into an accurate semblance of the original was a good deal more complicated than doing the same thing for dits and dahs, or even for sentences uttered by Graham McNamee. It involved a procedure known as "scanning," which consists of breaking the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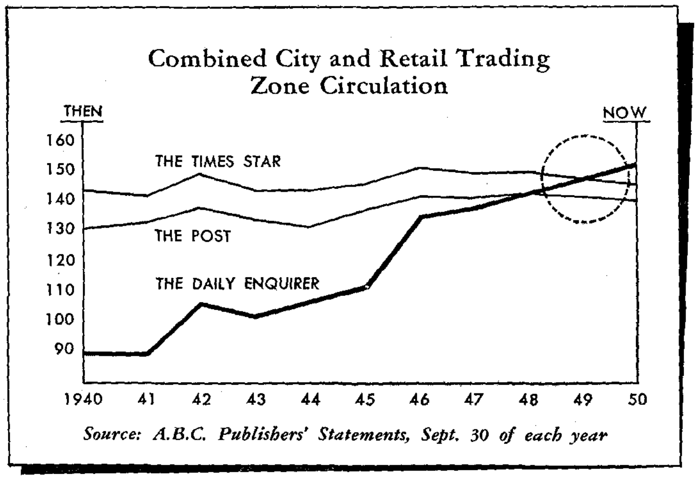

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picture down into a number of minute parts that are converted into electrical impulses and broadcast one at a time in staggeringly quick succession, and then of reassembling them in proper sequence in the receiver. Because of a physiological phenomenon known as "persistence of vision," scanning, if it is done fast enough, does not impair the continuity of the image being transmitted, just as the individual frames of a motion-picture film do not impair the continuity of the picture on the screen. One method of scanning employed by the men, including Jenkins, who first experimented with television was mechanical, and required the use, at both the transmitting and receiving ends, of the Nipkow disc, a metal object named for its inventor, a German physicist. On a Nipkow disc is a single spiral of perhaps sixty holes, so spaced that every time the disc has completed one revolution in front of a scene, the entire scene, bit by bit, will have been traversed by the holes. When the disc is revolved so fast that the eye can't follow its motion—twenty or thirty revolutions a second—the whole picture is visible at once. It is just barely visible, though. For one thing, the Nipkow disc at best breaks a picture down into only about thirty-six hundred elements (present television broadcasting calls for more than two hundred and sixty-seven thousand), which means that the picture lacks detail; for another, the holes in the disc are necessarily the merest pinpricks, so most of the original light on the subject is lost; and, for a third, the size of the image transmitted by the disc is, for a number of complicated mechanical reasons, only a small fraction of the size of the disc itself. The most difficult thing of all is to synchronize the disc in the camera with the disc in the receiver, where it spins in front of a fluorescent light that dims and brightens in response to signals from the transmitter. If the two discs are not synchronized exactly, there's no picture—not even a murky one.

Du Mont was aware that the Jenkins techniques had their limitations, but he used them in an experimental station he built and operated for De Forest in Passaic. He soon came to the conclusion that there was no future at all in the Nipkow disc. A good many other people had already decided that. In 1923, Dr. Vladimir Zworykin had solved electronically the problem of scanning in the transmitter with his Iconoscope camera, in which an electron beam, whizzing back and forth across a mosaic of photoelectric cells on which the picture is recorded, breaks

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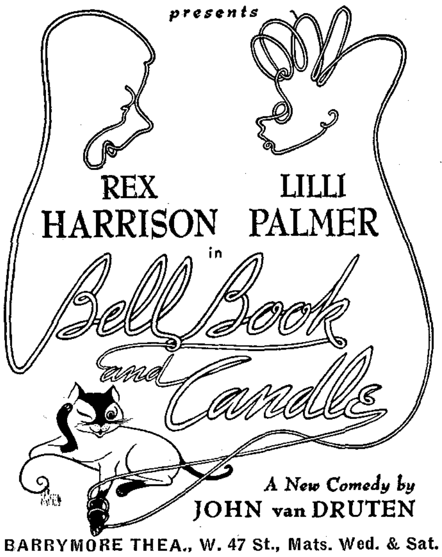
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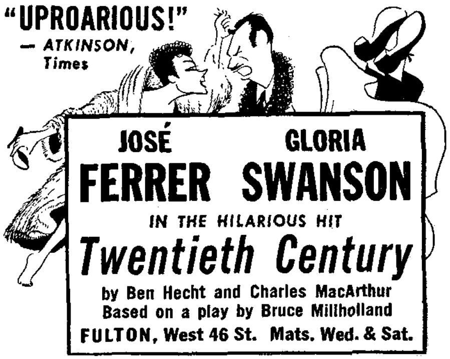
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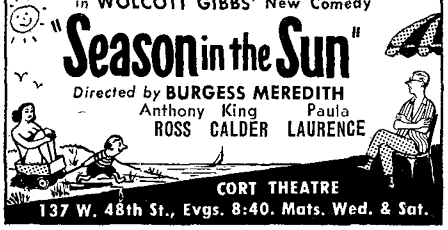
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the picture up. A number of learned papers had been written, too, about electronic scanning in the receiver by means of a cathode-ray tube in which an electron beam would reconstruct the picture by whizzing back and forth across a fluorescent screen at the end of the tube. No one had yet managed to find a practical way of constructing a tube that could do such a thing, though. But if anyone was a tube expert, Du Mont was, and he saw no reason for shirking the job. He first tried to interest the De Forest people in the project, but they weren't in a mood for long-range experimentation. His relations with the company had deteriorated, anyhow, because he had often expressed the view at directors' meetings that the quantity and quality of the company's output was more pertinent than the market price of the company's shares. Consequently, in 1931 he and the company parted with little pain on either side. Du Mont thereupon moved his car out of the garage of his new house, bought a second-hand mercury pump to exhaust tubes and a second-hand stem-making machine to seal them, engaged his staff, and started to make cathode-ray tubes. The De Forest Radio Company failed shortly thereafter and was absorbed by R.C.A. As for Du Mont, he never put his car back in the garage.

OBVIOUSLY, a man as circumspect as Du Mont, with a wife and a small child, would not embark on the manufacture of a product for which there was no visible demand without making provision for his economic survival. Before Du Mont went into business for himself, he let it be known that he would be available as a consultant to any manufacturer with unusually complex tube problems, and he also arranged with his patent attorneys to get a certain amount of work as an expert witness—at a hundred dollars a day—in patent litigations. Between these two activities, he managed to keep his income at around eight thousand dollars a year for four years, even though his new company paid him nothing during that time. In fact, he even had to raise something like twenty-five thousand dollars to keep the company going, which he did mostly by signing personal notes at a local bank and borrowing on his life insurance.

Although Du Mont went into business with television firmly in mind, he would have soon been out of business again had his approach not been cir-

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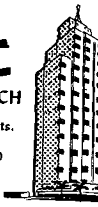
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cuitous; even if he had known how to make a satisfactory television tube at the outset, he couldn't have found anyone to buy it. There are, however, more—and easier—things that a cathode-ray tube can do than make every living room a wrestling arena, and it was to these that Du Mont first directed his attention. Almost any electrical impulse can be recorded visibly on the fluorescent face of a cathode-ray tube, and so can any other phenomena that are translatable into electric current—light, heat, sound, and pressure, for example. Furthermore, everything that can be so recorded makes its own characteristic squiggly pattern. The tube was therefore in steady, if modest, demand as a research instrument in physics laboratories all over the country, which offered at least the outlines of a market. The first cathode-ray-tube patent Du Mont took out enhanced the tube's value in research, and hence the demand for it; this patent was for a method of inscribing a scale, pretty much like the pattern on a piece of graph paper, on the face of the tube, thus making it a measuring device of extreme accuracy. And so Du Mont found himself manufacturing oscillographs, as such calibrated cathode-ray tubes are called when they are hooked up with the proper auxiliary equipment. Du Mont Laboratories to this day probably supplies more than half the oscillographs in the country. This sideline, although only a small fraction of the company's business, is not inconsiderable, since a few of the things that oscillographs are used to measure, in addition to the performance of any electrical circuit, are the soundproofness of insulation, the compression in the cylinders of diesel engines, the recoil of firearms, the pitch of musical notes, the consistency of metal castings, the speed of bullets and camera shutters, the bump action of automobile springs, the knock in gasoline, the elasticity of elevator cables, the vibration of bridges, the accuracy of watches, the degree of uniformity of gear teeth, the soundness of people's hearts, and how much noise fish make when they communicate under water, which is a lot.

When Du Mont started producing cathode-ray tubes on his own, there was almost no technique of manufacture. Practically every operation had to be a matter of trial and error, and during the first few months of production, the output of tubes that wouldn't work exceeded the output of tubes that would by a disturbing margin. The garage factory had some shortcomings as a plant, too. In addition to workbenches and the two basic machines, the place presently became overrun with equipment for refining ore, for increasing the city gas pressure, for boosting the electric power, for blowing glass, for soldering electrical parts, and for keeping voluminous records. In this congestion, the apprentice machinist, John Hinck, hammered out and assembled the parts; the glass blower, Stanley Koch, made the tube blanks; Du Mont's brother-in-law, Albert Steadman, compounded the chemicals; and Du Mont himself, in addition to planning and supervising the activities of the three others, manned the mercury pump, tested the finished tubes, took notes, filed facts, and pondered. Hinck is now the engineer in charge of keeping down waste in the tube department of Du Mont Laboratories; Koch, who came with the company full-time in 1933, is head of the tube-research laboratory; and Steadman, who moved in for good in 1940, is chief chemist for the company.

Once Du Mont had broadened the oscillograph market, his progress was relentless. The Laboratories did twelve thousand dollars' worth of business in 1933, eighteen thousand in 1934, thirty-six thousand in 1935, seventy-one thousand in 1936, and a hundred and three thousand in 1937. In 1933, the garage, and the house basement that adjoined it, became too crowded for even so resolutely austere a man as Du Mont. He rented an empty store building on Valley Road, down the mountain from his house, to take care of the overflow. In 1935, he incorporated the business, and, to celebrate passing this milestone, began to pay himself a salary of six thousand dollars. By the following year, the company was occupying five contiguous stores on Valley Road and had twelve employees, among them Thomas Tolliver Goldsmith, Jr., who has been Du Mont's right-hand man ever since. He is now the company's director of research and a member of the board, and his initials are included in the call letters for Du Mont's Washington station, WTTG, just as Du Mont's own initials identify his New York station, WABD.

Through these oscillographic years, Du Mont did not, of course, neglect the new art; a good deal of whatever money he made on oscillographs he spent on television research. By 1937, the Iconoscope camera had been whipped into pretty fair shape by R.C.A., and Du Mont was well along

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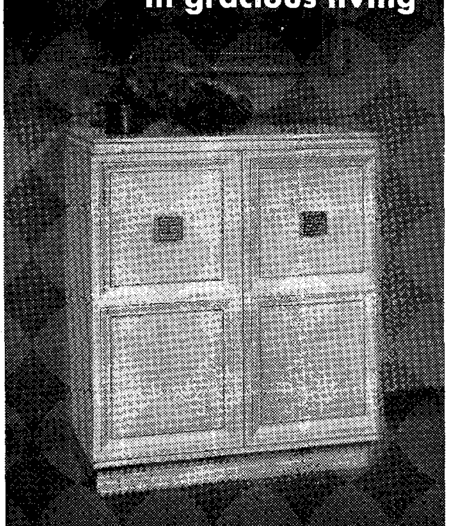

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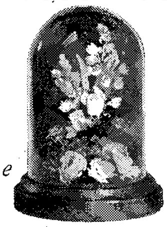

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with cathode-ray tubes. A number of experimental television stations were operating in this country, and in England there were regularly scheduled broadcasts. It was obviously the time for Du Mont to make a move. He had the technical knowledge and the trained personnel to do so, but he was afflicted with his chronic difficulty of those days, a shortage of cash. Fortunately, in the course of his gadgeteering he had come up with one device that was of some commercial value—a tiny cathode-ray tube that, installed in a radio, would indicate whether or not the set was correctly tuned. Reluctant as he was, and has always been, to part with any of his inventions, he braced himself and sold the Magic Eye, as he called the tuning indicator, to R.C.A. for twenty thousand dollars, reserving the right to use the device in his own products. With this money, Du Mont bought a rat-infested plant in Passaic previously devoted to the canning of pickles and plunged into the new art with enthusiasm. He brought his labor force up to forty-two, applied for a license to install an experimental broadcasting station, and sailed for Europe to look into the progress of television there. After observing the Wimbledon tennis matches, among other things, on the end of a cathode-ray tube, he returned home, publicly and forcefully advocating that television be put on a commercial basis at once, and determined to do his part in putting it there.

Though Du Mont was convinced that television was commercially practicable, there was the usual large cash gap between his aspirations and his capabilities. By mortgaging his factory and equipment, he raised thirty-five thousand dollars, but that wasn't enough, so in 1938 he heroically sold a half interest in the company to Paramount Pictures for fifty-six thousand dollars. He made sure, however, that Paramount couldn't get operating control of the company, by reserving to the Du Mont interests the right to choose the company's president and vice-president. The company's common stock, under this arrangement, was divided into "A" and "B" classifications, the latter comprising Paramount's holdings and the former everything else. The agreement stipulated that the B stockholders had the right to elect three subordinate officers of the corporation and four members of the eight-man board of directors; ever since, the highest-ranking Paramount officers have been the secretary and the treasurer. The Paramount deal was probably the most

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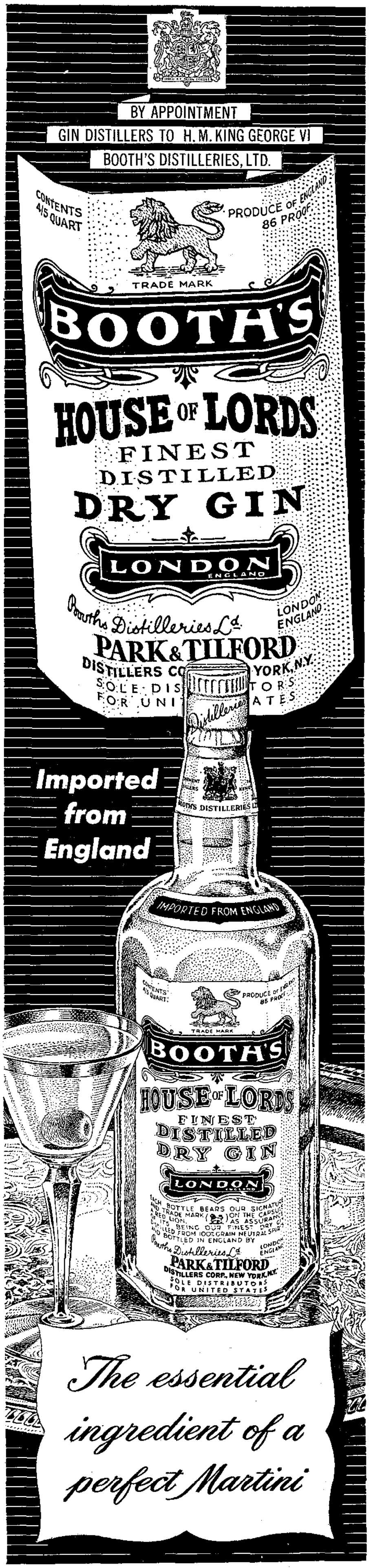

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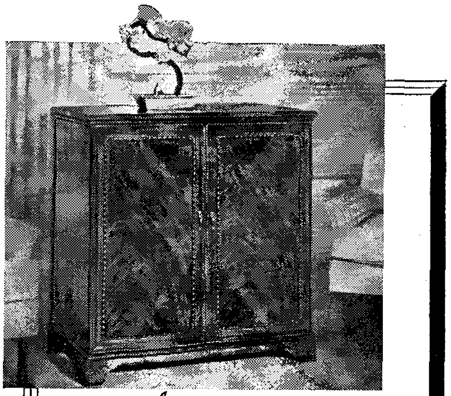
painful one Du Mont has ever made. Today, Paramount estimates that the Du Mont stock it paid fifty-six thousand dollars for is worth roughly ten and a half million (no accurate figures are possible, since no B stock has ever been sold), a fact that Du Mont finds difficult to accept cheerfully, even though the terms of the agreement with Paramount were revised several years ago to reduce the B stock's representation on the board from four to three. Nevertheless, the deal enabled the Laboratories to weather a ninety-five-thousand-dollar loss during 1939, when it got into the production of television receivers.

The day of the opening of the New York World's Fair, which was televised by N.B.C. on a special program, was the occasion for the first fanfare about the sale of Du Mont sets. The fanfare was not Du Mont's idea. His associates had to nag at him for several weeks before he grudgingly agreed to pay for a page ad in the New York *Times* announcing the event. His stubborn clutch on his pocketbook was loosened, ultimately, by the head of his advertising agency, who, in a spasm of unparalleled enthusiasm for the product to be advertised, offered to pay for the page himself if Du Mont wouldn't. That same year, on the strength of television's final emergence as a publicly accepted business, the company, with Paramount's permission, was able to float a six-hundred-and-forty-four-thousand-dollar issue of notes, and it has been out of the woods ever since. In 1940, its gross was a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars and it had a hundred and sixteen employees; in 1941, its gross was six hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars, it had doubled its labor force, and Du Mont was paying himself ten thousand a year. (He is now making in the neighborhood of two hundred thousand dollars in salary and bonuses.) Early in 1942, he converted entirely to war production, turning out oscillographs, which are a necessity in repairing radio and radar sets, for the Army and Navy, and doing research work on radar. Du Mont's interest in radar dates back to well before the Second World War, but his connection with its development has been slight. In 1932, when he was casting about for possible uses for the cathode-ray tube, he hit upon the theory of radar. He did not, and does not, regard this as a major intellectual accomplishment. He was working intensively on cathode-ray tubes at the time, and, as he recently remarked, "If you're trying to sell cathode-ray tubes, radar is the first thing you'd think of. Anybody could have figured out the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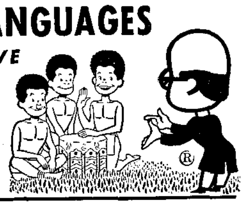

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principle, and I'm sure lots of people did." He took his idea to the Army Signal Corps, and at the same time had a basic patent claim drawn up. The Signal Corps was sufficiently aware of the military significance of his conception to dissuade him from filing the claim with the Patent Office—whose files are open to the public—but not impressed enough with the stability of the Du Mont concern to award him the enormous subsidies that would have been necessary to develop the simple notion into a complex, workable apparatus. Consequently, Du Mont's interest in the whole thing petered out, and so did his relations with the Army. In 1939, he finally decided to file the patent claim anyhow. It was then that he was informed that a Frenchman, working completely independently, had taken out a similar patent two years before. Du Mont looks back on this disappointment with equanimity; neither the Frenchman nor anyone else holding a radar patent has ever made any important money from it.

The only bad year that Du Mont Laboratories has had since 1940 was 1946, when it dropped a million and a half dollars reconverting to television, a job it performed with such speed that it was the first company on the market with a postwar set. Whether it will soon have to convert back to war production is a big and unanswerable question, but it hasn't had to yet. The Laboratories' January production will probably be the highest of any month in its history. The company now has three thousand employees. The old pickle works is known as Plant No. 1, and houses Dr. Goldsmith's research department, and the three other factories, in Allwood, East Paterson, and Clifton, are employed in making cathode-ray tubes, turning out television receivers, and manufacturing oscillographs and transmitting equipment, respectively.

Even though Du Mont Laboratories is big business now, the atmosphere in its plants and offices is surprisingly reminiscent, old hands say, of the chummy days in the basement garage. There are no time clocks in any Du Mont factory, because the boss, conditioned by his years with Westinghouse, where he suffered under its rigid system of checkups, investigations, and fines for petty violations of rules, is a devout believer in trusting the hired help. For the last five or six years, in National Labor Relations Board elections, Du Mont employees have voted down union affiliation, partly, no doubt, because the company does as much for them in the way of vacations and sickness, retirement, and other benefits as any unionized shop

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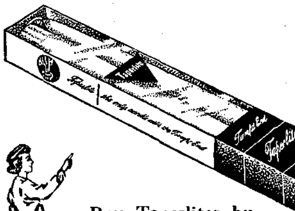

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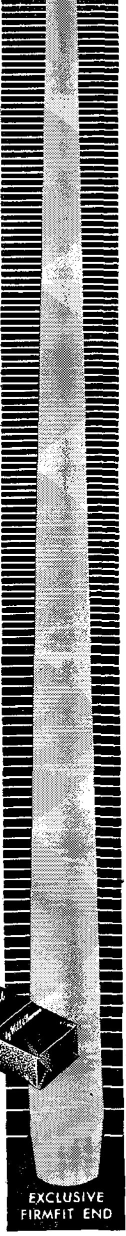

could do. Du Mont has also carefully fostered the idea that the company is still expanding, and that it is still possible for any able, sober, and efficient workman to rise from the ranks, as, indeed, most of the company's top executives have risen. Leonard F. Cramer, the executive vice-president, started out fifteen years ago as a trial office worker, and Harry Housten, the personnel manager, began as a wire man on oscillographs—case histories that are not at all exceptional.

INSPIRED, perhaps, by the profitable manner in which R.C.A. had married the sale of radio receivers to the broadcasting of radio programs, Du Mont resolved early in his career to get into all corners of the television business. His first move was his application for a license to operate an experimental station, in 1937, soon after he had taken over the pickle works; at that time, both N.B.C. and C.B.S. were already broadcasting experimentally in New York. It wasn't until more than a year later that the Federal Communications Commission granted the license, designating the station as W2XVT, Passaic, and authorizing it to broadcast between the hours of midnight and 9 A.M. It opened in February, 1939, and for a number of months thereafter the company executives, including Du Mont, took turns rising at four or five in the morning and rushing over to Passaic to keep an eye on the transmitter. A year later, Du Mont got a license for another experimental station, in a building at 515 Madison Avenue, in New York, where, as WABD, it still is. Owing to a large and complex wrangle in the F.C.C. over the technical standards to be set for television, all non-experimental broadcasting was held up until July 1, 1941, when N.B.C.'s station WNBT went on the air. WABD wasn't licensed for full commercial activities until May, 1944.

Although Du Mont Laboratories comes as close to being a one-man company as any seventy-five-million-dollar-a-year enterprise can be, Du Mont exercises very little direct supervision over the broadcasting division. Once he had contributed his views to the F.C.C. debate on standards and had got his stations set up, he turned the whole matter of the production of entertainment over to associates more familiar with what is, and isn't, entertaining. Despite the fact that his television enterprises have become a potent force in show business, Broadway is definitely not his milieu. Some months he doesn't even get to New York more than once or twice, and his theories about television produc-

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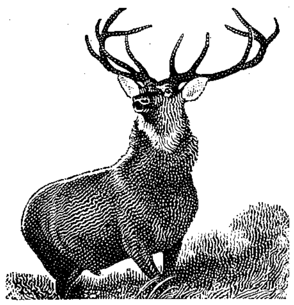

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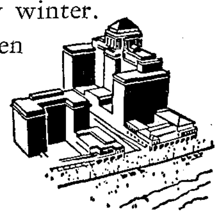

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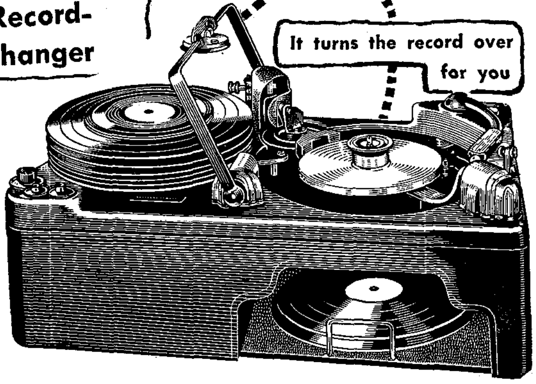
tion techniques are pretty much confined to a distaste for off-color jokes. The theatre, obviously, is not in his blood. On one occasion, though, Du Mont was capable of showmanship of a drastic nature. In the course of the interminable hearings the F.C.C. held on color television last year, he and Dr. Goldsmith cooked up a scheme they hoped would dramatize their vehement opposition to the Columbia Broadcasting System's plan for mechanical color, which involves spinning a color wheel in front of the screen of a specially adapted television set. To demonstrate to the Commission what he considered the preposterousness of the C.B.S. proposal, Du Mont had Goldsmith build a C.B.S.-type color receiver with a twenty-inch screen. (He has always been an advocate of large screens. "Who wants to look at the world through a knothole?" he asks.) In front of this screen was mounted a color wheel of the necessary size. It was four feet in diameter, and a five-horsepower motor was used to make it spin, which it did with a velocity at its rim of two hundred and ten miles an hour. The complete set weighed a couple of tons when it was crated and shipped to Washington. On the day of the demonstration, Goldsmith, looking preternaturally solemn, stood on the platform of the F.C.C. hearing room while this awesome engine was wheeled into position and hooked up. When everything was ready, he addressed the Commission. "Stand back," he said. "We're not always sure what will happen when we turn on the power." He flipped the switch. A fearful hum ensued, causing commissioners, attorneys, and bystanders to cower in their seats, and then a fuse blew out. Ultimately, the Commission, in spite of—or perhaps because of—Du Mont's impishness, approved the C.B.S. mechanical-color system, but Du Mont, remembering his early difficulties with the Nipkow disc, is still having none of it. He is obstinately convinced that the only sensible kind of color is electronic, and he has no plans for making sets that will handle mechanical color. He has been working on electronic color for some time, with gratifying results, but he does not feel that his color system—or anyone else's—is good enough yet to be marketable.

EXCEPT for his frequent appearances before the F.C.C., excursions into the arena of public events and controversy are rare in Du Mont's life. He would much rather spend his free time cruising on his boat. He is aboard it almost every weekend from May to October, and he generally takes a two- or



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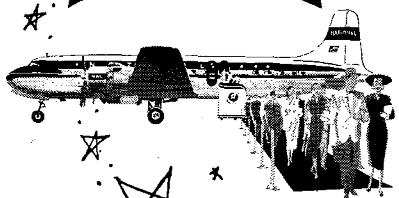

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three-week summer vacation, which he spends on the water with Mrs. Du Mont; his son, Allen, Jr., who is now twenty-one and about to graduate from Rensselaer; and his thirteen-year-old daughter, Yvonne. During his vacations, he turns on a ship-to-shore telephone every morning to receive business calls. Otherwise he remains incommunicado. He does all the piloting himself, and nothing delights him more than a heavy fog over Long Island Sound, through which he has to proceed by dead reckoning. Every year for the past ten (except during the war), he has entered a "predicted log" race, run by the New York Athletic Club, from Execution Light, off New Rochelle, to Block Island. A predicted-log race requires that each contestant calculate, before starting out, the exact time he will pass every one of a series of markers, and file his predictions with the race authorities; an official with a chronometer to which he alone has access comes aboard, and all other timekeeping devices are removed from the boat. The contestant who most nearly fulfills his predictions is the winner. Making such estimates accurately involves figuring out how much faster a boat will go as the dead weight of its fuel supply diminishes, how much time will be lost or gained through the effect of various currents, what the speed of the wind and the drag of the tides are likely to be, and other posers. The course between Execution Light and Block Island is a hundred and six miles, there are about ten markers along the way, and any contestant worthy of wearing a yachting cap usually arrives at Block Island within five minutes of the time he says he will. Du Mont has never finished better than second or worse than third in this race except in 1948, when he finished seventh, and last year, when he finished fifth. His inability to win baffles and exasperates him. For the last three years, he has arrived at the next to last marker within thirty seconds of the time predicted, and then, on the final leg to Block Island, he has always gone too fast. He can't understand why. For a while, he had the notion that it was because the water in that stretch of open ocean is saltier than the water in the Sound, and consequently more buoyant. He has abandoned that idea now, and has decided that because the ocean is rougher than the Sound, the boat slaps up and down more, and so creates more air bubbles underneath it, lifting it up and speeding it on its way.

Since becoming a bona-fide industrial magnate, Du Mont has made only two major changes in his standard of living. In 1948, he bought the Hurricane III,

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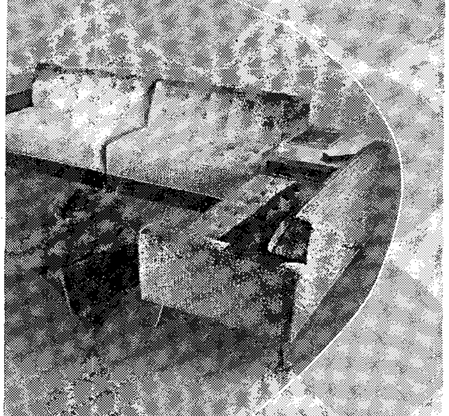

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which is twenty-one feet longer than the Hurricane II, and last June he moved out of his old small house on First Mountain into a new large one he built nearby. The new house is clearly the residence of a millionaire. It has a huge flagstoned terrace on the very edge of the mountain, commanding an expansive view; a half-timbered, Tudor-type kitchen entrance; and a round, Norman-type tower, three stories high. It has a third-floor, Lewis & Conger-type rumpus room with a built-in bar and barbecue grill. There is an elevator. There is a three-car garage, in which Du Mont and his wife have finally trained themselves to house their automobiles. (Until they moved, they always left their cars standing out in the open, a habit acquired in the days when the garage was a factory.) Recently, Du Mont showed an acquaintance through the house; the visitor was impressed, but he noticed that it was heated by old-fashioned steam radiators rather than by radiant heating, which he had thought was always installed in new houses of any consequence these days. He asked about this. "Well," said Du Mont, "this radiant heating is pretty new still, and I don't know that I trust it."

—ROBERT RICE

•

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The Stone of Scone has been missing for three weeks now, and something will have to be done to track down the perpetrators of the dastardly deed.—*Editorial in the Herald Tribune.*

Bereft, the whole of England grieves!
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Maybe Scottish, maybe nottish,
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Where's the rock?
In hock?
Under lock
In a den
Up some craggy
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In a tub?
In a pub?
In a club?
In a sub?
Weathering seas
On Hebrides?
Och, och,
Where's the rock?

At this writing all that's known
Is: The Stone of Scone has flown.

—E. F. K.

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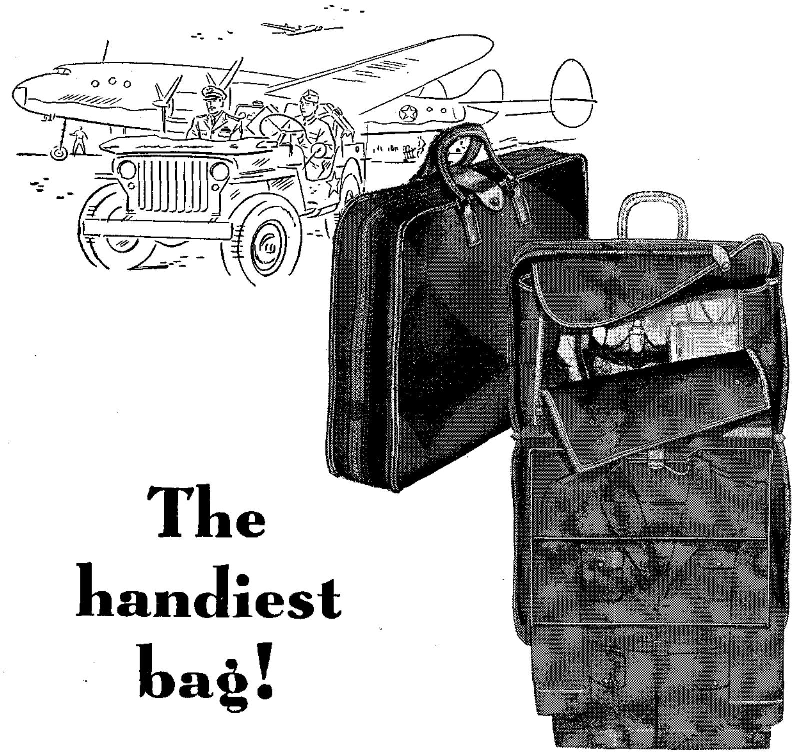

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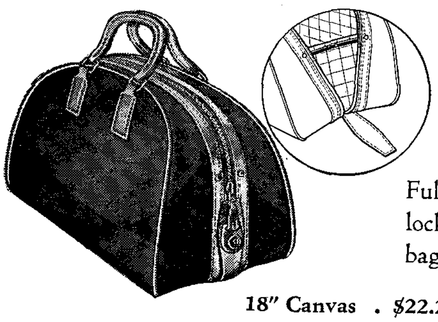

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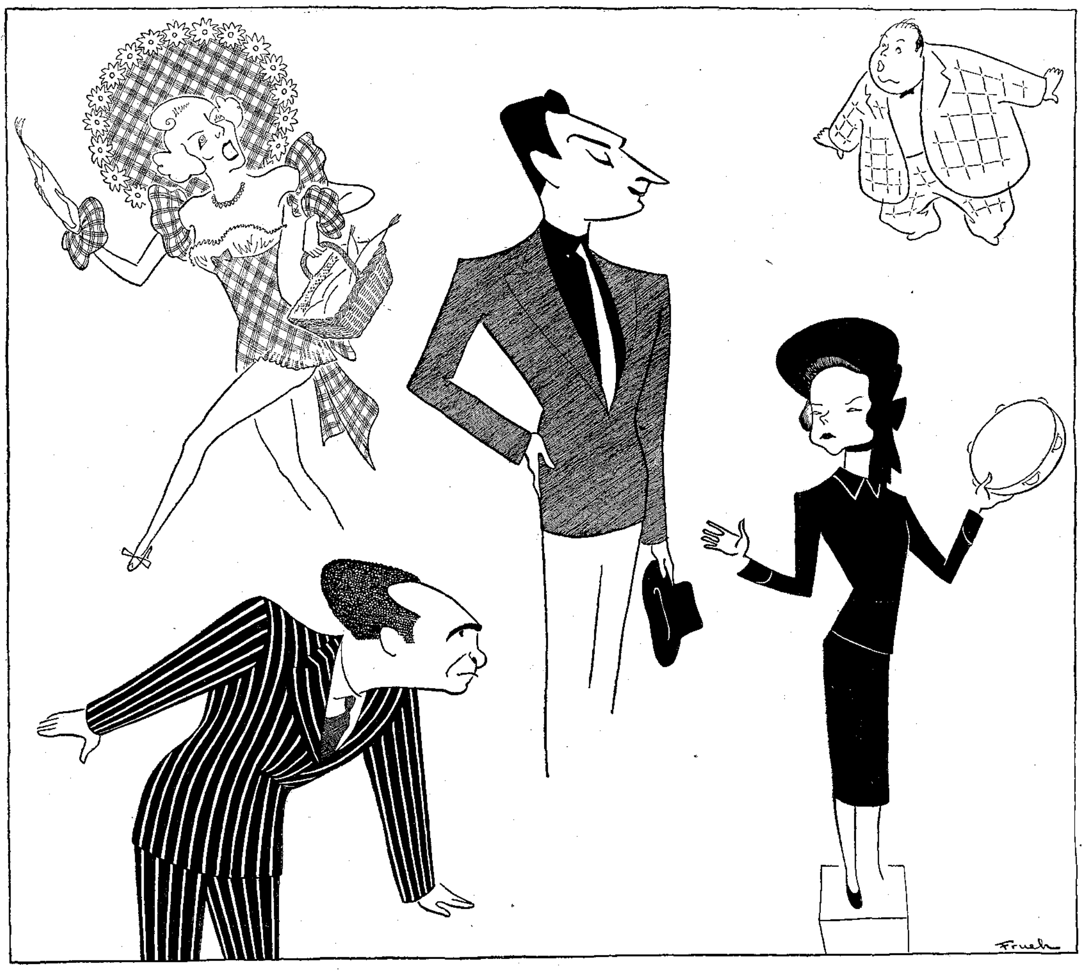
THE THEATRE

## THE HOUR OF THE RAT

IT was just like September last week—the climate full of memories of summer, the openings on Broadway full of peculiar writing and bad acting. There were, in fact, just two of these sad occurrences. “Four Twelves Are 48,” a phenomenally dull and tasteless comedy by Joseph Kesselring, who was once partly responsible for “Arsenic and Old Lace,” opened on Wednesday at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre and was intelligently closed by the management after two performances, and “Angel in the Pawnshop,” a piece masquerading as a work of the imagination, written by A. B. Shiffrin, turned up on Thursday at the Booth and is, at last reports, still persisting there, though I’m sure I don’t know why. Mishaps like these are, of course, not rare in the New York theatre, but two of such dimensions in one week are a lot, and a certain amount of melancholy and discontent in the reviewer is understandable.

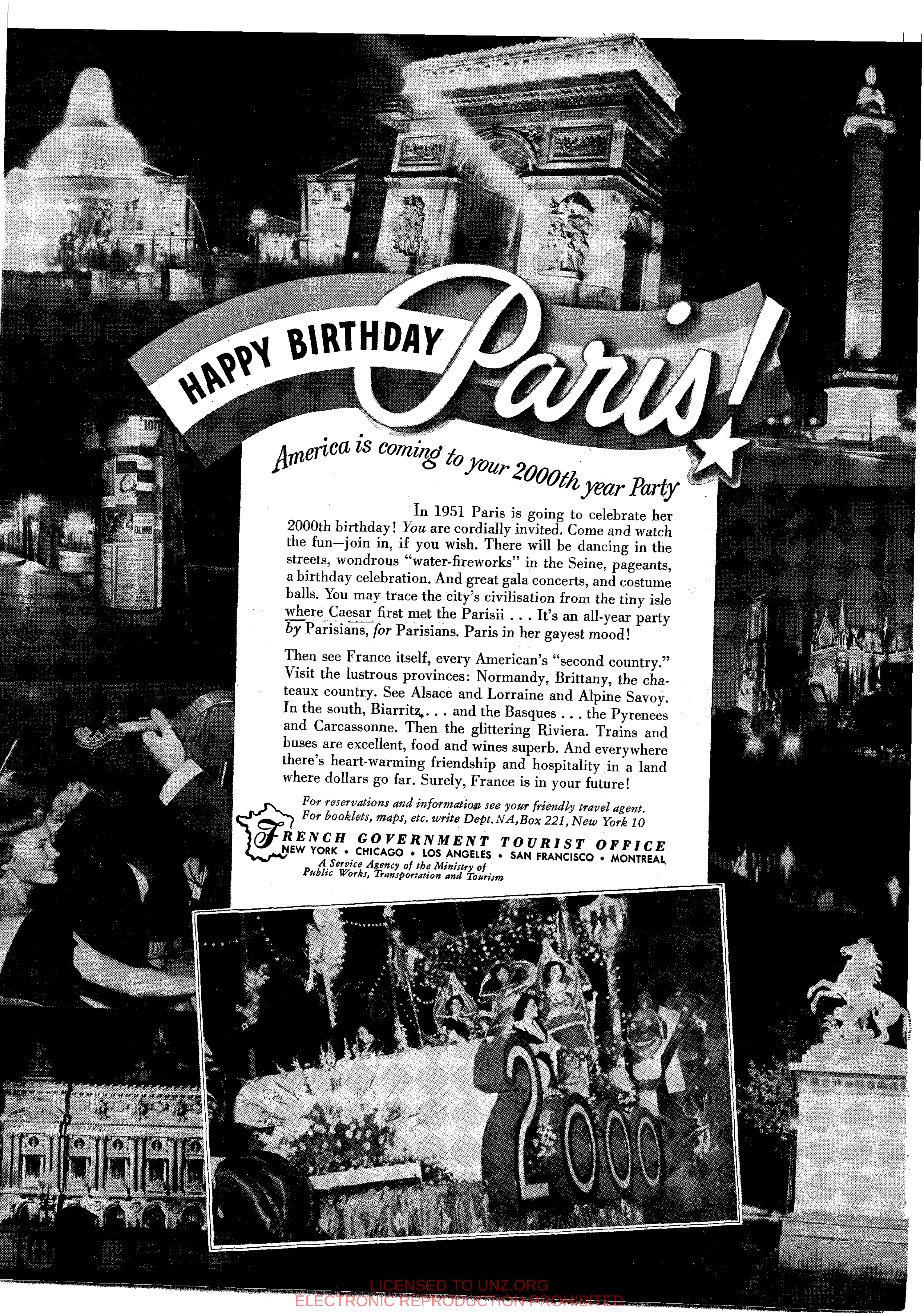
“Four Twelves Are 48” had to do with four generations of Indian women, Osages, three of whom had been impregnated at the age of twelve, while the fourth suspected herself of being similarly afflicted. This sorry anecdote called upon the services of, among others, Anne Revere, who was asked to portray the senior of the aboriginal ladies, a grandmother and a hypothetical *great-grandmother at the age of forty-eight*; Hiram Sherman, as a non-Indian of rather fashionable design and one of the three seducers; Doro Merande, who played the part of his aunt and whom I remember chiefly as carrying a small dog around the stage; and Ernest Truex, who was billed in the program as Uncle Snake Tooth and whose lines consisted almost entirely of “Ugh” and “Son of a bitch.” This role interested me on the ground that it was one of the few in the history of the drama that I could have played brilliantly myself, but I doubt whether it had anything else in particular to recommend it. Otto Preminger, who directed these proceedings, appeared to be in precise humorous sympathy with the author. Altogether, it was quite an evening.

“Angel in the Pawnshop” is a play very likely to delude the unwary, since it frequently seems to be expressing profound thoughts in lyric idiom (“I’ll give you a silver penny for your golden thoughts”) and the production has an unusually portentous air, involving the most artistically pointless use of a gauze screen that comes to my mind at the moment. The plot has to do with the elderly proprietor of a hock shop, and a young woman who, as a very little girl, concluded that everybody ought to love everybody else and clearly stopped thinking right there. Among the characters are a gangster to whom the heroine was once incomprehensively attached, a budding writer whose conversation fails to suggest that he could turn out an acceptable column for the New York *Post*, an interne who is treating the owner of the pawnshop for a heart condition in return for a microscope, a drunk who comes in every now and then to dispose of clocks of widely assorted sizes, a playboy who periodically exchanges his dress suit for a pair of overalls, and a colored musician who



“GUYS AND DOLLS”

*The dressy young woman in this picture is Vivian Blaine and the inspirational type is Isabel Bigley. The three mugs are, from left to right, Sam Levene, Robert Alda, and Stubby Kaye. This adaptation, by many gifted hands, of a Damon Runyon story is at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre.*



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plays a clarinet whenever the well of Mr. Shiffrin's dramatic inspiration runs dry. In addition to these musical interludes, the action is often interrupted by somewhat arbitrary changes of costume, and ballet numbers executed by Joan McCracken, who I guess might be described as representing sex or lunacy, or both. Once in a while, "Angel in the Pawnshop" manages to be fairly funny in a cockeyed way, but most of the time it is the sort of thing that William Saroyan did when he really had nothing on his rich, Armenian mind. On the whole, I was diverted by it chiefly as a man with a weakness for recasting such solemnities in the form of parody.

In the cast, besides Miss McCracken, are Eddie Dowling, Willie Lewis, Herbert Evers, Clark Williams, Joseph Lautner, and John Farrell. Mr. Dowling plays the pawnbroker—a lovable old eccentric, if there ever was one—with his customary ease and charm, and Mr. Lewis, as the clarinettist, is obviously an accomplished musician. The performances of the others didn't impress me, but that may be simply because I wasn't in exactly the right frame of mind. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

Then the handsome man is the target for every husband-snatcher who comes along, and he keeps his wife green-eyed if she is of a jealous temperament. Women spoil him by making a fuss over him and it keeps his poor wife working overtime to concoct as strong a homebrew of flattery as he gets abroad. Moreover, the handsome man is likely to consider that his charms are too great to waste on a mere wife and so he turns philanderer.

For all of these reasons the homely man is a better choice for a husband than the male beauty. He may not be as thrilling to look at, but he is a lot more comfortable to live with.

---

When a female mole is caught in a trap, the male's sorrow is often so great that he starves to death.—*Topeka State Journal.*

Even if he's a handsome mole?

•

### FRATERNAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Devils Lake* (*N. D.*) *Journal*]

Sixty persons attended the annual Rotary club's ladies night at the Great Northern hotel last evening with a special "Laugh Fiesta" theme keeping the guests busy throughout the party.

Guest of honor was "Prince Nur-Al-Din," Oriental mystic who read fortunes of the guests. Three of the club's youngest members, or "babies" were asked to choose "mamas" from the audience, other than their wives. They were attired in baby gowns, bonnets and bibs. Winner of the milk drinking contest from nippled bottles was Douglas Heen, whose "mama" was Mary Doe.

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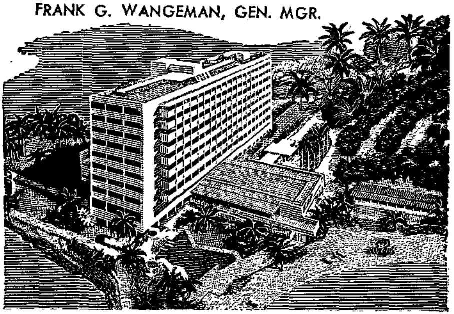

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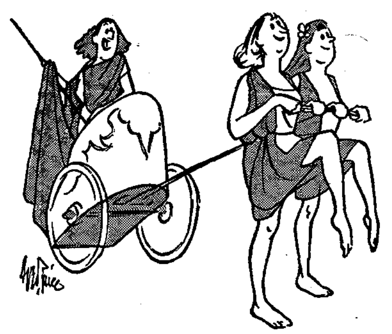

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### Instructions

From Kobe:

To reach Long Distance Operator (Osaka Toll), dial "49."

To reach Osaka Lightning numbers, dial "47" and desired Lightning number.

To reach Osaka numbers, dial "47-0" and desired Osaka number.

To reach Kyoto numbers, dial "47-80" and desired Kyoto number.

To reach Kobe numbers from the Kobe Mikage Japanese exchange: Dial "0" and desired Kobe number. If the Kobe number is prefixed with the "0" digit, drop the "0" and dial the last four digits only.

To reach Aberdeen Operator, dial Kobe "04151."

From Kyoto:

To reach Kyoto Toll Operator, dial, "281."

To reach Long Distance Operator (Osaka Toll), dial "283."

To reach Osaka Lightning numbers, dial "282" and desired Lightning number.

To reach Osaka numbers, dial "282-0" and desired Osaka number.

To reach Kobe numbers, dial "282-84" and desired Kobe number.

To dial into Otsu (Otsu Operator 289-6) system from the Kyoto Toll system prefix the desired number less the first-digit (2) with "289." (Example: If the number 2010 is desired, dial "289-010.")

To dial into Kyoto from Botanical Gardens Housing area (29000 numbers), prefix the desired number with "0."

To dial within Botanical Garden Housing area, drop the first digit (2) and dial last four numbers only.

To dial into Botanical Garden Housing area, dial all five numbers.

From Osaka:

To reach Lightning Dial from "88," dial "2" and the number desired. For further reference see circuit diagram.

To reach Osaka Lightning numbers from the Lightning Dial exchange, dial desired Lightning number.

To reach Osaka numbers from the Lightning Dial exchange, dial "0" and desired Osaka number.

To reach Osaka numbers from the Japanese Commercial Dial exchange, dial the desired Osaka number.

Osaka "67" numbers can also be reached by dialing "88" on a Lightning Dial Telephone.

To reach Long Distance Operator (Osaka Toll), dial "9" or "0-4592" on Lightning Dial or "4592" on the Japanese Commercial Dial.

To reach Kyoto numbers, dial "80" and desired Kyoto number.

To Dial Otsu Toll system from the Lightning Toll system, prefix the desired number less the first digit (2) with 80-289. (Example: If the number 2010 is desired, dial "80-289-010.")

To reach Kobe numbers, dial "84" and desired Kobe number.

To reach Nara Toll numbers, dial "748," "749," "760" or "761," then ask operator for desired number.—*Kobe-Osaka-Kyoto Army telephone directory.*

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# LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 17

THE Commonwealth Prime Ministers' declaration and the subsequent United Nations cease-fire proposal seem to have produced, on the whole, a fairly solid feeling of relief here. This was the first bit of solid anything to turn up during these uneasy days, when Britons have been trying to make out what is happening from the scrappy news in their papers. (The penny dailies have had to slim down again to six pages, with an occasional pygmy four-pager, because of newsprint difficulties, for which the industry wrathfully accuses the Government of lack of foresight, not to mention lack of love for newspapers in general.) The feeling is strong that no matter what follows, including a turn-down by the Chinese Communists, the United Nations' action has cleared the darkening global air somewhat. One of the spirit-depressants that had been widespread was the conviction that the United States could not be expected to budge either forward or backward from her settled and stated views on Communist China, and that therefore the United Nations could hardly avoid being wrecked by this difference of opinion and dumped on the scrap heap where other mementos of men's hopeful ideas have had to be abandoned from time to time within mournful memory. The announcement that the United States had indeed moved a long way toward meeting the views of the British Commonwealth and Western Europe seemed just the sort of dramatic reassurance that the British, and probably most of the worried neighbors across the way, could do with.

Lots of acutely disturbed Britons felt that the news was encouraging if only because it eased a situation that looked as though it were getting Anglo-American relations into the slightly awkward jam that members of a family frequently find themselves in. Disregarding the anti-American sniping of the Left Wingers—some of whom take their little potshots out of a genuine conviction that Britain is being dragged to ruin at Washington's chariot wheels, some from congenial bile, and some because, in spite of all protestations of mistrust of Moscow to the contrary, their hearts still belong to Daddy—there are plenty of quiet and reasonable citizens who have been worried to death by America's Far Eastern policy. It is interesting that the British, possibly because they have been busy of late years unloading wads of their Empire all over the place, appear to have accepted philosophically the notion that the Chinese revolution has brought changes as hard to ignore as all the other modernized features in the great landscape of Asia. Obviously, the attitude with which such arguments are being put forth here might not be quite so quiet and reasonable if the Commonwealth had more than the sixteen thousand troops it has in Korea and had suffered anything worse than correspondingly small casualties.

THE most important tourist of the week was General Eisenhower, who blew in briefly on his sort of Cook's tour of the courage, the fears, and the pocketbooks of Europe. He was given the standard Party hello by the *Daily Worker*, which greeted him with a coaxing "Go Home Ike" and, during his stay, reported the appointment of Mr. William Rogers Herod as Coördinator of North Atlantic Arms Production under the Biblical tag "King Herod of Britain—superboss of our industry." Before departing for Lisbon (where, the Party organ growled, "he will discuss Fascist Portugal's role in defending the Western way of life"), General Eisenhower held a big conference for English and foreign journalists at Lancaster House, the large mansion back of the Mall that used to belong to Lord Leverhulme, later housed the London Museum, and now houses meetings of Foreign Ministers and the like. The correspondents, having tramped up the enormous gilded staircases that look like leftover pieces from the Museum days, needing only a waxwork hostess in a tiara at the top, sat down in the glare of the newsreel men's lights and the whir of their cameras to listen as well as they could to the General's short speech. Looking pink and trim as a daisy, he dealt cheerfully with one or two questioners (including a lugubrious Irish voice that wanted to know if he felt that the North Atlantic Defense Pact was much weakened by the fact that Ireland had not joined it), and was off to Lisbon.

The General presumably included in his baggage some information on what the British are going to whack into the defense pool, a subject ordinary Britons have only a few foggy ideas about so far. It has just been announced that

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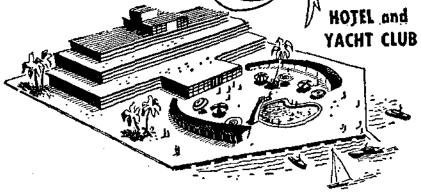

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there will be a debate on the matter as soon as Parliament is back, next week, and that the Government will then let the people know what it has on its mind. This will be a relief. The staggering United States defense budget has confirmed the general belief that Britain's present defense sum of thirty-six hundred million pounds (which amounts to around ten per cent of the national income), to be spread over three years, is going to be jacked up smartly—maybe to around forty-five hundred million. The Socialists keep rattling the old capital-levy skeleton as a hint of how this sum may be achieved. Most people expect wide cuts in housing, in the health services, and in education, and there is glum talk of the return of a certain amount of rationing—some mention clothes and others the melancholy possibility of petrol. Also, the Government is expected to tell the country that the two-year period of National Service should be extended.

As a footnote to the tenor of the news, recruiting for the Civil Defense services has shown a sharp jump. Since the Government produced its report on atomic warfare, back in the summer, more than a hundred thousand men and women have taken a hard look at the headlines and turned up for training. Maybe the tranquillity with which people are waiting to be given hints on what sort of future they can expect is only on the surface, after all. There is a considerable amount of gloom in this city right now, in any case. Because of the Government's determination to impress on the careless householder that the fuel situation is serious, the electric advertising signs in Piccadilly and everywhere else in town are now dark, and shopkeepers have been told that they must not illuminate the goods in their windows by electricity, gas, oil, or even a solitary candle—the banning of the last presumably being psychological, or maybe be thoughtfulness for the Fire Department. Meanwhile, the miners have won their argument over extra cash, which will probably have peevish repercussions in other sections of the community, and the public is settling down with as good grace as possible to watch for results. The weather has come over to the Government side of things lately by turning out yards of mushy, mild gray winter, but if it should become seasonably arctic once more, the crisis is expected to be explosive.

THE Royal Academy seems these days to be twitching with new energy in every elderly limb. Following

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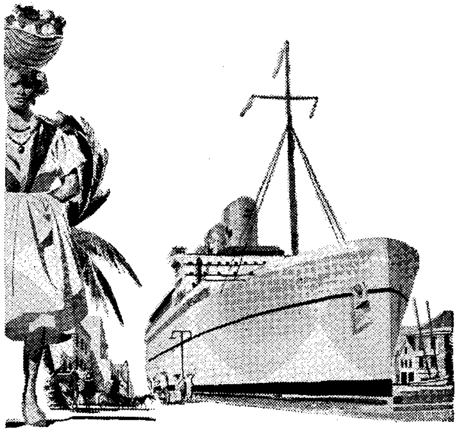

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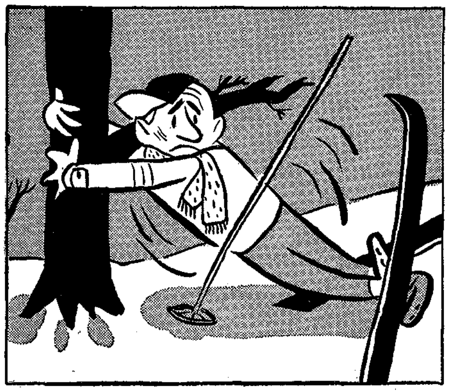

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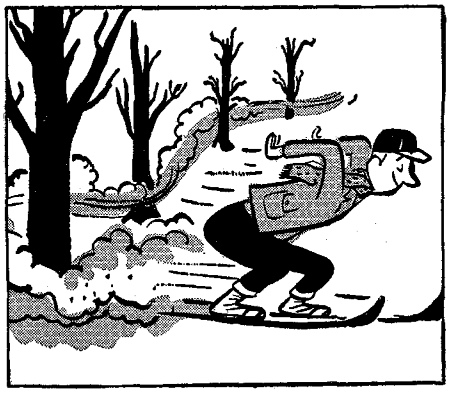

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its superb exhibition of Holbeins and other sixteenth- and seventeenth-century masters, it has just opened its second major art show of the season—a representative selection of paintings of the French School done during the last fifty years, which seems, in contrast to the Academy's usual shyness toward modern art, a really exciting bit of bravura. Sir Gerald Kelly, the Royal Academy's notably go-ahead president, explained that the show was planned largely to help young painters here, who have found it difficult, because of currency restrictions dictated by either the Government or their own hard-up pockets, to go abroad and see what is happening there. The collection, which the French authorities generously handpicked themselves, from museums, galleries, and private collections, is like a fascinating walk through the experimental byways of fashions in art during the last half century. It includes works by Bonnard, Matisse, Dufy, Rouault (the last has some immense, touching clowns, painted in stained-glass-saint colors), and a number of the modern young abstract painters. It also includes the large hole in the air made by the absence of Picasso, whose political feelings caused him to send nothing, not even polite regrets. The finest Vuillard in the exhibition is the wonderful portrait of Mme. Bénard, lent by the Musée d'Art Moderne, in which the artist has recorded a few thousand tiny, loving observations on shrewd old age, civilized living, and the cozy material clutter of a long and honored life.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

### INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN TIMEWORDS DEPARTMENT

[*From Time, January 8th*]

In the current issue of *Presbyterian Life,* silver-thatched, 61-year-old Dr. Mackay pictures . . . —*Page 46.*

To clear the tracks for war production, the Administration at last called in International Telephone & Telegraph's white-maned President William H. Harrison. —*Page 66.*

Sighed Harvard's wise, white-thatched Economist Sumner Slichter . . . —*Page 66.*

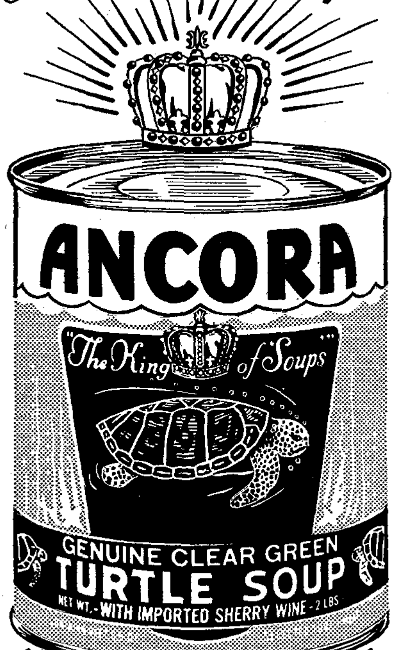
Said Stewart-Warner's white-thatched Chairman & President James Knowlson . . . —*Page 68.*

•

The place that Booth's gentle wife played in his existence can perhaps never be known; she emerges only as a delicate shadow, the mother of his nine children. —*From "The Roots of American Culture," by Constance Rourke.*

All of them phantoms, we trust.

*"The King of Soups"*



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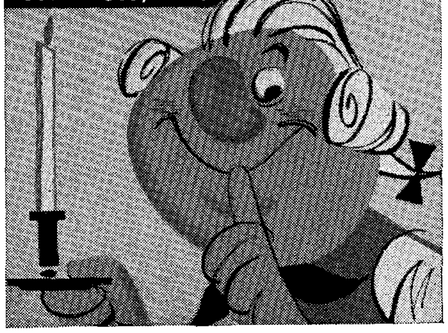

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# I'M SAVING MY HAIR FOR A SECOND-HAND CAR

A FEW days ago, I went to the Motor Vehicle Bureau, on Worth Street, to fill out an application for a Learner's Permit, and filled it rather nicely, I thought, until I came to "Color of Hair." Up to that point, I had been perfectly sure of the answers I was writing—female, white, blue eyes, born August 31, 1908—but a great deal of water has flowed under the bridge and over my scalp since the days when I could unequivocally call myself blond, and I was anxious not to claim something that might cause an argument the first time I had to show my permit to the Law. I would have to show it, that much was already certain. On the way down to Worth Street, I warned myself sternly that, now that I was going to learn to drive, I'd have to get over being so absent-minded. Standing on the subway platform, waiting for a downtown I.R.T. local, I promised myself henceforth to be keen and alert, and I was so engrossed in self-improvement that when my train came roaring in, I lifted one white-gloved hand, probably under the impression that I was hailing a cab or a bus, and waved it daintily at the train until a man standing beside me said gently, "Lady, it *always* stops here."

This minor incident had stressed for me the hazards both I and the State of New York would face once I got loose on the streets with a Learner's Permit. I pictured myself piling up traffic in a hideous mess, and, looking at "Color of Hair" on the application, I could almost see an irate policeman sticking his head into the window of my car (though I don't own a car yet) and barking, "Says here you're blond. Oh, yeah? Whose permit is this? You'd better come to the station house."

Of course, I might conceivably get a policeman who wouldn't be fussy about details, but I felt the chances were that any representative of the law who came upon me at the wheel of a car would be inflamed into questioning every specification on my permit.

I have recently learned an exquisitely accurate phrase to describe my tresses, but it requires more space than the State of New York provides on the permit. Actually, given half a page, I'd have been glad to write a complete case history of my hair.

I WOULD start the story with my early childhood, when I was a towhead, and proceed through gradually yellowing shades to the year I was eighteen, a gawky, tight-jointed girl who peered out myopically from behind bangs. The bangs were definitely blond, although a picture of me painted by my mother at that period shows them otherwise. The explanation is that, having been painting with water colors for years, my mother decided to take up oils, and when she did the portrait of me in my high-school-prom dress, she made the hair at least ten shades darker than my own. Naturally, I complained, but my mother said my hair would eventually get much browner anyway, and she was simply taking the long-range view.

When I came to live in New York, at the age of twenty-one, I was nonplussed to find the city so full of platinum blondes that, by comparison, I seemed to have fulfilled my mother's prediction already. Then, quite innocently, I, too, got bleached. One Saturday afternoon, I went into a little hairdressing shop over a Nedick's on upper Broadway. I had usually shampooed my own hair, with Ivory soap or whatever was around the house, but now that I was a New Yorker, earning a weekly salary of twenty-two dollars and fifty cents, it seemed only fitting to have my hair done.

It was done, all right. When the billowy platinum-blond operator asked casually "You wanna light rinse, honey?" I said "Yes," trying to sound equally casual. That was in 1929, when nobody pondered the nuances of words much, and a word like "rinse" could slide around and cover a lot of things. At any rate, the operator was soon patting something on my scalp that stung oddly, and she diddled over me with cotton pads a flattering amount of time. My few experiences with hairdressers in Franklin, Pennsylvania, my home town, had never been like that, but I was careful not to comment or ask questions that would betray I'd never been done in New York before.

Even after I'd been combed out be-

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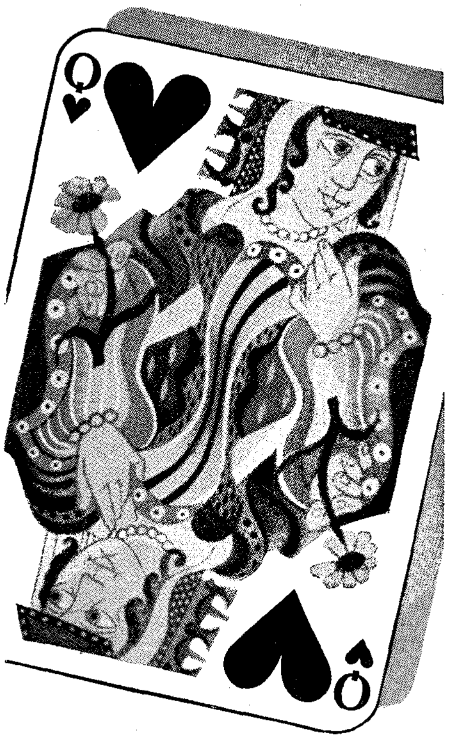

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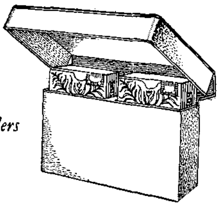

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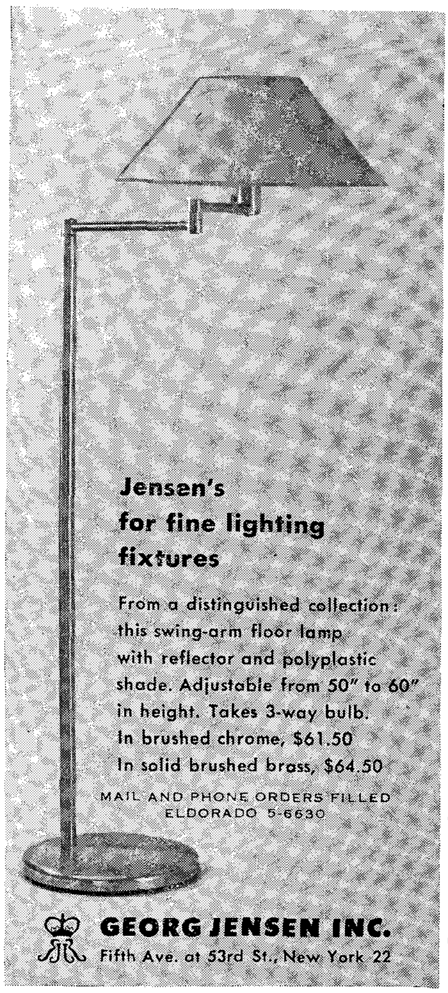

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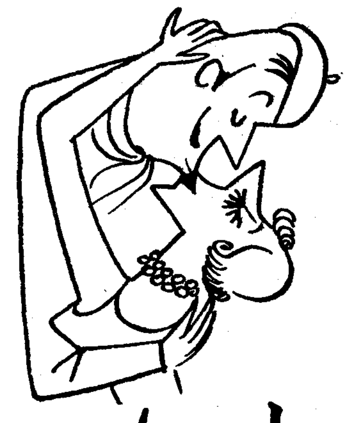
fore the mirror, and realized that only peroxide could have rinsed my hair to so divinely golden a hue, I kept my surprise to myself. When the operator said "Looks better now, don't it?" I answered only "Yes indeed," and lavishly tipped her twenty cents. Feeling quite flowerlike, I walked home with little steps instead of my usual stride, and danced like a daffodil into my rooming house, on Broadway and Fifty-sixth Street, which is now the site of a National City Bank and attracts a different class of people entirely. I said to my gaping roommate defensively, "The hairdresser just asked if I wanted a rinse, and I thought she meant something like camomile tea. How could *I* know what she was doing?"

Having been bleached by mistake, I enjoyed my ill-gotten halo without a pang of my Presbyterian conscience, but I could never nerve myself to renew it. My hair gradually reverted to its medium-yellow shade, and after being a Broadway blonde for a short while, I couldn't help thinking it was rather dull-looking stuff. Perhaps in punishment, it became even duller than before, and for twenty darkening years no hairdresser ever so much as suggested that she do anything about it. As I grew older and less Presbyterian, I even made leading remarks, such as "It used to be very light, and I've been wondering if I should have something done to it." I didn't want to come right out and say "bleach," and I didn't want the hairdressers to say it, either. From that golden day in 1929 until a month or so ago, I waited for another hairdresser just to go ahead without putting the responsibility on me. But none of them seemed interested. They'd say gloomily, "Bleaching takes a lot of care. If you don't get it done every couple weeks, it looks terrible," making it clear that I wasn't worth the effort, to them or to myself.

Then a dazzling thing happened. I made an appointment at a new hair salon, recommended by a friend, and, as always, I forgot the name of the operator my friend had told me to ask for. "Just anybody who's free at four on Friday," I said. On Friday, when the operator came into the booth, I smiled at her timidly, expecting the usual indifferent glance at, and then away from, my hair. Instead, her small, sallow, past-middle-age face brightened, and she said in a hushed tone, "A true drab blonde!"

At first, I thought I hadn't heard right. Beauty-salon employees are schooled to keep the harshest truths to themselves, just as they're forbidden to



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shudder, and I wasn't quite prepared for such bluntness. "*What* kind of blonde?" I quavered.

"Drab," she said, practically cooing, as she removed my bobby pins and stroked my hair. "I used to work in switches, and a true drab-blond switch was much the most expensive."

"Really?" I asked, beginning to feel set up.

"Oh, absolutely!" she said. "True drab blond is so hard to match, you know."

I said, in the self-deprecating tone of a woman who wants to catch a compliment, however fishy, "It's such a dull, in-between shade that I've been meaning to do something about it."

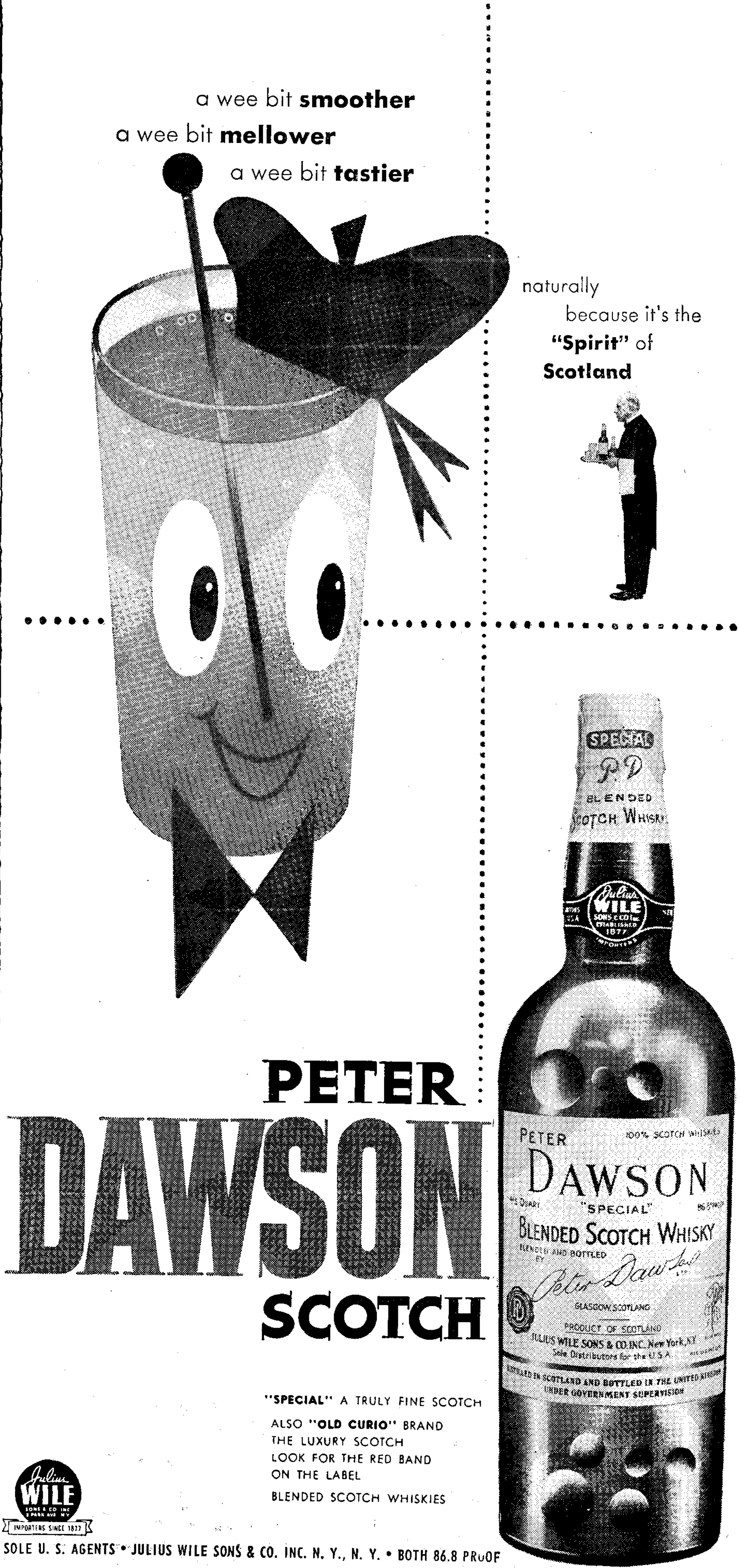
The operator reacted with gratifying spirit. "Oh, no, dear! That would be a shame. Everybody who sees a true drab blonde, like yourself, knows it's natural and not touched up."

This, at least, sounded convincing. Nobody would be fool enough to think a woman would deliberately dye her hair drab.

"You ought to price a switch that color," the woman went on. "You'd be amazed what they cost."

I WENT out of there, an hour later, feeling more irresistible, from the neck up, than I had in twenty years. On that long-ago afternoon, I'd been bleached to the color of gold, but now my hair was *worth* gold, which, to an improvident spinster, is even more stimulating. I realized, in a joyfully solvent glow, that no matter what happened, I'd have my hair to fall back on. If I had to sell it for a switch, I could stroll in and shake it before a hair expert with arrogant calm, and he would wet his lips and murmur raptly, "A true drab blonde!"

Since then, I've brushed my locks fondly and have worn a hat when I went out in the sun, so as to keep my hair in its truest, drabbest state. I'm only sorry that there was no way of putting the proper description of my hair on my application for a Learner's Permit. But if I'd written "drab" in that half-inch space, I wouldn't have had room for "true" or "blond," and "drab" by itself doesn't look right. What I finally put down was a terse, bare "blond," and I still feel worried about it, especially now that I've had my first driving lesson and seen the look on a Yorkville traffic cop's face after a slight contretemps that occurred when I mistook the accelerator for the brake. Probably the only reason the cop didn't ask to see my Learner's Per-



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mit was that my instructor explained it was my first day and I was a little jumpy. "*She's* jumpy!" the cop said bitterly. "What about me? Get her over in the next block and see how McCafferty likes her."

Officer McCafferty didn't like me, either. At least, the only time we passed him, he leaped out of the way, and the expression on his face wasn't friendly. Considering all this, I grow steadily sorrier that I had to make false claims to get my permit, because the Law is already distrustful of me and I can see more trouble coming. But at least, true drab blonde that I am, I can be sure of financing the purchase of a second-hand car, once I am done learning. In fact, I think I may go to the branch of the National City Bank that is on the site of my old rooming house to arrange for the loan, and when the man asks me, in the shallow-breathing voice bankers use for discussing loans with doubtful clients, "What security can you offer?" I will answer proudly, "My hair."
—HILDEGARDE DOLSON

•

### GAYELORD HAUSER MAKES TRUIMPHAL RETURN

On Tuseday, January 2nd, Gayelord Hauser will return to the United States on the S.S. Liberte (French Line).

Dr. Hauser is the author of the year's leading non-fiction bestseller, LOOK YOUNGER, LIVE LONGER which was published by Farrar, Straus last February. To date the book has sold 250,000 copies and Dr. Hauser, one of the present day's great nutrionists and geriatricians, has gained thousands of new followers. This is not only tue of Americans but of Europeons and South Americans. His book, LOOK YOUNGER, LIVE LONGER has just been published in France and in Italy. It will be published in Switzerland (in German), in Scandanavia, England and in Japan. All indications are that it will be an international bestseller.

Dr. Hauser, as well as being an author and nutrionist, is a lecturer, editor and newspaper columnist....

Further information may be had from the publicity department of Farrar, Straus.—*Press release from Farrar, Straus.*

If "information" is the word.

•

### SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*Letter received by local businessman*]

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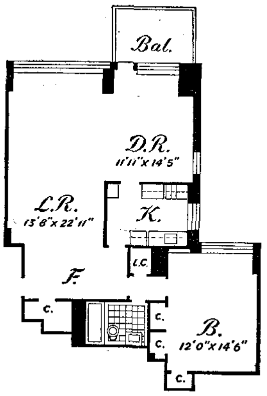

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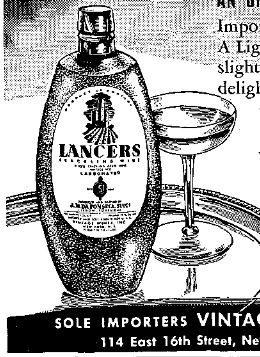

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## DEPT. OF FURTHER AMPLIFICATION

CLEVELAND, OHIO,
JANUARY 9, 1951

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

THE letter from Wesley S. Griswold in your issue of January 6th, about the robbing of Professor Ivan Petrovich Pavlov during his visit to this country in 1923 and the difficulties he encountered when he tried to obtain a British visa that would permit him to enter Great Britain to attend the International Physiological Congress at Edinburgh, to which he had been invited as a guest of honor, contains an inaccuracy that calls for correction. Mr. Griswold stated that Pavlov left the Majestic, on which he returned to Europe, at Cherbourg and implied that he did not attend the Congress. This is not the case.

As Mr. Griswold said, Pavlov and his son sailed on the Majestic on July 14th, having been refused visas at the British Consulate in New York because Great Britain had not then reëstablished diplomatic relations with the Russian government. Efforts were made by Pavlov's friends to have the consular decision overruled by the British Ambassador in Washington, but in the short time available they did not succeed. That Professor Pavlov, however, had faith that he would be permitted to enter Great Britain is shown by the fact that he and his son spent many hours on shipboard at the task of translating from the Russian, through German, into English an address he had prepared for the Edinburgh Congress. We, the undersigned, were bound for the Congress, and had the privilege of sharing this task. Pavlov's son spoke English well; the father would not essay to speak it, but that he knew the language well was many times shown by the discrimination with which he would choose, from a variety of English words or phrases suggested by us to express a certain meaning, the one most precisely accurate.

Midway across the Atlantic, one of us sent a radio message to Sir Walter Fletcher, at that time secretary of the Medical Research Council of Great Britain, saying that if something was not done about a visa for Pavlov, he would go to Paris and not to Edinburgh. The day before landing at Southampton, we got word that his entry had been arranged, and, on landing, the Pavlovs encountered not the slightest dif-

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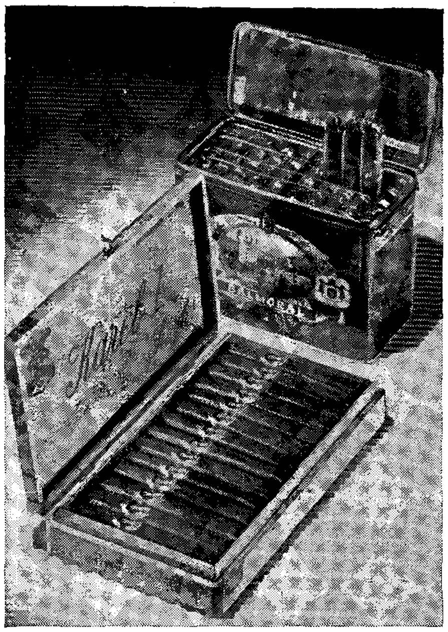

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ficulty. The four of us travelled to London in the same carriage on the following day, and at the appointed time Professor Pavlov stood before a huge audience in Edinburgh while his son read the address, the Professor following every word, now and then nodding his head vigorously and muttering, "*Da, da.*"

Mr. Griswold's criticism of the American newspapers for paying so little attention to Pavlov's visit to this country seems scarcely fair. Our recollection is that it was arranged by the Kellogg people of Battle Creek, primarily to enable Pavlov to visit his former pupil Boldyreff and the Kellogg Laboratories, of which Boldyreff had become director, and very few even of Pavlov's scientific colleagues here were aware of the visit.

Very truly yours,
A. N. Richards
J. T. Wearn

●

Gratefulness is expressed in the shading of a word or in the magnificent cathedral of silence.

A multitude of minutes, layered high in the bottom of the hour glass, have been quietly waiting since the successful ending of the TCT Annual Season Ticket Campaign. In each second of each minute now tingles the bright "Thank You" directed to the many businesses, patrons, citizens, city officials and TCT members who miracled a campaign into a chorus of city-wide cooperation. This belated bow to each of you is tardy only as it reached the press, not as it left my heart. With the bedlam of the campaign and the whirl of the season's first production now cradled snugly in a warm memory, there is time and space to say these things adequately.

Now! We give voice to the calm of that cathedral! Now! We crash the cymbals! Now! The pounding of the drums! The richochet of the fanfare! And as the simmering of the silence has steeped the brew of brotherhood, I would hold high this toast: "To you, Topeka! To the stature of your men, women and children who made themselves a part of TCT with the purchase of a ticket, an hour of labor, a kindly word. Out of their efforts TCT becomes a part of Topeka. This is as it should be!"

My great honor is to speak for the officers and members of the Topeka Civic Theatre in this note of appreciation. We who work with words strive for brevity. And . . .—*Program of the Topeka Civic Theatre.*

When?

●

### A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From "The Meeting of East and West," by F. S. C. Northrop*]

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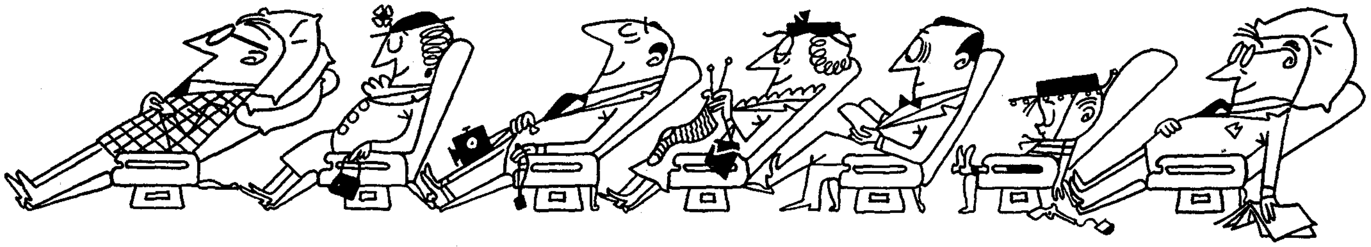

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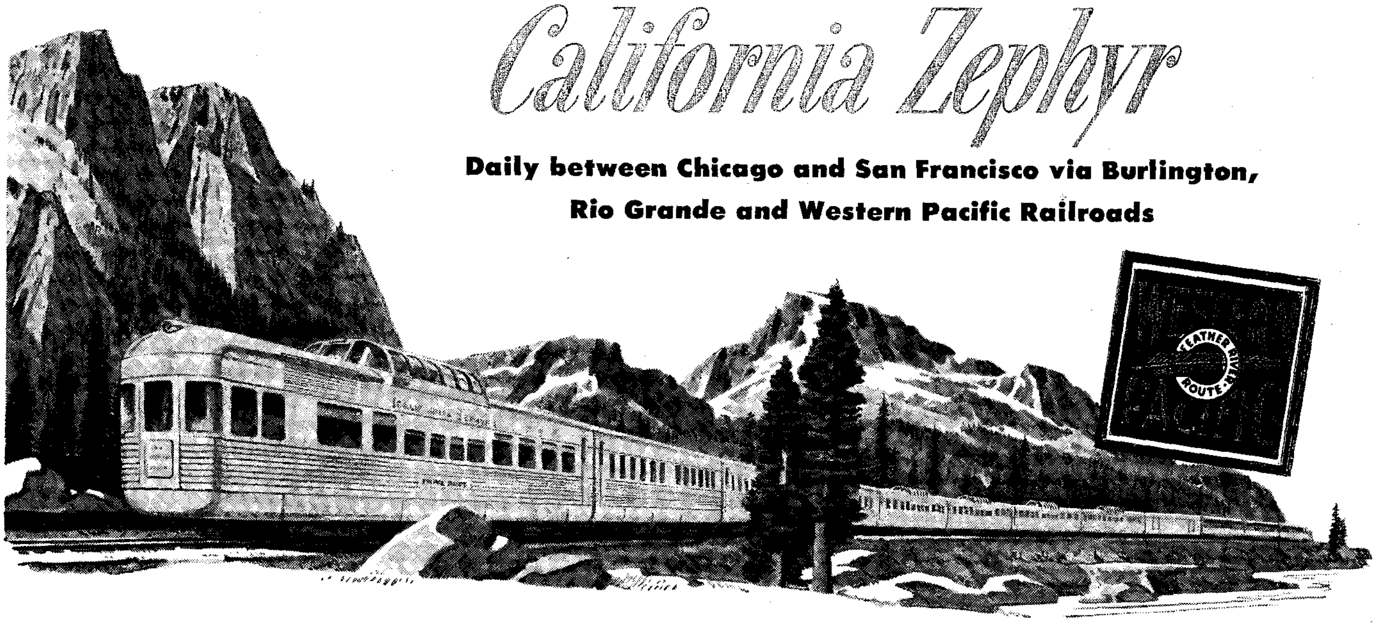

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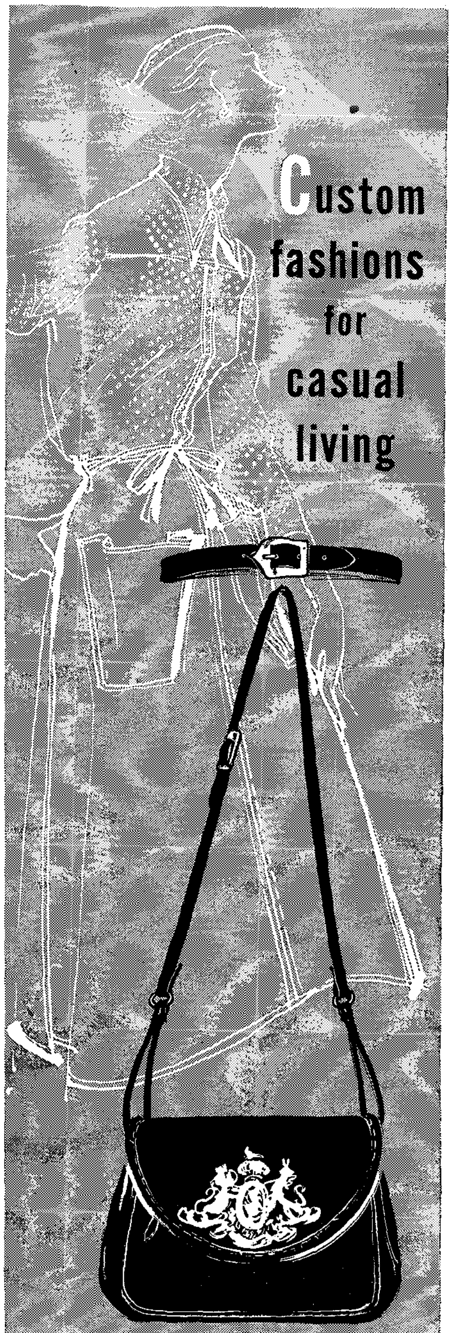
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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

### *Shadow Without Substance*

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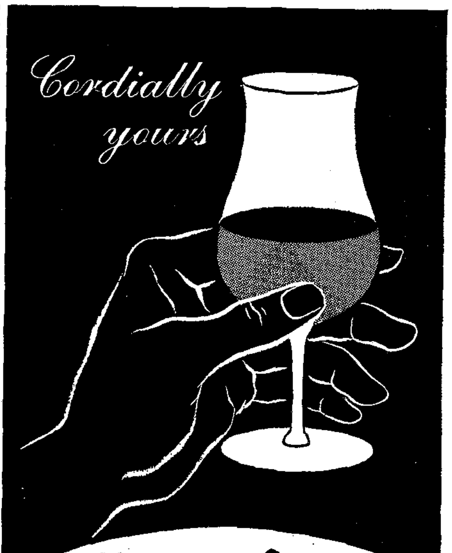
AT one point in "The Magnificent Yankee," which skims over the career of Oliver Wendell Holmes between 1902 and 1933, Louis Calhern, who plays the jurist, complains that his secretaries are beginning to regard him as Foxy Grandpa. But there is really no reason for him to be surprised at that. Throughout the picture he seems dead set on making Justice Holmes a lovable old codger, so full of chuckles and mischief and general euphoria that it is hard to believe he ever worried about any legal problems more serious than those usually handled by desk sergeants. It is true that Mr. Calhern does quiet down in the occasional scenes showing him in session with his brother justices, but the film plainly has little time for Holmes' forensic activities, most of it being devoted to revealing the Great Dissenter's whimsicalities, such as chasing fire engines, trespassing on lawns to pick flowers for his wife, and figuring out his theory of clear and present danger in relation to free speech by chatting with Justice Brandeis and a parrot at the Washington Zoo.

Much is made of Holmes' happy married life, and due notice is paid to the long succession of Harvard Law School graduates who served as factotums to the Justice. None of these young men is plausible, and neither is Ann Harding, who plays Holmes' gentle, understanding wife. It is the peculiar notion of Emmet Lavery, who wrote the script for this picture, as well as the play from which it is derived, that Henry Adams was a thin-lipped bore, whose pessimism looked silly in the face of Holmes' monumental optimism. Mr. Lavery, I'm afraid, hasn't done enough homework on the ideas of Henry Adams, and as for Ian Wolfe, who portrays him, his contribution to the film is a tasteless caricature. As Brandeis, Eduard Franz may not be tasteless but he certainly is colorless, making a mealy-mouthed character of a man whose impact upon the law of the land jarred it to the roots.

Despite these strictures, "The Magnificent Yankee" does once in a while come up with an episode that might divert you if you are in a particularly



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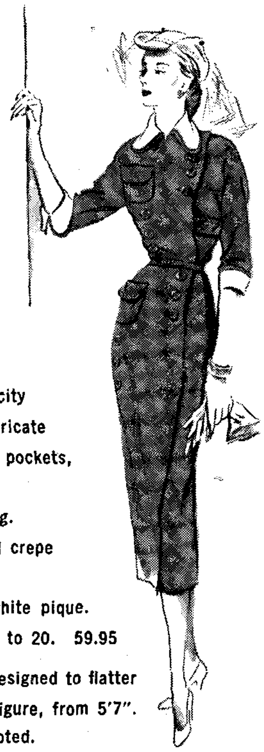

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sentimental mood. Mr. Calhern is appropriately tearful when all his secretaries join in celebrating what is supposed to be his eightieth birthday, and he gives the proper quaver to a reading from the Scriptures when Miss Harding announces from a sickbed that she is going to the Lord. Maybe now that the hearts and flowers are out of the way, somebody will get down to giving us Justice Holmes with a bit more concern for his real significance.

"OPERATION DISASTER," an English film, is a fine piece of nautical adventuring that depicts, with no preposterous heroics, some of the perils that confront the men who run British submarines. After a mild start, showing a submarine embarked on a fairly routine peacetime run, the picture suddenly goes into high gear when the craft is shattered by a mine left over from the Second World War. Only twelve of the vessel's crew survive, and after eight of them have escaped by using all the workable artificial lungs on hand, "Operation Disaster" gets down to detailing the manner in which a salvage outfit goes about raising the hulk. Alternating excellent shots of the rescue squad with scenes involving the four men trapped underseas, the picture generates a hell of a lot of excitement. In a cast that includes none but the best, Richard Attenborough is outstanding as a claustrophobe who has chosen submarine duty for the sake of the extra money, and John Mills is admirable as the ship's master.

"FACE TO THE WIND" is a pleasant French trifle that tells how a gang of Parisian urchins, faced with a summer vacation in the city, take to stealing dogs for ransom or rewards. Presently the little ones, who have been wondering how to dispose of the cash that comes rolling in, decide to spend it doing good around their neighborhood. The Robin Hood aspects of this one are pretty familiar, but the children are a likable bunch. Pierre Larquey and Jane Morlet are among the adults on hand.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

In another City Hall action, the City Council voted to boost the pay of the city planning commission chairman from $15,000 to $202,000—a move viewed widely as making the job more acceptable to Special Sessions Chief Justice John J. Bennett, to whom it has been offered.—*The Mirror.*

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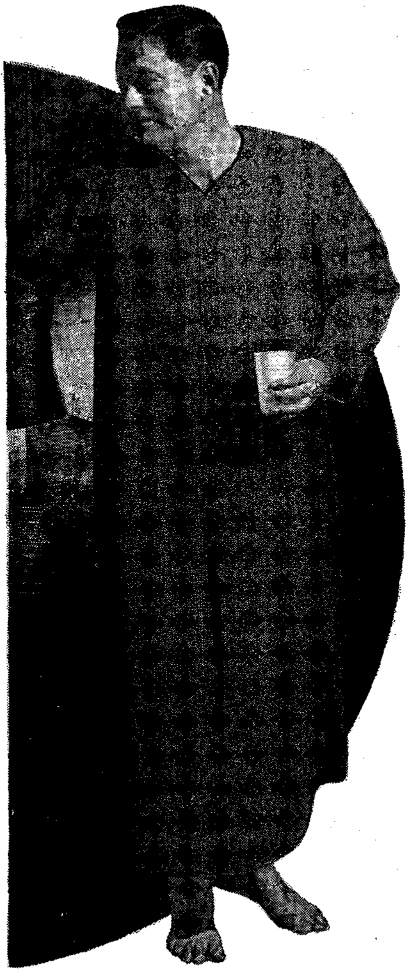

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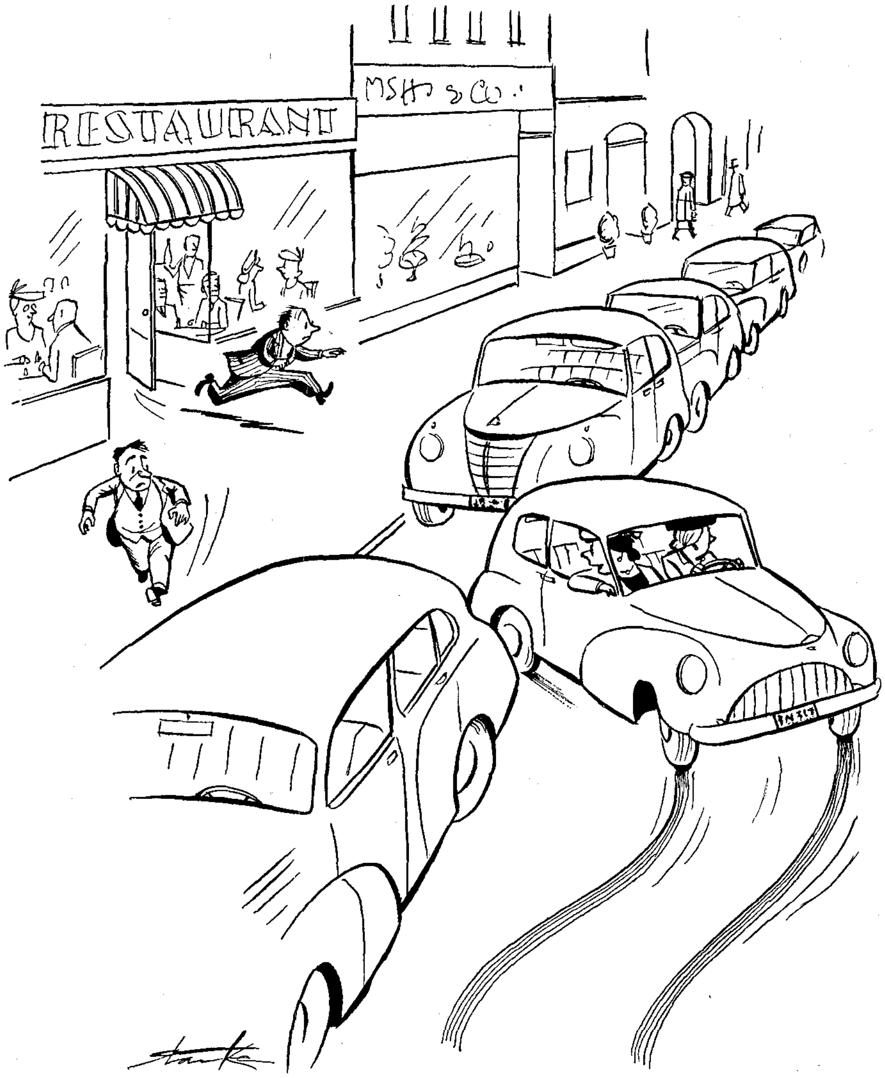
# LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

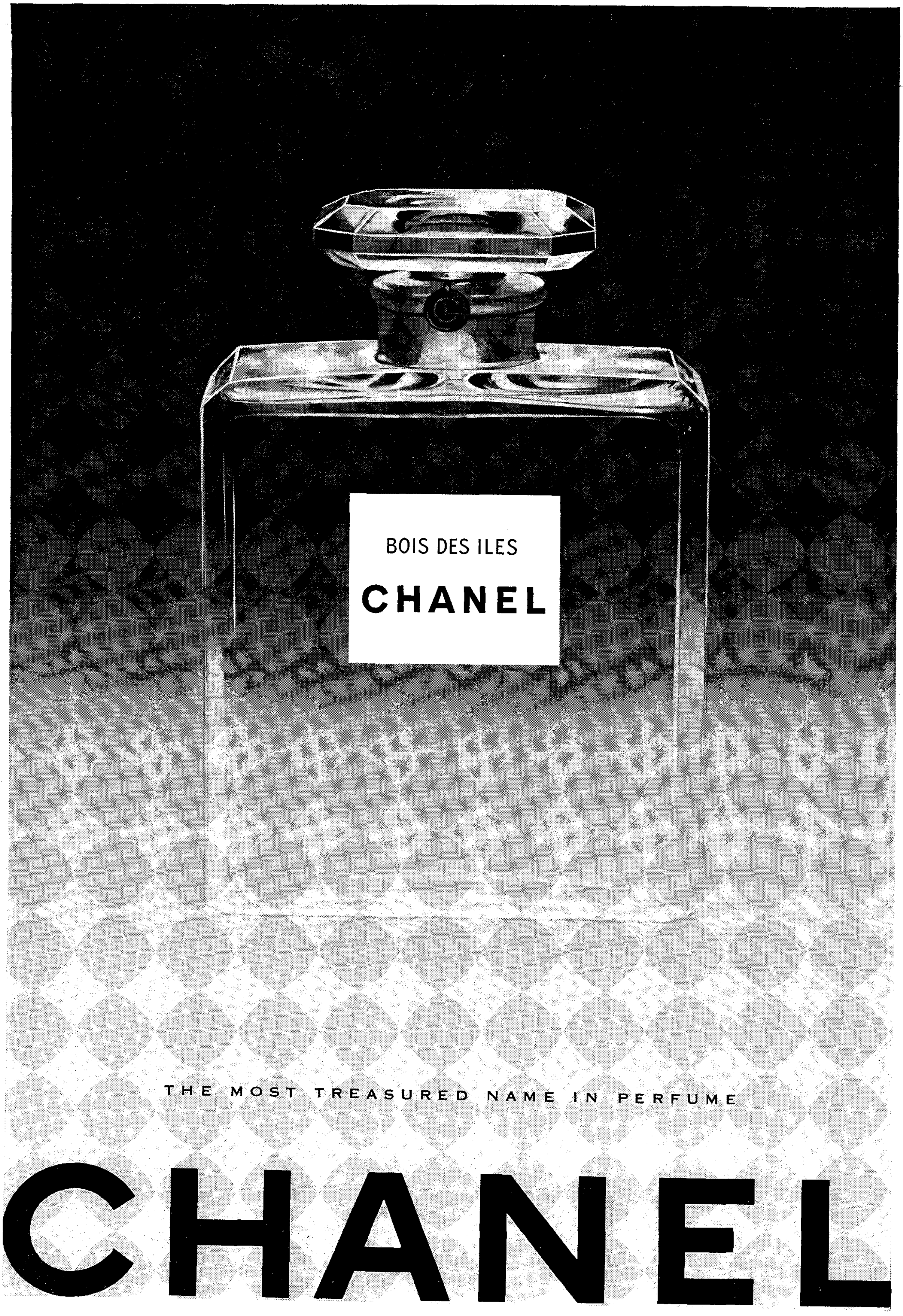
JANUARY 19

CUMULATIVELY, the changes that have taken place here in the last several weeks have been fully as great as those that accompany a change of administration. Everywhere there are new faces, new names, new agencies, new issues, and new sources of confusion. Indeed, one could almost say that there *is* a new administration. In Congress, the lengthening, broadening shadow of Senator Taft and the uncontested seizure of Democratic leadership by the Southerners have led to a change in mood and temper every bit as impressive as that which normally comes about when one party formally takes over control from another. This change is bound to have an effect on the character of the President's leadership, and although he has on occasion gone out of his way to state that this is not so, all the evidence suggests that he knows it is—that he is quite well aware of what a difficult position he is in. At the first press conference he held after delivering his State of the Union Message, he read some of the militant passages on social reform from the bold and confident Inaugural Address he delivered just two years ago this month; he said that he still stood behind both the letter and the spirit of that speech, and that the present crisis makes his civil-rights program and the repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act not less urgent but more so. No doubt this is the way he feels, but the very mention of a need to repeal the Taft-Hartley Act in 1951 struck most of those present as wildly anachronistic, and it did not pass without comment that Mr. Truman chose to bring the matter up before a gathering of journalists, not before the Eighty-second Congress. The only effect his fondling of phrases from the 1949 Inaugural had was to emphasize what a very different sort of document it was from the 1951 State of the Union Message, which aimed all its militant language at the Russians and in its handling of domestic matters was notable for its restraint, conciliation, and assuagement. In the very act of defending his earlier goals, the President merely confirmed most people in their belief that he has in fact abandoned them for the duration of a crisis that promises to extend well beyond his term of office, and that he has found it necessary to do this because of the jeopardy in which several elements of his foreign policy now stand.

The elements in jeopardy are, of course, the commitment of American troops to the North Atlantic Treaty countries, continued American support of the United Nations, and continued American non-support of Chiang Kai-shek's plans for the reconquest of China. As Senator Lodge pointed out last week in his thoughtful contribution to the debate, American foreign policy involves a great many questions besides these three. Actually, as he demonstrated, the distance between the extremes in the foreign-policy debate of 1950-51 is far less than the distance between the extremes was in that of 1940-41. Then there was a large body of opinion in favor of taking no action whatever against aggression; there were men in Congress who wished the government to arrive at a quick settlement with Hitler, and a settlement at least as favorable to him as to us. Today, Secretary Acheson and Senator Taft both proceed from the conviction that the Soviet Union and its satellites constitute a grave menace to our national security. Indeed, Senator Lodge was able to find sixteen foreign-policy issues on which all those who have spoken up so far seem to be in substantial agreement. Of the three questions on which most of the present argument turns, the question of troop commitments is the one being fought over most hotly at the moment, but it seems to be the best opinion of the few relatively detached observers one can still find here that it is the one on which the President is most likely to have his way. This belief is not based on the assumption that the President has the stronger Constitutional case; there are a number of people who hope that Taft loses the argument but feel nevertheless that some of his moral and legal arguments have a good deal of merit. Their feeling that he is pretty certain to lose is based on their inability to conceive that a majority of congressmen would choose to run the risk of disputing General Eisenhower, the man on whose recommendations the President pro-



*"Hold it, Emily. Someone seems to be pulling out."*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poses to act, on the question of what is militarily advisable for the defense of our national interests. Naturally, the congressmen would not be confronted with this problem at all if they had decided to narrow the concept of national interests to the meagre specifications advanced by Herbert Hoover and Joseph P. Kennedy, but no one thinks Congress is ready for a repudiation of the North Atlantic Treaty. On this premise, it is further held that most congressmen, regardless of what they think about any Constitutional questions that may be involved, will, on reflection, conclude that a strategy board made up of five hundred civilians might prove somewhat unwieldy in an emergency. And, unlike Senator Taft, who has seldom appeared to lack the courage of even the oddest of his convictions, most members of Congress would be eager to dodge service on such a board. By and large, American politicians have always been fairly well satisfied with our arrangements for separating military and political responsibility, and the majority of them today, in all likelihood, feel that they have quite enough on their hands as things are without making themselves directly answerable for the loss of battles and the length of casualty lists. The chances are, it is believed, that the President will find it necessary to compromise his position to the extent of agreeing to the proposal of Senators Douglas and Connally that Congress be asked to pass a resolution approving his and General Eisenhower's plans in their broadest outlines. This wouldn't be very much of a compromise, since all the President can really care about is retaining his freedom to act, and act promptly, on the recommendations of his advisers as to where troops should be committed and in what force.

THOSE who feel reasonably confident that Congress will confirm the President in his job as Commander-in-Chief are equally confident that it will make an effort to embarrass and, if possible, block the government's policies in the Far East and at Lake Success. From the day this Congress convened, these policies have been under an attack whose fury and bitterness it would be quite impossible to exaggerate. Still, what is extraordinary about the attack is less its fury and bitterness than the fact that most of the time it has met with no resistance from any congressional quarter. Elsewhere in Washington, of course, although there are few people who are able to find any bright spots in the way things have been going in Korea

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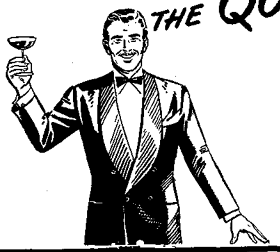

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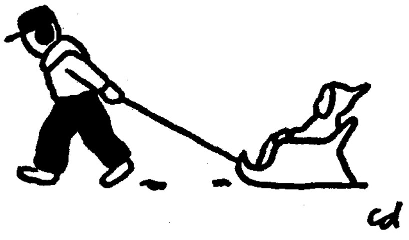
and at Lake Success, there are many who continue to think that there would be military disadvantages in teaming up with Chiang and that there would be diplomatic advantages in holding on to our United Nations seat. It is difficult to believe that these views have no adherents at all in the Senate or the House, but the fact remains that day after day goes by and not a single member of either body sees fit to put in a kind word for what still are, after all, official policies of the United States government. In this isolated and atypical community, no very good way exists for determining whether the senators and representatives who are jostling one another for the opportunity to befriend Chiang and damn the United Nations are reflecting the views of their constituents, but if they are, then it must be the feeling of millions of voters that the government is bullheadedly persisting in rejecting an ally that would win the Korean war for us and is involved on Long Island in making deals that merely aid the forces that in Washington it is requesting sixty-one billion dollars to resist. Even among some of those in Congress who have expressed opposition to the views on Europe held by Hoover, Kennedy, and Taft, there appears to be no doubt that the most valuable actions we could take right now would be to withdraw a platoon of beleaguered diplomats from the battleground at Lake Success and turn loose Chiang's Formosa army on the mainland. (Somebody here recently remarked that Chiang must be unique in history as a military man who retained the confidence of great statesmen—including Stalin, who kept backing him until 1945—after a long career in which he produced about ten defeats for every victory.) What certainly seems to be the prevailing view in Congress of the United Nations was pithily summed up on the Senate floor the other day by Senator Knowland, who was engaged in a colloquy with Senator Aiken:

> MR. AIKEN: Does the Senator see any future for the United Nations as an agency to maintain the peace of the world?
> MR. KNOWLAND: No.

The colloquy followed a speech in which Senator Knowland had vigorously dis-



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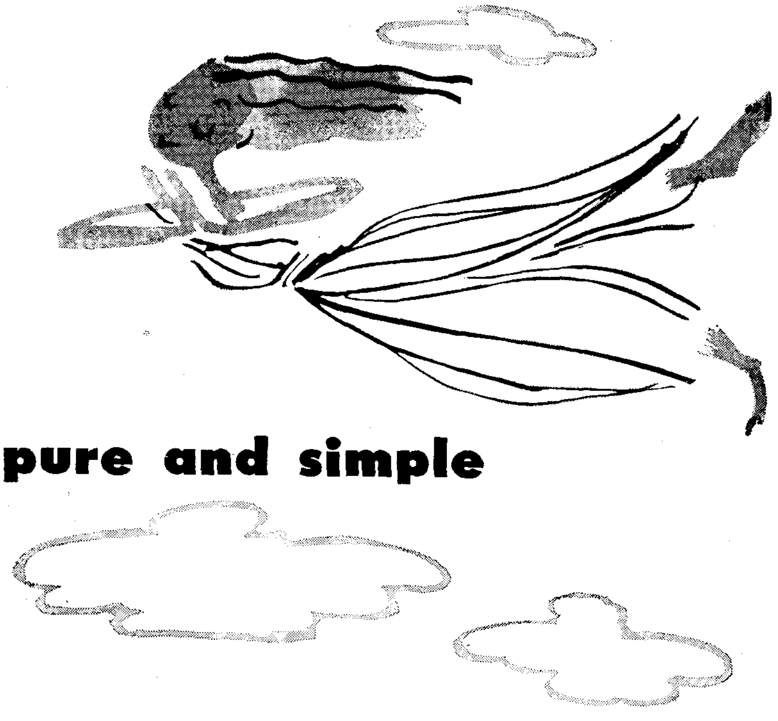

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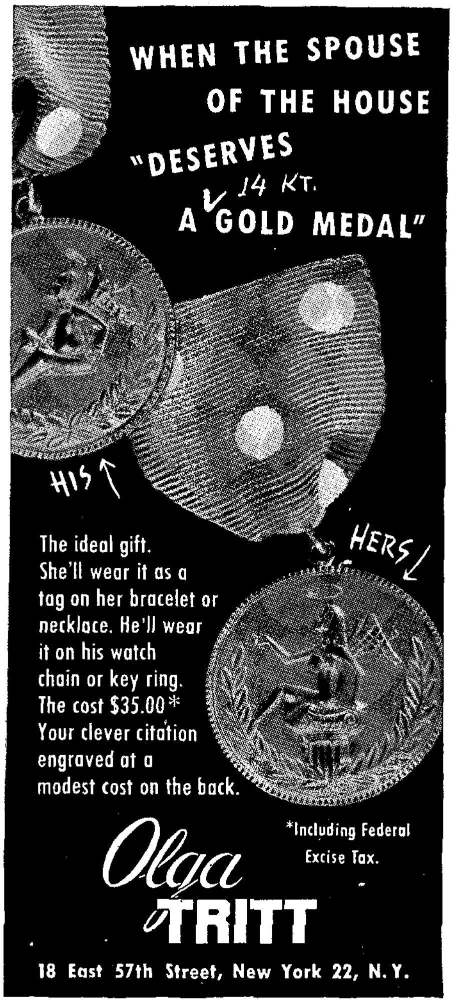
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sociated himself from Mr. Hoover on the issue of maintaining our North Atlantic Treaty alliances and from Senator Taft on the issue of the President's power to commit troops overseas. Senator Aiken, who has in the past supported most of the administration's foreign policies, expressed full agreement with Senator Knowland's terse comment on the United Nations.

It may be that one reason the administration is getting practically no support in Congress is that it is doing, in the opinion of many of its friends, an execrable job of explaining and defending itself. One of the most striking features of the situation here today is the open dissatisfaction shown by people who share nearly all of Mr. Truman's and Mr. Acheson's convictions. There is a widespread feeling that in the problem of troop commitments, for example, President Truman has brought most of his troubles on himself by unnecessarily provoking Congress into an assertion of its sovereignty. Every time he has discussed the subject, he has emphasized not his obligation or his willingness to listen to the advice of Congress but what he construes to be his Constitutional right to ignore that advice. At his much discussed press conference last week, several reporters tried in a number of ways to give him an opportunity to say that he not only would inform Congress of his intentions but would give a sympathetic hearing to the advice of congressional committees and would weigh their opinions carefully. Several of them felt that the President could pour a lot of oil on troubled waters by simply acknowledging the presence of a few well-informed men in Congress and the possibility that he could benefit by their experience and ideas. He could have made this acknowledgment at no cost whatever to the essential integrity of his position. But that day found the President in a state of irritability, and he would go no further than to say that if Senator Taft or anyone else on Capitol Hill wished an audience with him, he knew the way to the White House. It was after this press conference that the storm broke.

There is also considerable distress here as a result of the feeling that the President has fallen down badly on the job of keeping in touch with the public during the past weeks and offering it such explanations and reassurances as the circumstances permit. It is felt that in a period when one disaster follows so quickly on another, it would not be too much to expect of the President that he speak to the country every

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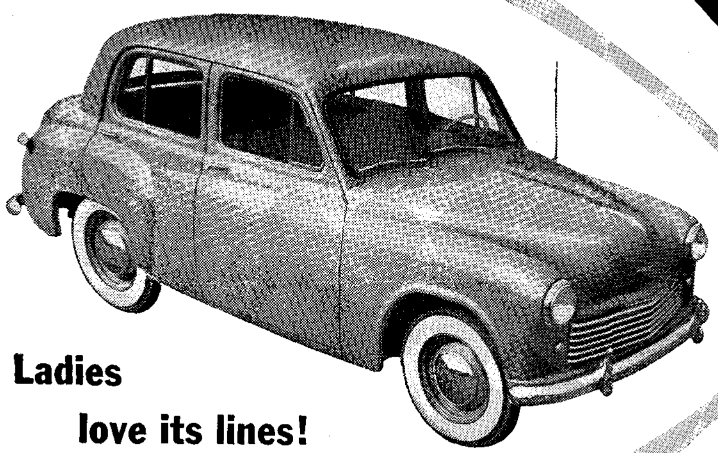
two weeks or so. But apart from his recent messages to Congress he has made only one major address on foreign policy since the Chinese intervention, ten weeks ago. His present critics, who include many of his old supporters, are of the opinion that he has been particularly negligent of his responsibility in not explaining the reasoning on which his diplomatic policy rests. It is hardly a self-evident policy, they say; it is founded on a complicated series of appraisals and assumptions, and to those who do not know what these are it can easily seem to be a policy of high folly. It is perfectly natural, these critics say, that people reading about our military misfortunes in Korea should be baffled by the government's refusal to accept the proffered assistance of a big army that is right in the neighborhood of the fighting. If, however, these people were to learn from someone in authority that perhaps as many as fifty per cent of the Chinese troops now killing Americans in Korea are former members of Chiang Kai-shek's armies, there might, it is believed, be some public appreciation of the fear of our military and diplomatic leaders—many of whom suspect that the reported impatience of the troops of Formosa to "invade" the mainland is based on their eagerness to get back to their homes or to join the victorious Communists—that an alliance with Chiang could turn out to be catastrophic. Perfect candor in these matters may be too much to expect, but it is felt here that the President should long ago have found some means of giving the public an insight into his reasoning.

Secretary Acheson is also being subjected to a certain amount of criticism by people who wish him well, but it is based on objections of a wholly different order. The fault found with Mr. Acheson is that while he has refused to reorganize his Department along the lines suggested by Senators McCarthy, Wherry, and Taft, he has been severely enough stung by their criticism to edge over to a middle ground, on which his enemies refuse to join him and on which his friends find it exceedingly difficult to do so. His response, for instance, to the recent Russian note on a Big Four conference satisfied few people aside from himself. To Senator McCarthy, the knowledge that the Secretary of State was still exchanging notes with the Russians about anything seemed enough to confirm his worst suspicions. To the Secretary's supporters, including some of his State Department col-



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leagues, the reasons he offered for rejecting negotiations seemed almost frivolous. To say, as in effect he did, that there was no point in carrying on negotiations now because it was obvious that the Russians didn't plan to enter into them in a friendly spirit of give and take was, they felt, not to give a sound reason for rejecting negotiations but to state, quite gratuitously, our reason for establishing an army of three and a half million men. Although our present policy is based on the theory that a settlement can be negotiated only when the West can lead from strength in arms, it includes—or so, at least, its supporters have always believed—the idea that negotiation must be undertaken periodically, in order, first, to test the soundness of the theory and, second, to reveal to the world that *we* stand ready to negotiate. It is of the second, according to most reports from Europe, that many millions of people are still unconvinced; if Mr. Acheson's policies are distrusted by many people here because they don't seem rigid enough, they are distrusted by far more people throughout the world because they seem too rigid.

SOME of the participants in the foreign-policy debate (among them Senator Lodge) have tried to restrain the extremists by pointing out that the Russians may be so set up by the spectacle of dissension here that they will speed whatever plans they now have for the incorporation of Western Europe into their orbit. Those men in the State and Defense Departments whose trying job it is to assess Russian plans for the benefit of American planners have no doubt that Moscow has been enjoying the spectacle hugely and that their opposite numbers in the Russian diplomatic and military agencies have been studying the possibilities for turning our internal differences to Russia's account. They doubt very much, though, whether what has happened here recently will make Russia any less reluctant to touch off a general war than they think she has been up to now. Although they are of the opinion, as they have been for the past three or four years, that there are certain prizes in the world for which Russia is perfectly willing to run a large risk of war, they are also still of the opinion that Stalin not only hopes to get most of what he wants without ever directing his own armies to take the offensive but believes that he can do so. In the light of what has been going on here lately, Stalin,

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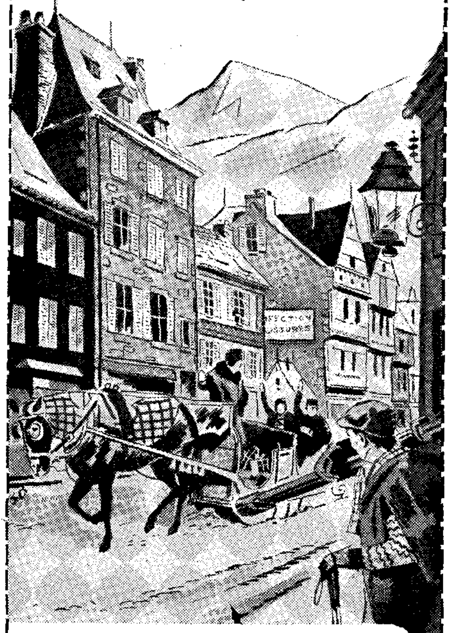

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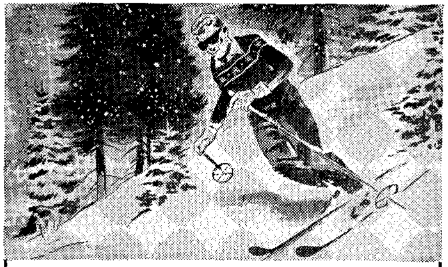

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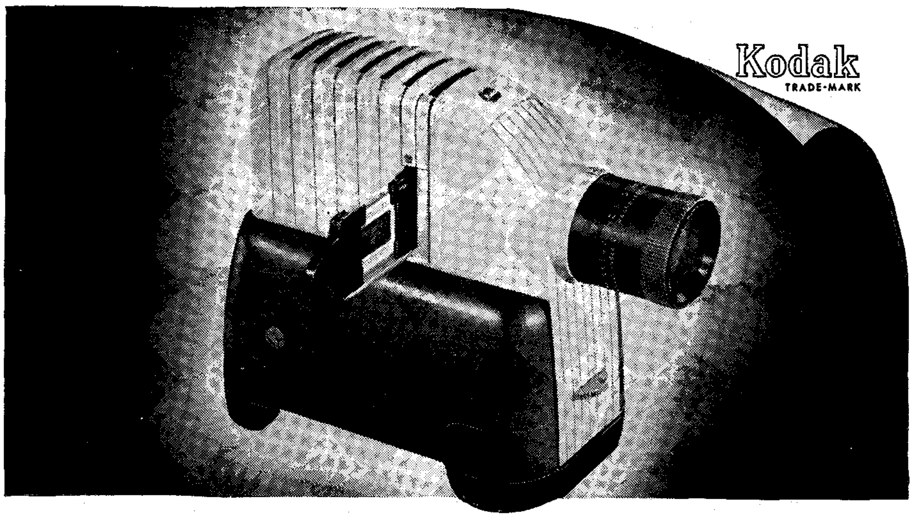
they feel, must be greatly strengthened in that belief. In fact, they think that not only what is happening here but what is happening almost everywhere else in the non-Communist world must appear to the Russian analysts to be a dazzling confirmation of the theory that their contribution to the destruction of their enemies will be small in relation to the contribution the enemies make themselves.

For a while last year, our experts believe, the Russians must have had reason to question this theory. It is still thought here that they were taken off guard by the United Nations action on Korea last June, and it is thought that for at least a short time some of them must have doubted the wisdom of an adventure that seemed to be ending in the loss of a satellite and the stimulation of American rearmament. Since the big-scale Chinese intervention, however, things have been going their way not only in the peninsula campaign but in their whole global strategy. In this large picture, the reconquest of Korea, if it is achieved, will yield perhaps the smallest gratification. It is believed that while Russia is pleased to see the Chinese giving us so much trouble and hopes they will continue to do so for a long time, she is not altogether satisfied with the progress of events in Korea. She would, it is thought, much prefer to see China engaging us in China, because, for one thing, that would provide greater opportunities for sapping our strength, and, for another, it would avert the possibility of the Koreans' coming to regard themselves as satellites of China rather than of Russia. But the measurable effects in other quarters of the world of the Chinese intervention have been, almost without exception, to Moscow's benefit. That intervention has divided the United Nations and confronted its member countries with the hardest test of their convictions they have yet had to face. It has opened up the enchanting possibility of the United States' withdrawing from the organization. It has weakened—temporarily, at least—the North Atlantic Treaty Organization by strengthening the neutralists and exhilarating the Communists throughout Europe. In this country, it has whipped up sentiment not only for increasing our commitments in Asia and cutting back commitments in Europe but also for having no commitments anywhere—for withdrawing from both continents.

It is a glum prospect that is seen here, and it would be considered a desperate



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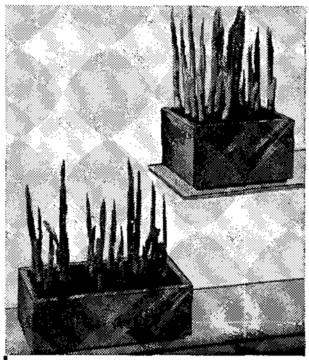

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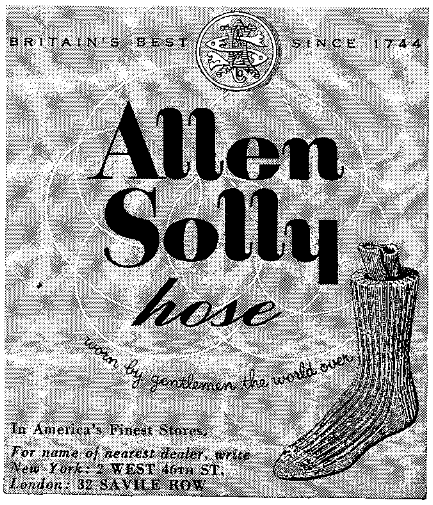

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one if it were not still felt that time, provided there is enough of it, will favor us. As a result of recent developments, time seems to be about the only thing we can reasonably hope for. War is always more likely when Russia is losing diplomatic contests than when she is winning them. If we are able to patch up our alliances and complete any substantial part of our rearmament program while Moscow is still impressed with its own progress, then we may, it is thought here, find that Russia's reluctance to undertake general war has increased and that she may even be less bold than formerly in exposing herself to the risk of war by egging on the satellites. Our experts are unshaken in their belief that Russia has reached or will soon reach the peak of her military strength and that her capacity for expansion is far less than ours. She appears to have already reached the peak of her political strength in the satellite countries, and she is beginning, according to reports here, to have very much the same kind of trouble with her satellites that we are having with the countries Russia describes as our satellites. There is more than a little evidence that Russia's puppets are no happier about the prospect of fighting Russia's battles than some European countries are about the recommendation made by certain Americans that in the event of war they supply all the manpower. The Communist world may be pleased by the way the Chinese have come to the aid of their North Korean comrades, but the idea of having their countries laid waste as Korea has been is not one that the Bulgarians, the Rumanians, or the Poles—to say nothing, of course, of the Russians themselves—find appetizing. The hope here is that the growth of American power will make it less and less so.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

> Rhonda Fleming, who is young red-headed and beautiful, has a clause in her "Little Egypt" contract that she is not to be disturbed between takes on the set. And no interviews in her lunch hour. She wants to rest at that time.
> you're old.
> —*Sheilah Graham in the Hollywood Citizen-News.*

"You're old, Sister Fleming," the typo remarked,
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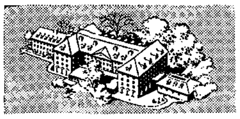

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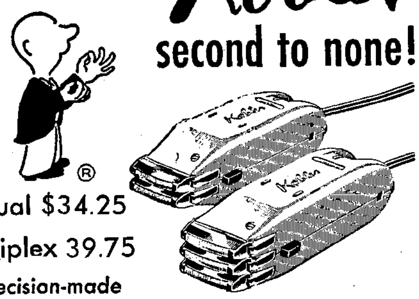

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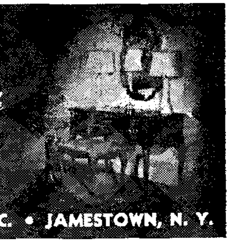

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

### *A Shot in Both Arms*

ONE night last week, the Metropolitan Opera became a lively modern theatre, for the first time in my experience, when striking new productions of those old campaigners "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" provided the evening's entertainment. The Double Bill, as this operatic staple is familiarly known (it's also called Cav and Pag, and Ham and Eggs), is a favorite almost everywhere it is presented, and it usually gets by with very little in the way of production. For this reason, the two operas have become, over the years, a raffish pair with somewhat slovenly associations. Certainly I can't recall another time when they have lent such distinction to an opera house or when they have aroused such violent opinions. (They were not unanimously acclaimed successes in their new guise.) Whether the fans, old and new, will take the new productions to their hearts, only repeated performances—that is to say, time—can tell. The Met is, of course, a repository of old operas—a museum, as some of the advocates of federal or state aid for the institution have pointed out—so it may be a little embarrassing in some circles to see it erupt into a living, creative theatre this way.

Actually, only the backgrounds and the traditional staging have been altered in the new Double Bill. The works are still sung in Italian, and as impassionedly as of old, and there is the same bold and lovely music sweeping the same simple, tragic stories along. But the operas, which had become as shopworn and dulled as last month's popular song, losing impact and even meaning for many of us, now have forcefulness and immediacy. The more radical of the new productions is that accorded "Pagliacci," and it is also the more brilliant. Briskly turning aside from the literal scenic representation of former productions, Max Leavitt, the director, and Horace Armistead, the scenic designer, have worked together to point up the particular climate of the opera, that cloudy area between make-believe and reality. The result is an added eeriness, and I, for one, enjoyed it thorough-

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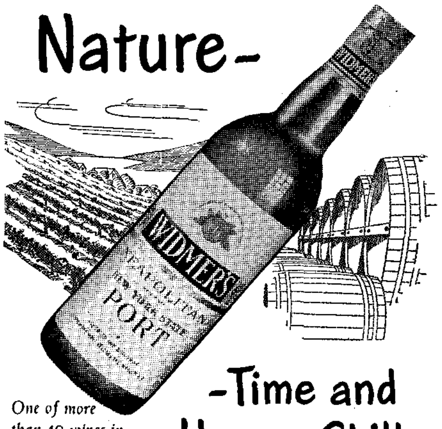
ly. Much of the action is stylized, particularly the attitudinizing of Nedda, the central figure, who has become more fascinating, more evil, more foolish, and more touching than ever before. A pretty toy, she has no real life of her own until, just before she is stabbed to death, fear possesses her. I don't know how a less handsomely endowed or less graceful female would fit into the fancy new pattern Mr. Leavitt has devised for the character of Nedda, but Delia Rigal, who had the part the night I was there, was entrancing. Leonard Warren, as Tonio, and Frank Guarrera, who played Silvio, were also effective. Ramon Vinay, the Canio, was the only weak link, showing little spirit in either his singing or his acting.

Mr. Armistead's sets are the wonders of this new "Pagliacci." A central platform, like a prize ring without ropes, is the main playing space. From it, rather than from in front of the curtain, Tonio delivers the prologue, his figure picked out by a strong white beam of light from an overhead lamp. When this lamp is hoisted out of sight and the full stage lights come on, fragments suggesting tall, new red brick structures, broken and airy, are seen. At the back are a long, low piece of scenery with an autumnlike landscape painted on it, and a large, high "flat" depicting a big, bare, torn tree, wintry in aspect. During the course of the opera, Tonio, making an entrance, pushes on, part way, a small piece of summery scenery, a painting, on canvas, of a lush green tree. Attached to the canvas is a grassy resting place, and a little later on, when Tonio has left the scene, Nedda and her lover, Silvio, find this spot and sit on it during a long, lazy embrace. Then, much later, the platform, on which Nedda has rejected and whipped Tonio and has resisted her husband, Canio, becomes, of course, the scene of the play-within-a-play and of the terrible expansion of the make-believe into reality and murder.

No such extremes have been gone to in the mounting of "Cavalleria Rusticana." The Sicilian-village setting, with its church, has simply been enlarged to include a cheap little restaurant, a barbershop, and an upward-winding path that has a number of playing levels. Several new bits of business have been introduced—a mule cart, a bicyclist, and a man selling colored balloons. The predominant hue of the village is a soft earth color, and the people are all obviously living in the present. The peasant costumes probably haven't changed too much since Mascagni's



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time, but now Turiddu, looking a trifle rumpled and sweaty, sports a light-gray suit, gray suède shoes, and a scarlet necktie. Like Silvio in the companion piece, he runs around with somebody else's wife and is killed for it. The story moves swiftly and powerfully in the new Armistead setting, and with Hans Busch's new staging. The other evening, the tremendous singing by Richard Tucker, as Turiddu, and Zinka Milanov, returning to the Met in the role of the wayward Santuzza, was often electrifying. Mme. Milanov has a big, beautiful voice but one that has in the past been known to deviate; this time, however, it was true as an arrow. Tucker put everything he has, and it is considerable, into his strong tenor. Alberto Erede conducted both works with excellent precision and the chorus singing was magnificent. Who could ask for anything more?

Bruno Walter, whose turn it is to assume leadership of the Philharmonic-Symphony for a while, began a four-part Brahms cycle last week at Carnegie Hall. The cycle started off fine, the veteran conductor's gentle but firm hand bringing out the best in each of the three works played. The program opened with the "Tragic Overture," continued with the D-Major Violin Concerto, and, after the intermission, went on to the First Symphony. The music was noble—loosely, rather than rigidly, contained—and warmly evocative. Zino Francescatti was the soloist in the concerto and did a superb job. One of our better violinists, he played impeccably and, at the same time, with a caressing quality, showing a subservience to the music that makes him a perfect spokesman for Brahms.

—Douglas Watt

•

Miss Rustin had accused Lewis, a student at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, of striking her in the face and seizing her by the throat.

Her attorney said:

"My client did very strongly feel that Mr. Lewis acted in a brutal and ungentlemanly manner, but she now realizes that his conduct was perhaps due to a considerable extent to the fact that he dined rather well."—*The Journal-American.*

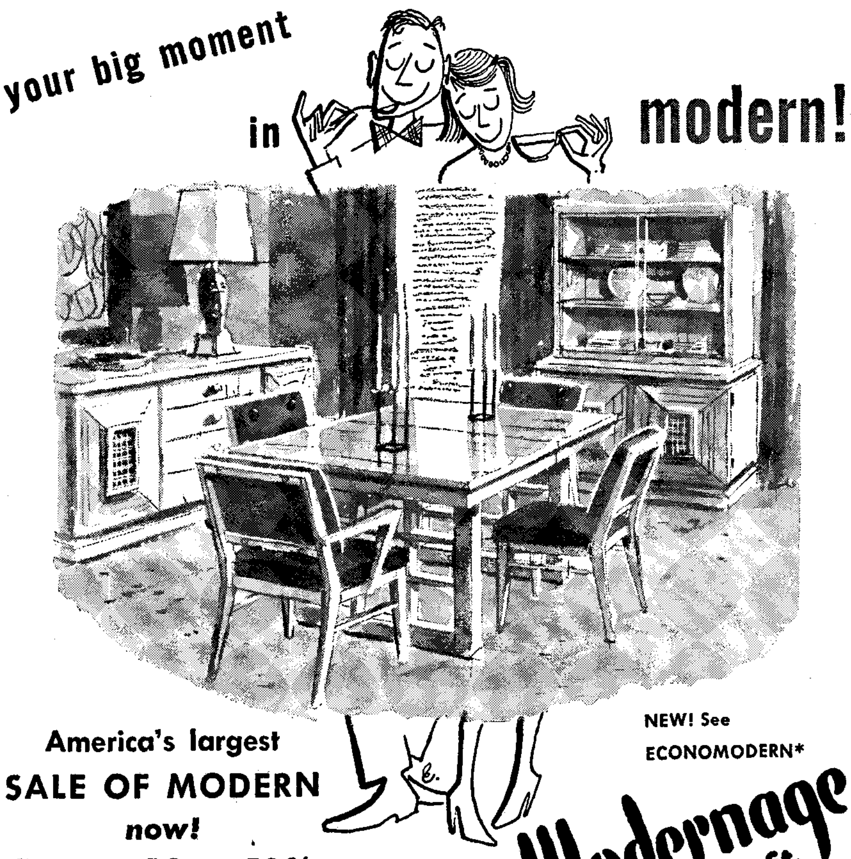
If not wisely.

•

### BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

"Oh, yes," Sen. Wherry said, "he is shadow-boxing now, after the horse is gone out of the barn . . ."



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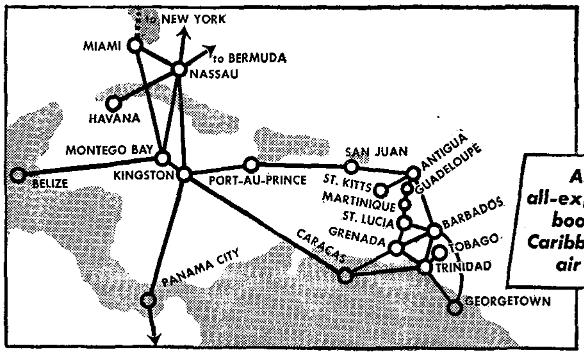

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# THE RACE TRACK

## *Old Reliable*

THE special items at Hialeah last week included the Inaugural Handicap, run off in two sections, and the Royal Palm Handicap, which was won by Three Rings. For some time now, Three Rings has been winning the Royal Palm, with a persistence that must be maddening to the owners and trainers of other horses in Florida. Maybe his performance last weekend wasn't quite his best (last year he beat Armed and Renown II, and in 1949 he led First Nighter and Faultless home), but it was first-rate, for he gave ten pounds to Yankee Hill, who was second, and twenty to Alphabetical, who was third. Three Rings isn't what you'd call a one-race horse; in three seasons he has raced sixty-one times and come in first twenty-three times. His next engagement will be in the McLennan Handicap on February 10th, and a fortnight later he'll run for the Widener, the big plum of the meeting. According to advices from Miami, the old fellow—he's six, and getting on—was never better. The only thing Willie Knapp, his trainer, is worrying about is rain. Three Rings won't try on a muddy track.

I've never checked up on exactly how many Inaugural Handicaps are run every season, for most of them aren't important enough to be listed in *The American Racing Manual*, but I venture to guess there are dozens. After all, the obvious thing to call the main event on the opening day of a race meeting is the Inaugural Handicap, rather than, say, the Red Front Chain Drugstore Claiming Handicap. Hialeah's Inaugural, however, is one of the older fixtures with this tag; it goes back to 1929, as a matter of fact. This year, there were a great many entries and the track wasn't wide enough for all the runners to start away together, so, as is customary in such circumstances, the race was split, and fields for each section were drawn by lot. The first section was won easily by All at Once, who, you may remember, brought off a 25–1 chance in the Empire City Handicap at Jamaica last November; Circus Clown was second and Mount Marcy third. In

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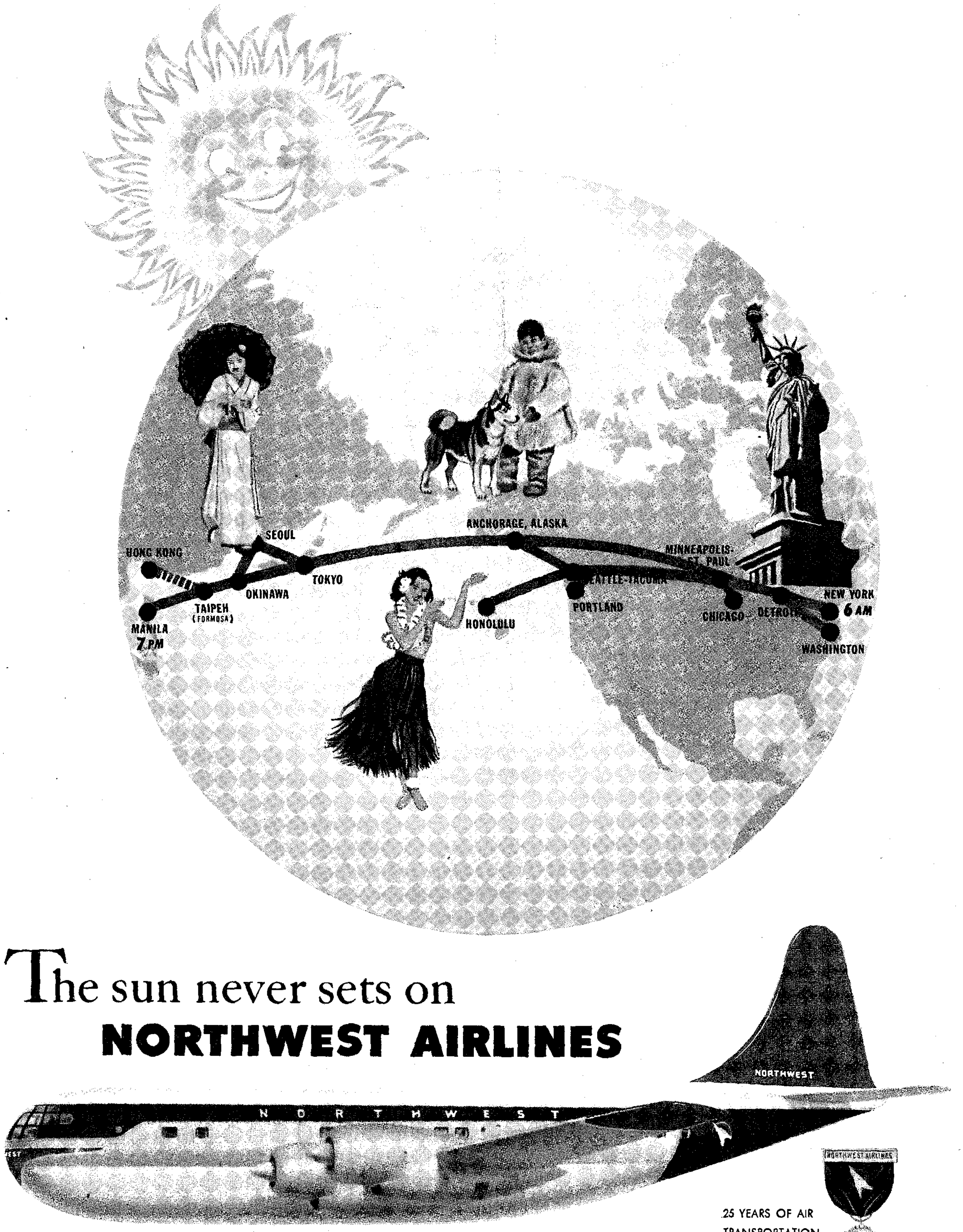
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the second division, Valpam, like All at Once, led all the way; he beat Delegate, twice a winner of the Inaugural, and Nell K., one of our livelier mares. Apparently, the track at Hialeah is faster than ever; All at Once was timed at 1:10⅖ and Valpam only a fifth of a second slower—nice going for six furlongs on any course. By the way, I propose Valpam as a name that is easy to dislike. It's a pretty unimaginative combination of Valdina Orphan, the colt's sire, and Pamela C., his dam, but I don't suppose it matters much one way or the other.

IN a spirit of perversity in keeping with the general attitude of her sex, Next Move, who everybody thought was a sure thing, finished fourth—lengths behind Special Touch, Bewitch, and Bed o' Roses, who came home in that order—in the Santa Margarita Handicap at Santa Anita last Saturday. Though almost everybody blamed the handicapper, because Next Move carried a hundred and thirty pounds, giving sixteen to Special Touch and eight to Bewitch, a few horseplayers with long memories recalled how one afternoon at Aqueduct last summer she finished down the course merely because she didn't choose to run. She's like that sometimes. Nevertheless, the Santa Margarita must have been a good show. Next Move and Bed o' Roses, the Vanderbilt pair; Bewitch and Wistful, Calumet's entry; and Special Touch, who is California's pet, would put on a good show anywhere. There usually is, curiously, a surprise of some sort in the Santa Margarita. The last one I saw, in 1946, was a little dandy. Louis B. Mayer started three horses—Honeymoon, the Next Move of those days; Whirlabout; and Be Faithful—and the entry was 1–5, or some such foolish odds. And there was no show betting. Well, if you look it up, you'll find that an outsider named Canina finished first; Happy Issue, another long shot nobody had given a thought to, was second; and Be Faithful was third. All the newsreel men, plus a special crew of photographers from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and most of the stars of the silver screen spent what was left of the afternoon making confetti out of mutuel tickets.
—AUDAX MINOR

•

I asked Jimmy Stewart's wife what her greatest thrill in England was. "Paris!" said she. "Jimmy and I had four days there." She had never been abroad before.
—*The News.*

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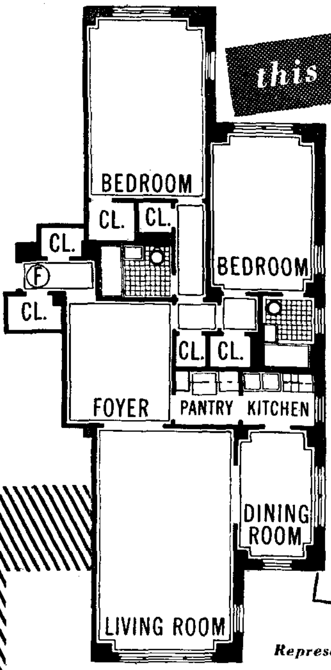

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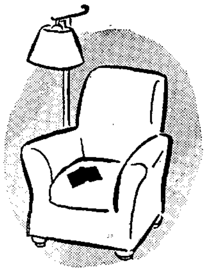
# BOOKS

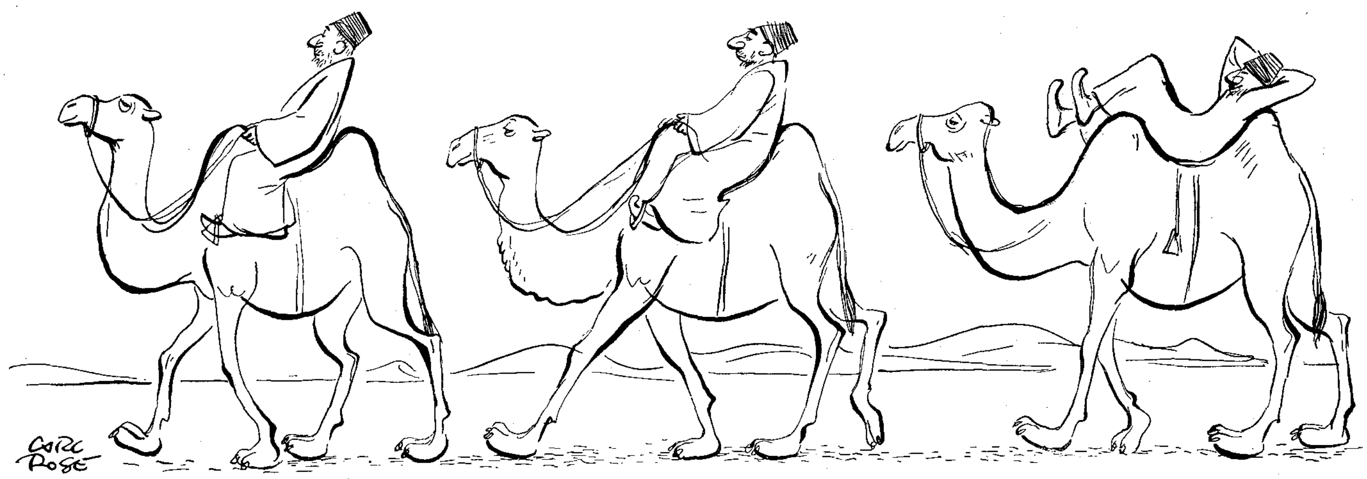
## *Three Novels*

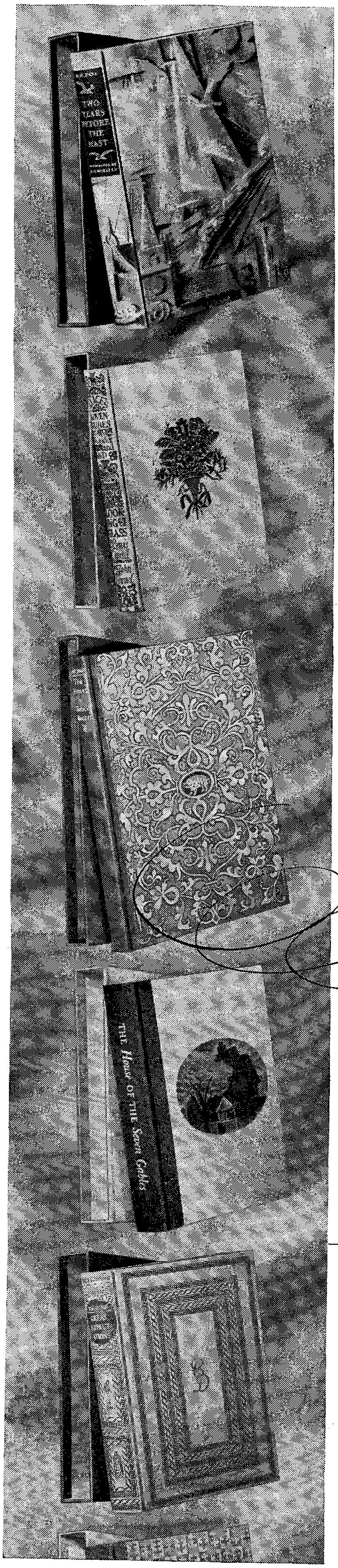


INSOFAR as "The Loved and Envied," a new novel by Enid Bagnold (Doubleday), is about people and emotions, it is a very good book. Most people who know Miss Bagnold as a writer do so through "National Velvet," an agreeable middle-brow comedy about a horse-loving girl who manages to win the Grand National, the toughest steeplechase on the English racing calendar, riding her own horse—a gift horse, at that. Thousands were satisfied with what Miss Bagnold gave them on that occasion, and if they noticed the murmur of complaint from the few critics who thought the book a great waste of her talents, they presumably put it down to the usual envious carping of the highbrow at the commercially successful book. Those critics were thinking about an earlier novel, "Serena Blandish," her second, an extraordinarily exact, lucid, and, in a wholly feminine way, strong account of the experiences that turn a girl into a woman. It was a brilliant start, which promised at least an English Colette. What followed, however, was a long silence, broken, finally, by an agreeable middle-brow comedy. (About her next novel, "The Door of Life," which was concerned largely with the glories of motherhood and the maternal instinct, the less said the better; it might have been written by a man.) But now, after more than twenty-five years, Miss Bagnold has abruptly turned back to the line of development she began with "Serena Blandish" and has to a considerable extent fulfilled its promise.

What "The Loved and Envied" does, and does extremely well, is create an atmosphere of maturity. Since the triumph of the literary movement—or, to be more accurate, drift—initiated by Hemingway, which is devoted to celebrating the dumb ox above all other kinds of men, the focus of writing has been more and more on violent death and perpetual adolescence. The average novel treats the crisis through which people pass on their way to maturity as a matter of the final solution of problems of relationship. When characters over forty appear at all, they repeat, without any gain in experience, fundamentally adolescent situations. A recent case in point is offered by "The Disenchanted," whose hero is supposed to be the mature Scott Fitzgerald, the man who had written "The Great Gatsby" and was writing "The Last Tycoon." At the close of the novel, the pseudo Fitzgerald sums up his life's experience—with what? The piece of wisdom that rounds out Chapter 4 of Sir James Barrie's "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens": There is no second chance. As Peter Pan was pushing ten days at the time, there was a certain precociousness in his discovery, but it seems likely, on the face of it, that Fitzgerald had learned rather more than that. The great virtue of Miss Bagnold's book is that it is a clear break away from this sort of inanity. Most of her characters are between fifty and sixty. They have behind them experience appropriate to their age, which has taken them beyond a fumbling confusion about sex, and they have digested that experience into ideas about living that have some richness. The main business of the book is the discovery of the emotional poverty of a woman in her fifties who has lived so entirely to herself that love has died around her without touching her, and its contrast to the emotional wealth that love of one kind or another has brought to the people in her circle of acquaintance. There is an imaginative abundance in the number of complete lives, and in the variety of situations, that have been brought into the story, but what is truly impressive is the manner in which the relationships are shown in development, from uncertainty to certainty, from passionate urgency to friendship and constancy, and away from it to estrangement. There is a description of the loss of emotional contact between a woman and her parents that amounts to a tour de force; it is done, with a beautiful economy, in terms of a slow ebbing of intensity that shows up the ordinary *Sturm-und-Drang* account of the process, done in terms of adolescent rebellion, for the crude personal fantasy it usually is. The economy is accompanied by grace and wit, so that although mortuary thoughts are never very far off, there is no feeling about the book of gloomy snuffling around the doors of the charnel house.

These merits are substantial, but it has to be said that "The Loved and Envied" has one major defect. Like so many British writers, Miss Bagnold dearly loves a lord. A sour whiff of snobbery comes from her pages, not quite so strong as the rank puff from Evelyn Waugh's work but just about equal to that emitted by Trollope's. Miss Bagnold's Italo-Anglo-French aristocracy is transparently and tediously fraudulent; characters whose psychological and physical construction is as convincing as it could conceivably be are knocked clear into dreamland by





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the pretense that they are vicomtes, dukes, and so forth. A critical study might be written about the inner compulsion that has led so many English middle-class intellectuals to concoct these lackeyish fantasies about the aristocracy right through the rise, supremacy, and decline of their own class.

"The Young May Moon" (Knopf) is a remarkable—and somewhat sinister—performance by P. H. Newby, a young man who is, I think, by a long way the most gifted English writer to appear since the beginning of the Second World War. He is an acute critic, with a very wide knowledge of European literature, and he has spent much of his adult life outside England, putting in one stretch as a lecturer at Fuad I University, in Cairo. There is nothing provincial in either his critical opinions or his experience. There was nothing provincial in his early books. Certainly there was no hint of narrowness in his "A Journey to the Interior," a beautifully designed and written book with a largeness about its ideas that made it one of the outstanding novels of the past ten years. "The Young May Moon," on the other hand, has a limited range. It is the story of a misunderstanding between fifteen-year-old Philip Rice and his father, Alec, that follows the death of Philip's stepmother. Philip doesn't know she was his stepmother; he thinks she was his real mother, and he is hurt when Alec seems relieved at her death. Alec packs the boy off to become an apprentice baker at an uncle's bakery in Wales, throws up his job driving a truck for a flour mill, and takes off on a tepid adventure involving a barmaid named Doll. (He doesn't quite get entangled with Doll.) Philip finds out that his stepmother wasn't his real mother. Everything comes out all right.

This seems to be an inadequate foundation for a full-length novel, and there is, indeed, something so humdrum about the whole thing that it is likely to leave the reader faint with indifference. It is bewildering that a major writer should have been able to give his mind to it for any length of time. Give his mind to it Newby undoubtedly did, however, and it is unlikely that another book technically so well written will appear this year. It is unlikely, too, that any other writer will succeed in wringing so much lyrical beauty out of descriptions of the ordinary. D. H. Lawrence had this same gift for wringing beauty out of descriptions of people

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doing such things as washing dishes in a farm sink, making bread, or walking down a road at night to catch a bus. But where Lawrence was warm, rich, and alive, wholeheartedly a partisan, Newby is still, cold, and detached, very much the spectator. This book, with its suggestion of exhaustion and resignation to the petty, is disturbing as the latest work of the only English writer with anything approaching genius to be produced by his generation so far.

A Fellow-Critic has described the Conboys, who play a leading part in Jessamyn West's new novel, "The Witch Diggers" (Harcourt, Brace), as "that extraordinarily high-spirited family." The phrase seems mild when, in the crucial scene in the book, Cate Conboy watches her prankish brother Dandie castrating an overly lecherous neighbor, with the assistance of an approving mob. Cate's twelve-year-old sister Em causes a stir on another occasion. She decides that it is too bad that an elderly voyeur confined at the Indiana Poor Farm supervised by Daddy Conboy never gets to see anybody, and stages the best little show she can for him. It is this dear girl's fancy to keep her diary and her more personal oddments in a baby's satin-lined coffin. This was ordered for a by-blow born to one of the inmates of the Poor Farm, but not used, because Daddy Conboy favors plain coffins he clobbers up himself when it comes to laying any of his paupers to rest. The baby's funeral is the big comic scene in the book. It is interrupted by the appearance of one of the feeble-minded boarders in his underwear. It seems that some practical joker in the bunch persuaded him that turpentine was a suitable salve for his V.D. His comical antics have everyone at the burying in stitches. Always something going on up to the Poor Farm. When Cate Conboy, the heroine, has safely married the wrong man, the hero is burned to death in a fire that razes the Poor Farm barn. As he runs in to rescue the animals, the roof falls in. The last image in the book is of two screaming horses, one of them with its mane on fire, bolting into the Indiana night.

The same critic who found the Conboys high-spirited compared the railroad journey with which this story begins to the journey that opens Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street." But it's pretty clear that this line won't ever get anywhere near Sauk Centre. Its single

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track winds off into the Brontë country, quite a distance from the Middle West, and ends up at the Castle of Otranto. This is, in short, a Gothic novel, an affair of night terrors, wild, spooky poetry, and overblown emotions. As such, it is very good fun, in its macabre way. —ANTHONY WEST

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

RIVER OF THE SUN, by James Ramsey Ullman (Lippincott). A story of some people who are trying to get through the jungle of the Amazon Valley. Mr. Ullman is as much concerned with probing his characters' minds as they are with probing the jungle, so the days pass very slowly. The writing depends for effect on an almost complete lack of expression, which slows the pace of the expedition practically to a standstill and robs it of the excitement that might have been given it by the frequent acts of violence and decision en route. The Book-of-the-Month Club selection for January.

THE CHINA RUN, by Neil Paterson (Random House). A collection of tales about more or less flamboyant people—prizefighters, bullfighters, circus performers, actresses, sailors—told in a loose, ironic tone that sometimes becomes a bit too relaxed to be readable. The longest story, "The China Run," about a Scottish woman sea captain of a hundred years or so ago, illustrates as well as any of them Mr. Paterson's curious propensity for digging up a rich and promising subject and making as little as possible of it.

THE BEDSIDE BARSETSHIRE, edited by Lance O. Tingay (Knopf). A collection of Mr. Tingay's favorite bits from Anthony Trollope's Barsetshire novels. The novelist, if he could speak, might remark that it is a strange thing for a man to work all his life to weave these scraps into a shapely whole only to have another man come along and mince it all up again, but there is no doubt that a compliment was intended, and the book is a pretty one, just right for the guest-room table.

### GENERAL

THE HELL BOMB, by William L. Laurence (Knopf). A book partly describing and partly guessing at the nature of the hydrogen-fusion bomb, which is, as far as we know, now in the blueprint stage. Mr. Laurence is the *Times* science reporter who was

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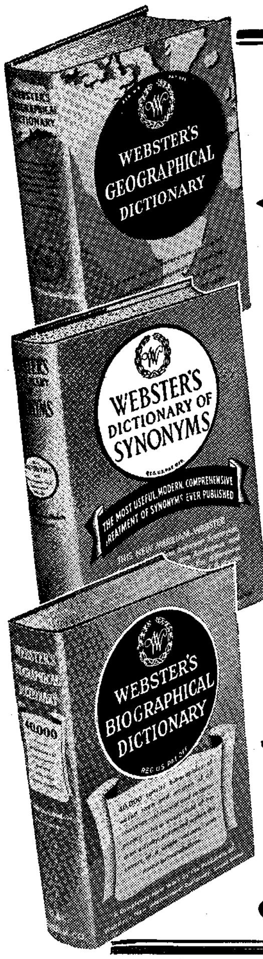
given the scoop of the millennium when he was selected to be the only newspaperman present at the testing of the first atomic bomb, at Alamogordo. He gives the grisly facts of the hydrogen bomb in straightforward fashion—that it could be as destructive as a million tons of TNT, that it would take 20,000,000° Centigrade to set it off (an old-fashioned atomic bomb is the trigger), and that the radioactive dust of a "rigged" hydrogen bomb (one encased in cobalt or some other substance given to violent radioactivity), exploded a thousand miles off our Pacific Coast, could travel on the prevailing winds and wipe out every living organism from San Francisco to New York in a few days. The author makes much of the putative capacity of the *unrigged* and not especially radioactive hydrogen bomb to destroy life over an area of some twelve hundred square miles by blast and fire alone, a feature that he says makes it a tactical weapon potent enough to offset Russia's, or anyone else's, superiority over us in military manpower. (He admits, however, that the Russians, too, may have an H-bomb soon.) In dealing with the bomb as a tactical weapon, Mr. Laurence embarks on a political and ethical digression that brings him to some debatable conclusions about what use we should make of it when, or if, we have it.

ATOMIC ENERGY AND THE HYDROGEN BOMB, by Gerald Wendt (Medill McBride). A less political primer of nuclear energy (a more exact term than atomic energy, the author says) and its uses for war and peace, with a history of man's progress in competing with the sun since young Albert Einstein set down on paper the proposition E=mc². Dr. Wendt discusses deuterium (hydrogen 2, an ingredient of "heavy water") and tritium (hydrogen 3), the two isotopes of hydrogen that are necessary for the H-bomb, and outlines the complex and staggeringly expensive steps that must be taken before an H-bomb can be produced. He is not nearly as sure as Mr. Laurence that such a bomb will become a reality. He believes, however, that many peacetime benefits of nuclear energy will be realized before very long, among them atomic-powered engines and radioactive materials for the cure of disease. Photographs and diagrams.

THE LETTERS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN & JANE MECOM, edited by Carl Van Doren (Princeton). The



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### MYSTERIES

DUENNA TO A MURDER, by Rufus King (Doubleday). Margot Gilland, a girl operative hired ostensibly to protect an heiress from cranks, crooks, and begging letters, finds things almost hopelessly involved. Her client's husband, a former knife thrower, is tattooed from head to foot, and her client's daughter has just jilted a most eligible young man to take up with an extremely questionable one. For no apparent reason, somebody cuts this shady fellow's throat. As is usually the case, it develops that quite a few people had occasion to wish him ill, and it takes all Margot's feminine perception to unearth the strongest, and strangest, motive of all. Overfancy but ingenious.

MURDER IS THE PAY-OFF, by Leslie Ford (Scribner). About the murder of a slot-machine tycoon, a nervous little man who slept with all the lights on and carried a lucky piece, a gilded quarter. This turns up in a jackpot won by the wife of a crusading newspaperman, a girl whose life is already complicated by the fact that, unknown to her husband, she has lost a thousand dollars in the slot machines. She's not the only one with a secret, though. Everyone in her group—a publisher, a banker, and an assortment of country-club members—seems to be leading an extraordinarily devious life in this stylish story set in the South.

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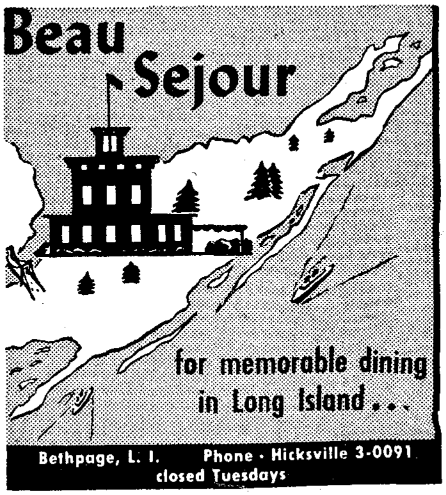
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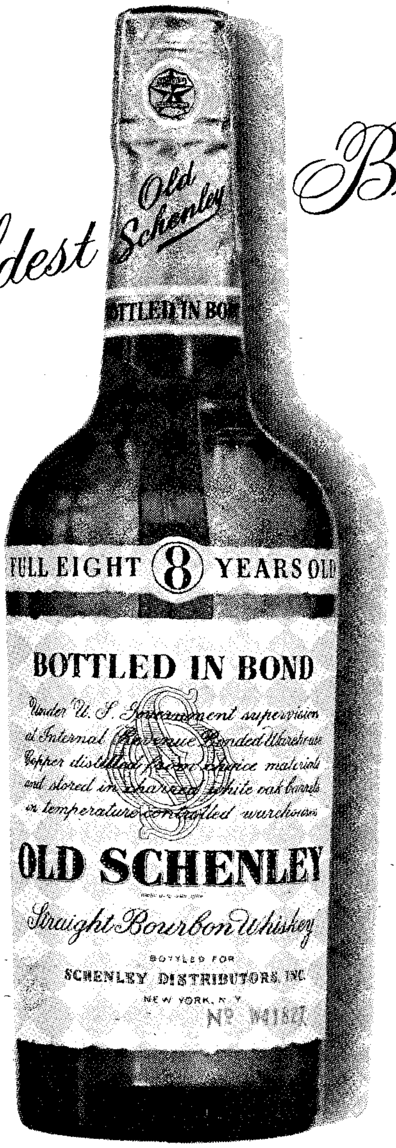
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